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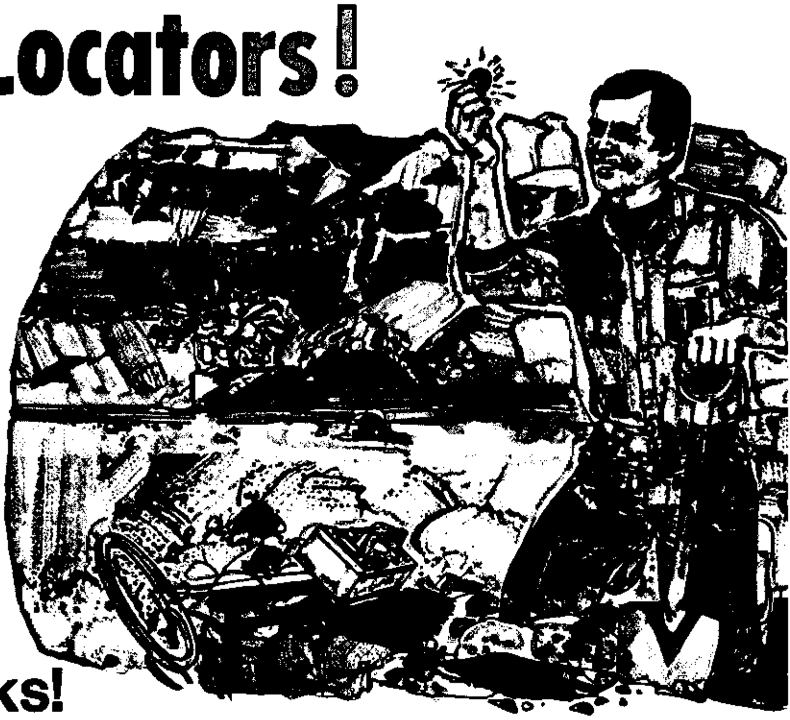

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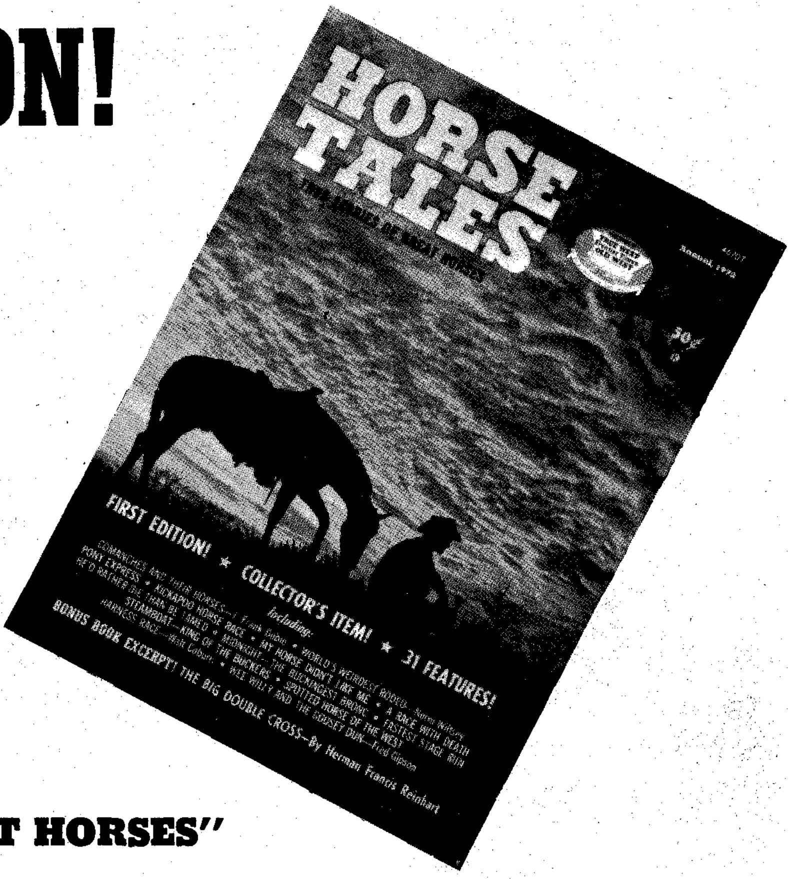
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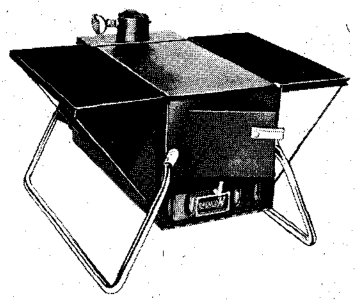

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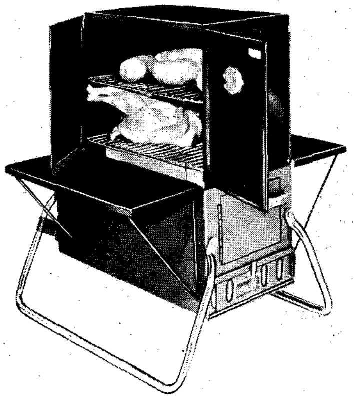

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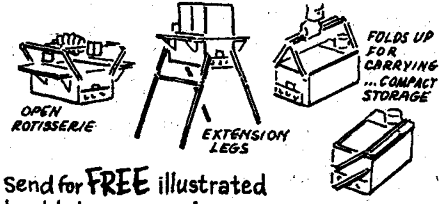
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A JOE SMALL PUBLICATION

June-July, 1972
Vol. 46, No. 4
New Series No. 78

True Stories of the West!

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> *"The files of TRUE WEST and FRONTIER TIMES are going to be of great historical value and should be preserved in all the libraries of the country."*—Walter Prescott Webb, former President, American Historical Association.

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FRONTIER TIMES is published bi-monthly by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC., P.O. Box 3338, 1012 Edgecliff Terrace, Austin, Texas 78764. 50c per copy, $5.00 for 12 issues in the United States and Possessions, Canada and Mexico. $6.00 for 12 issues in all other countries. Second-class postage paid at Austin, Texas. Copyright 1972 by WESTERN PUBLICATIONS, INC.

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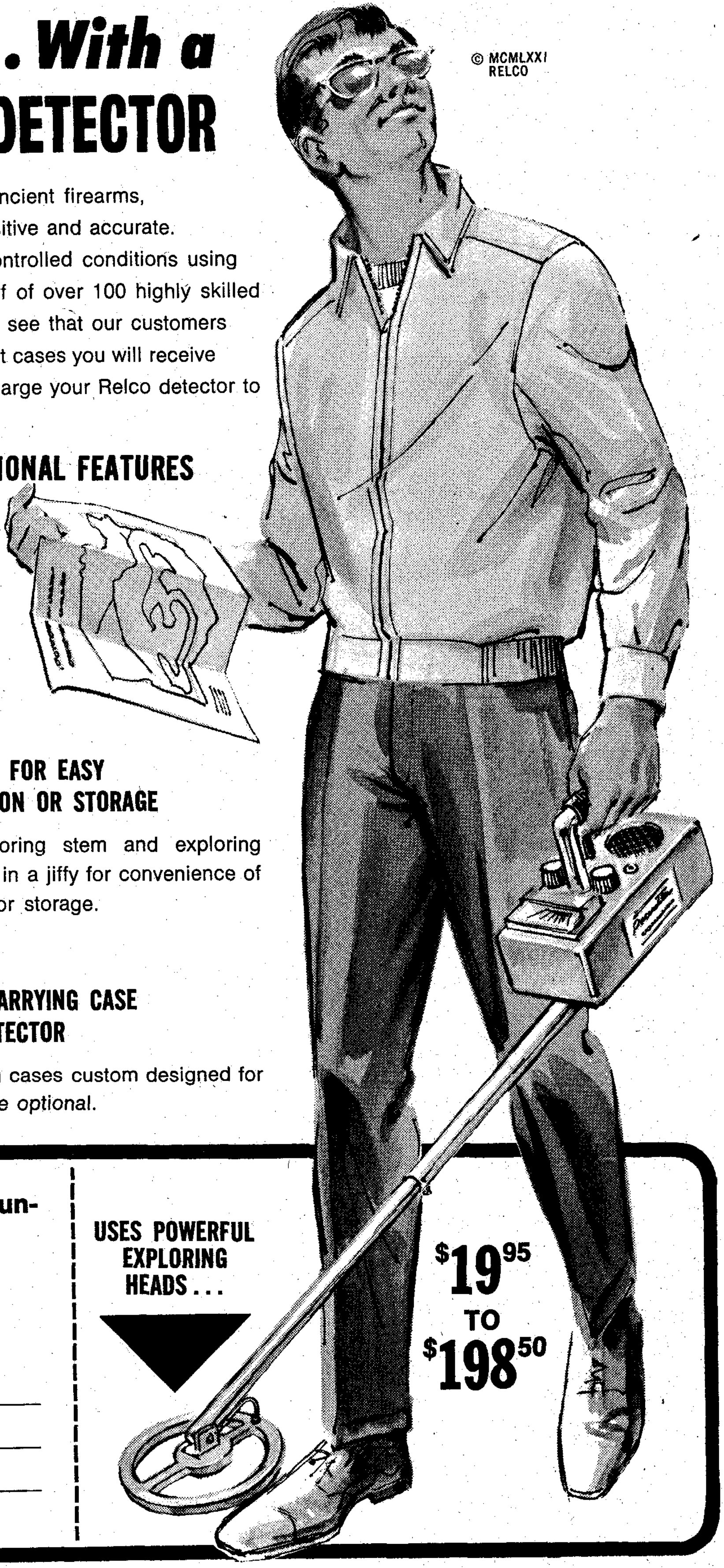

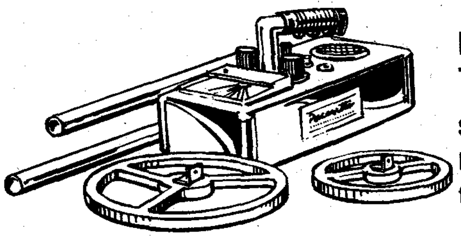

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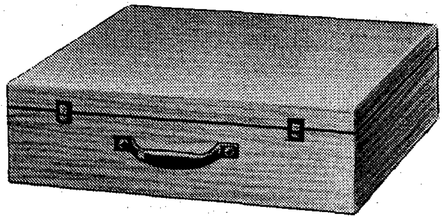

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FRONTIER POST

Find Your Friends and Relatives In Our Pages

I purchased the November 1971 issue of FRONTIER TIMES, hence my reason for writing to you. The article "Surplus Volunteers vs. Redskins" is interesting and concerns me very much. In the article are letters written by a man named Frank Tubbs.

I am a great-grandson of Frank Tubbs. As a child I used to visit him often and spent summer vacations with him. I remember vividly the stories he would tell me of his experiences fighting Indians and of his life in the army. I have in my possession a belt buckle he wore while in the army. It is solid brass and bears the seal of Ohio. I have copies of all his papers, such as enlistment papers, record of pay, pension papers, etc. from the National Archives in Washington, D. C.

One correction I could make is that he enlisted at Mansfield, Richland County, Ohio and not Hillsboro, Ohio as stated in the article. Other than this I find the dates exactly right according to all the papers I have.

Also in this issue is the article—"Cowgirls—Rodeo's Sugar & Spice." In the article it mentions a woman named Bea Kirnan. My wife has in her possession some pictures of Bea Kirnan and her trick horse. These pictures were taken by my wife's grandmother who lived on Bea Kirnan's ranch outside Fort Worth, Texas for a short time in the 1920s.

It is a coincidence that two articles in the same magazine would affect a man and wife whose ancestors had something to do with the Old West at different times and places. I have certainly enjoyed this issue very much.—Donald R. Linn, 413 Rayburn Drive, San Antonio, Texas 78221

Gerald Thorne

Thought you would like to know that Gerald Thorne, mentioned in the story "The Old Stateline Schoolhouse" which appeared in the September 1971 issue, is enjoying his eighty-first year and still going strong. He is residing in Madison, Wisconsin, as Professor Emeritus of Plant Pathology at the University of Wisconsin in Madison. For many years he was a nematologist for the United States Department of Agriculture, working out of Salt Lake City, Utah. He is considered a world authority in the science of nematology. Mr. Thorne is still very active and has been published several times in the last few years.—E. Mae Noffsinger, 1212 Drake Drive, Davis, California 95616

Kildare Fans

I would like to say that the story "Kiamichi Warrior's Gold" by Maurice Kildare in the January issue of FRONTIER TIMES was real good.

I was raised in Tuskahoma, Oklahoma. We moved there from Elgin, Texas in 1907 and at that time Tuskahoma was a wild and woolly town. There was plenty of wild game and lots of corn, cotton and cows. I was seven years old but I can remember it well. I was raised with Peter J. Hudson's boys. There was Preston, Nathan, and Peter J. Jr. I left there in 1918 but have been going back as often as I can. All of my folks are buried out at the old town, just a few yards from the old Capitol House. I went to the many dances we used to have there and played the fiddle for a good many of them.

Back in my day, Mrs. McCurtain was the caretaker of the old Capitol House and Mr. Hudson worked at Washington, D. C. I think he was representative of the Choctaw Nation. I remember my mother and dad used to tell my sister and me about the headless horseman. I looked and dug a good many holes when I was a kid but never saw the horseman.

People used to say that the money was buried somewhere near the old council house near Skullyville. Some thought it was in Captain Anderson's vault where he was buried. That is where Skully used to be. (It was the first capitol site.) When I was a kid the old council house logs were still there and part of the fireplace. That was called the Indian graveyard. We kids never went there at night. It was said that a big panther made its den in the vault that Captain Anderson was buried in. I know that I saw the hole, which was where the entrance used to be, walled up with brick and I know something must have been living in there. The bricks were worn smooth. —Oscar A. Creech, 2075 Marlborough Avenue, Riverside, California 92567

☆

I have been reading Western lore since I was a "button" and Sonny Tabor was my favorite cowboy. I read most western magazines if they are not fiction. I do have my favorites but most of the time will buy them all. We do, however, get too many repeats—Earp, James, Billy the Kid, etc.

I was born June 20, 1916 at Mena, Arkansas on the Oklahoma border and was raised there. I spent almost thirty years in Country and Western Music, a lot of them with the "Grand Ole Opry." The past fourteen years I have been converted and have been singing Gospel Music. I found out in March 1971 that I have incurable cancer and have been devoting most of my spare time in writing the "Story of My Life." I have found a person can get a real education in Western folklore by reading your magazines, and my favorite authors are Walt Coburn and Maurice Kildare. Mr. Kildare amazes me with his knowledge of the Indians—all kinds. I thoroughly enjoyed "Kiamichi Warrior's Gold." Since this is near my old stomping grounds, it had extra meaning to me.

I want to thank you for the many hours of pleasure you have given me in the past. May God bless you!—T. Texas Tyler, 1326 South Newton, Springfield, Missouri 65804

Lost Rhoades Mine

I especially like your stories of lost mines and hidden treasures. My hobby is treasure hunting on weekends, as I don't have time, money, or transportation at present. I hope some day to start a small-time treasure hunting club, although finding suitable people to work with is quite a chore.

I especially enjoyed your July 1970 FRONTIER TIMES that had the Lost Rhoades Mine story. Mrs. Rhoades made the statement that thousands of people have searched for this mine, although nothing was said of recent searches. Has anyone tried lately?

I would also like to know if a club of treasure hunters worked these mountains and failed on the Rhoades mine? Would there be any known localities in these mountains for outlaw loot or possible Spanish symbol sites a person could photograph for study?—J. A. Adams, P. O. Box 87, Keota, Oklahoma 74941

Looking For Good Place To Live

Just saw in FRONTIER TIMES someone asking about a good place to move out West away from people. Is there such a place?—a small town at the foot of mountains where it's not freezing in winter and frying in summer?

The way people are flocking to New Mexico, there won't be any place left and land will be high, high, high. If I'm ever going to move out there, I'd better get there before long. I enjoy your magazines. I like our western country the best.—Mrs. John Standish, 727 Le Green, Houston, Texas 77008

Reader's Dream

I have been reading your magazines for about eight months now, and I enjoy them very much as I have been a Western fan practically all of my life—although I have always lived in the Midwest except for one year in the South. But, that is where my story begins.

I lived in Terre Haute, Indiana with my parents, a sister and a brother. My brother Wilbur left home in 1931 at the age of fifteen. He traveled to Needles, California but didn't stay there long. The next time we had heard from him, he was in Piedmont, Oklahoma where he

(Continued on page 39)

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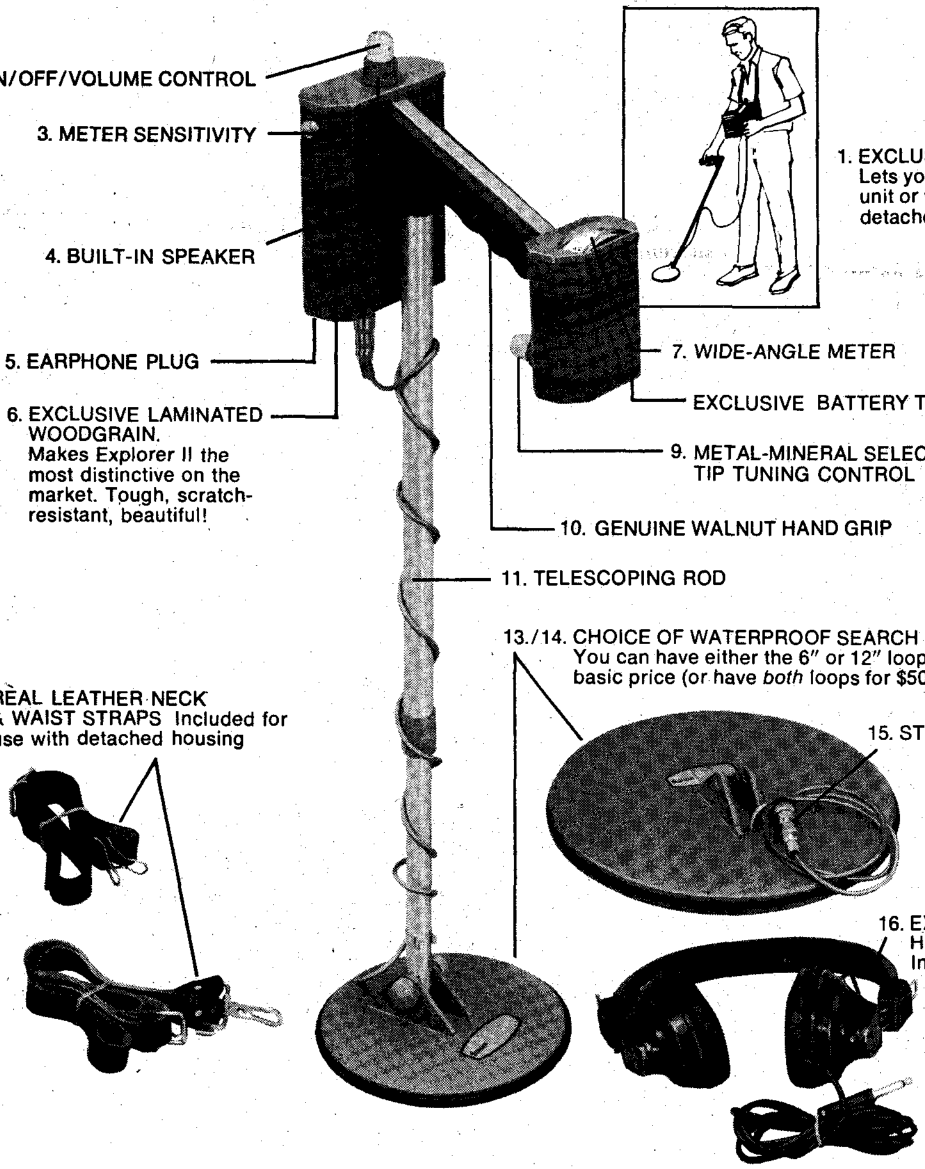
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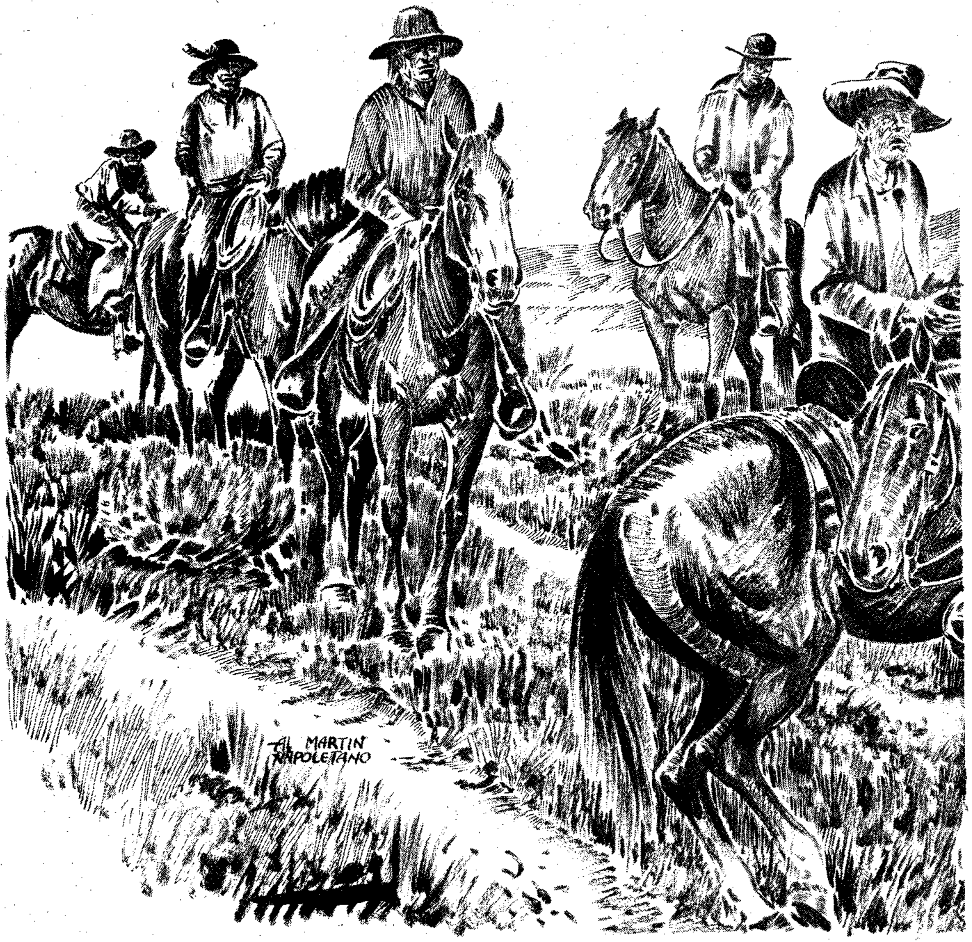


Illustrated by Al Martin Napoletano

There was plenty of evidence a single qualified juror in the wh

DURING the summer months at the Circle C Ranch in Montana whenever the cowpunchers found cows with unbranded calves that had been missed on the spring calf roundup, they would leave them in the big fenced pasture at the timbered East Butte south of the home ranch until the calves could be branded.

This particular year Jake Myers, the ranch foreman, decided to put off branding the calves until the fall roundup was over, in the meantime keeping the pasture fence in good condition and as close a tally as possible on the stock. But when the pasture was wrangled in late October there were twenty-five head of cows, each with an unbranded calf, missing.

The way Jake had it figured, those cows and calves had been stolen from the pasture during the six or eight weeks he and his crew of cowpunchers had been gone from the ranch on the roundup. Jake was fit to be tied, but with winter just around the bend and most of the cowhands already in their scattered line camps, Jake was too short-handed to do anything about trying to locate the missing stock. Jake advised everyone to lay low and keep quiet about the whole deal, and sooner or later somebody was bound to run off at the head and do a little bragging. It was sometime in late November that Jake's prophecy came to pass in a round-about way.

One cold overcast day young Alec Azure, a Metis halfbreed from the Larb Hills, rode into the Circle C Ranch. He was riding one of his old man's saddle horses and was leading a two-year-old bay colt by a hackamore rope. Alec said he wanted to sell the colt to Jake Myers for twenty-five dollars.

Jake was always willing to dicker for a horse, provided he liked its looks and the price was dirt cheap. The bay colt was a little gaunt and rough looking in his long-haired winter coat, but even a kid like me who laid no claim to being a judge of horseflesh could see that this was no scrub Indian cayuse, that the gelding had good breeding.

Alec rode the colt around to show that he wasn't lame, and the blotched brand that Jake had spotted showed up plain through the long hair. Jake got the horse clippers from the jockey box in the harness room and clipped the rough hair around the brand, then traced the brand with probing fingers.

"Whoever the brand artist was," Jake's voice was grim, "did a sorry job. The Long X brand shows up as plain as the freckles on your face, Alec. What the hell you got to say for yourself trying to sell me a colt you stole from the Long X outfit?"

"The brand was already blotched when I swapped a pair of black angora chaps for the colt," Alec spoke in a scared voice.

"But you knew the colt was stolen," Jake accused the breed. "No use tryin' to lie out of it. Who traded you for this colt?"

"I don't remember," Alec shook his head sideways.

"You got a mighty short memory," Jake was getting hot under the collar. "I got a good mind to phone the stock inspector at Malta. How'd you like to serve a ten-year stretch in the Deer Lodge pen?"

"Don't have me arrested, Jake," Alec's voice came out in harsh, dry sobs. "I ain't no horse thief."

"But you can't recollect the man's name you traded the chaps to?" Jake spat tobacco juice on the snow-covered ground. "Tell that to Stock Inspector Riley Brooks when he gets here."

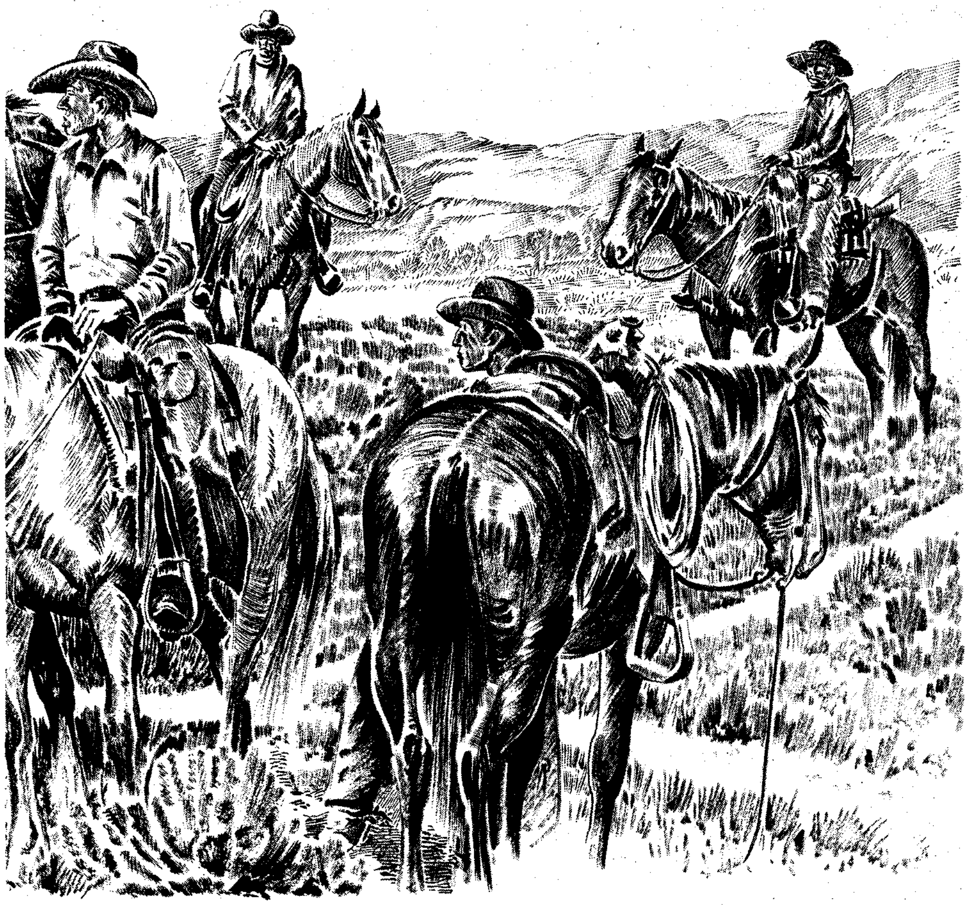
"I don't dast tell you who it was, Jake," Alec said. "Them Larb Hill breeds would beat the hell out of me." Then, "If you don't have me arrested, Jake, I'll tell you who stole them cows and calves from the Circle C pasture."

With that, Jake eyed the young breed narrowly. "You come clean about the stolen stock, young feller, and I'll let you off the hook. Put the colt in the barn and me'n you will go over to the office for a medicine talk."

BY THE TIME I finished my afternoon chores Alec's saddle horse was gone but the stolen Long X bay colt was still there in the barn. After supper Jake motioned me to come to the office with him, where he proceeded to tell me young Azure's version of what had happened to the stolen cows and unbranded calves.

About half a dozen young Larb Hills breeds had taken the stock from the big pasture during the fall beef roundup when no cowhands were at the ranch. According to Alec they had driven the small bunch across Sun Prairie and into a hidden corral in the Larb Hills bad-

e LARB HILLS



By WALT COBURN

against the defendants but not le dern county. Case dismissed!

lands, used for many years by horse thieves. Only one trail slanted down a steep brushy slope from the high sandstone cliff into the deep box canyon and the horse-thief corral. A spring at the head of the canyon seeped water to form the headquarters of Skunk Creek, one of the tributaries of Killed Woman Creek that crossed Sun Prairie to flow into the Missouri River. Inside the barb-wire corral was a large meadow where the grass grew stirrup high in summer and there was plenty of water. That almost inaccessible meadow corral made an excellent hideaway for stolen stock, to be held overnight or a week or so, and had been in use for many years by various gangs.

One by one the cows had been roped around the horns, then shot between the eyes with a .30-30 Winchester saddle gun. The cows had been butchered, the brands cut out of the hides, and the hides cut up and buried. The quartered beeves were sold to the dry land farmers for the average price of five dollars a quarter and no questions asked. And most Metis families in the Larb Hills soon got the wrinkles out of their bellies and grew fat on steaks and roast beef.

The unbranded calves were sold to different homesteaders on Sun Prairie who owned a few head of cows. All the homesteader had to do was brand the calves in his individual registered iron, which left him in the clear. He could claim some of his cows had given birth to twin calves and there was no possible evidence to prove otherwise.

According to Alec Azure the Larb Hills breeds had been appropriating Long X yearling colts over the past few years and hazing them into the horse-thief corral where the brands were altered and the colts held, to be peddled to anybody passing through the country.

"There ain't a thing we can do about the Circle C stock," Jake spoke grimly, "until the warm Chinook wind in the spring melts the winter drifts and cuts the ice in the box canyon; then I'll send you with Riley Brooks on down into the Larb Hills to mosey around. Meanwhile we lay low and say nothing about the stolen stock. After the big scare I threw into Alec he'll keep his mouth buttoned up tight."

It was three weeks later that Jake Myers arranged for a big medicine talk at Malta with Joe and Frank Reynolds of the Long X, Joe Watson of the Mill Iron, and Stock Inspector Riley Brooks. Their unanimous decision was to mark time until spring.

It was during the early part of the winter that Jake's brother Joe showed up at the ranch. Joe had had his own small cow outfit in Oklahoma, but in some kind of an argument he had shot and killed a man, and while he was cleared of any guilt involved by pleading self-defense, the man he had killed had some tough kinfolks and Joe decided he had better quit the country, so he sold out and moved to Montana and began working as a cowhand for the Circle C.

Joe Myers was younger than Jake but a dead ringer for his older brother, yet they were as different as night and day. Joe was one of those rapid-fire talkers in a pronounced southern twang that was spiced with colorful idioms of the Oklahoma cow country with some picturesque cuss words thrown in. A little on the windy braggadocio side, with a hint of a swagger to his spur-jingling stride.

Jake Myers took his foreman job at the Circle C seriously with all the responsibility that the boss job entailed, and it was typical of him to bend over backwards to show no favoritism for Joe. I could understand Jake's attitude because that's the way he always treated me, giving me jobs he never handed out to other forty-a-month cowhands for fear they'd quit and leave him short-handed. And when he paired me'n Joe off together it was a case of misery likes company.

THE Chinook winds that came in late March and early April had cut the high snowdrifts of the long winter. The rolling prairie and hogback ridges, the high benchlands and stretches of flat land were bare of snow, and the thick ice in the wide Missouri River began to break up. Every creek overflowed its banks and the annual floodwaters of the Missouri and Milk Rivers covered the bottomlands.

That long awaited Chinook wind, the cattleman's blessing, that released the cow country from its snowbound winter prison, also presaged the big thaw and resulting damage. Cowpunchers in winter line camps along the Missouri had plenty of warning to move the cattle they had been wintering to high ground and into the badlands. Old-timers like Tex Alford and Joe Legg and Gregory

Photo Courtesy Author

From "Railroads to Rockets" Magazine, Phillips County, Montana 1962. The Doney family, (standing l. to r.): William Rose Doney Thompson, Alfred, Mary Doney Plumber and John. (seated): Alec, Mrs. Lally Doney and Joe.

Doney took notice of the high water marks on the giant old cottonwoods and moved their belongings beyond the flood line of previous years, and from that higher vantage point those old-timers were wont to smile smugly as they listened to the cannon-like roar of the huge cakes of river ice breaking up. It was only the Johnny-come-lately homesteaders who paid no attention to the warnings and then had to make a frantic effort to save their families and worldly belongings, and get their livestock and chickens moved back into the breaks.

The wild life—the white tailed deer, the bobcats and skunks, animals of all sizes and descriptions—had by animal instinct moved back into the badlands long before the muddy waters of the Missouri, littered with debris, rose with a startling, awesome overnight avalanche that came with a crash like thunder. Giant uprooted cottonwoods and brush, old haystacks, chicken coops, a prospector's log cabin or a pineboard privy, the bloated carcasses of cattle and a few horses, occasionally a drowned man, were carried downstream by the swift, muddy current. Now and then a twenty-foot high honeycomb ice floe roared by. The floodwaters of the mile-wide Missouri made an awesome sight each spring.

The vast rolling prairie lands that stretched north to the Canadian border had creek banks overflowing, and the cut coulees flowed swiftly for a few weeks. Sagebrush and greasewood flats would bog a horse hock deep; and the alkali flats near the home ranch would bog a jack-snipe. No jerkline freight outfit dared venture forth with laden wagons during flood time.

By the end of April the vast unfenced Montana prairies were green as an Irish shamrock. Bunch grass and buffalo grass looked like a vast sea. The pungent odor of sagebrush filled the air with a scent sweeter to a cowhand's nostrils than any Paris perfume—that and the pungent odor of greasewood after a rain. The joyous barking of the prairie dogs mingled with the wild mating call of the long-legged curlew. Big flocks of gray sagehens would take wing before a horsebacker's eyes, as well as droves of prairie chickens. Along the creek banks with their willow thickets and the lakes with high swamp grass and cattails and pussy-willows, came the quacking of thousands of big mallard ducks and teal. Mud hen helldivers plunged in flocks for their feed. This was the season when the big Canadian honkers were returning from the south, great droves winging northward on their yearly migrating to Canadian lakes to breed. Swarms of jacksnipes were on the lake banks grazing, and large jackrabbits and small cottontails were scampering around everywhere. And this was the season, too, when hibernating badgers came forth from their winter quarters to fill empty bellies.

Along the banks of the creeks the wild roses were budding into full bloom. Primroses covered the sand hills. Yellow and purple wild flowers bloomed, as well as the blue roosterheads and Johnny jump-ups that grew in the coulees and on hillsides.

Such was spring in the unfenced cattle country of northern Montana, when a drifting cowhand could travel horseback from the Wyoming line to the Canadian border without opening a gate.

IT WAS around the end of April when Jake Myers received a letter from Joe Reynolds of the Long X, saying that he and his brother Frank, and Joe Watson who ramrodded the Mill Iron outfit, figured the sign was right to set the bear trap for the Larb Hill breeds, and asked Jake to contact Riley Brooks. Jake was to send a Circle C man to the Sun Prairie line camp at the edge of the Larb Hills and the Long X and Mill Iron would each send a man. The cowhands would supposedly be there to work the badlands to get a count on the cattle missed on the fall roundup, also a rawhide boneyard count on the carcasses of cattle that had died during the winter. This would offer a plausible excuse for the cowhands to prowl around.

The Sun Prairie line camp was owned by the Circle C outfit and had for long years been the roundup camp for the Circle C and various other roundup wagons such as the Circle Diamond, the Milner Square, the Long X and Mill Iron, the Bear Paw Pool, the DHS and others. The line camp had been in use since 1886, since the days the Plains Indians hunted buffaloes there. That was about the era when the French Canadian Metis breeds, exiled from Canada during the Riel Rebellion, had moved into the Milk River Valley, the Larb Hills, and the badlands along the Missouri River.

Prominent among those homeless outcasts was the Doney tribe. Lally Doney had settled in the Larb Hills about 1885, while his brother Gregory had settled on the north bank of the Missouri near Rocky Point. Lally and Gregory had made a living for many years as trappers and wolfers. Both later worked as cowhands for the Circle C and other big cow outfits. They had both raised large families. For many years Gregory Doney had the contract to put up the hay crop at the home ranch and the scattered line camps, and to keep the log cabins and barns and cattle sheds in good repair. I had known Lally and Gregory and their stalwart sons for all those years and we were mighty good friends, so I was rearing to go when Jake told me to pull out next morning with Joe for the Sun Prairie line camp, to try to locate the places where the Circle C cows had been butchered.

It took me'n Joe Myers a couple of hours to get our pack outfit ready next morning and it was towards sundown when we reached the line camp. We were mounted on top horses, with good all-around cow horses packing our beds and grub. Besides our six-shooters we each packed a Winchester saddle carbine.

We spent the next day prowling the Larb Hills badlands and I had the sneaking notion that we were being watched from the high ridges, that word had gotten around that me'n Joe were playing range detectives. We followed a used wagon road for a few miles, then branched off on a dim trail that put us into the heart of the badlands. Before we had gone too far we heard the sound of horsebackers coming our way but it was too late to make any kind of a getaway. All we could do was to sit tight and play it by ear.

There must have been six or eight horsebackers traveling at a jog trot. As they came closer I recognized old Lally Doney in the lead. All the rest were younger Metis talking and laughing. Lally reined up about ten feet from us, the others no longer laughing, fanning out on all sides. Lally had a heavy drooping mustache and gray stubble on his face, his hat pulled at an angle on his head.

"By gar! She's dat keed from the Circle C." Lally squinted at me from under the hat brim, then held out his big hand and I felt the hard grip in my smaller mitt. "Hime glad to see you, you li'l son of a gon you! By gar! Your hol man han me long tam ol' frien's. Who dat feller you got halong weeth you?" he asked.

"Jake Myers' brother Joe," I said.

"Two Jake Myers," old Lally chuckled. "Wan him name Joe!"

Joe Myers had dismounted to adjust his saddle blanket. The friendly grin on Lally's face vanished as if he'd wiped it off with his hand. His black eyes were opaque under heavy brows. "Hime know, me," he spoke in a deep guttural tone, "how come you fellers har here prowlin' de Larb Hills. Hime hear hall about Jake's brother Joe dat keel a man hin dat Oklahoma han quit de country." Lally pointed a finger at Joe, and said "Hime theenk you battair go back tomorrow to the Circle C Ranch. The Metis don't need no gonslinger here, no gon fights. Tell you brother Jake I tole you go home!"

Before I knew what Lally was up to he reached out and thumbed me in the ribs, making me jump in the saddle. "H'aint dat right, you leettle hol son of a buck?"

Lally let out a big loud belly laugh that spooked Joe's horse, and there stood Joe with his six-shooter gripped in his gun hand. There followed a long silence and Lally's eyes were dangerous as he stared at the half-crouched gunslinger's stance of the rawboned Oklahoma cowhand making a lone move.

I was doing some quick thinking. I knew that Lally Doney packed a gun and that all the younger breeds had guns on them. Old Lally was a tough man to handle if crowded. Joe Myers had made a damn fool play that put us both in a tight. All of us were gathered around a powder keg with a short fuse sputtering.

THEN Lally Doney with both hands on the saddle horn, began laughing, the sound echoing back into the broken badlands. "Ho! Ho! By gar, you shore look comical! Two Jake Myers! Wan him call Joe! Put dat gon back hin de chaps pocket where hit belong! By gar, Hime laugh, me, till I got de bellyache! By gar, dat calls for de beeg drink!"

Lally pulled a bottle from his saddle pocket and, uncorking it, handed it down to Joe Myers. "No hard feelin's, hey?"

Joe managed a sickly grin, took a couple of gulping swallows, and handed the bottle back.

Lally then shoved the bottle at me. That raw moonshine shore was like fire as it went down my gullet. Lally told me to keep the bottle.

"You battair head for the Circle C," Lally told Joe who had by now mounted his horse. "Tell Jake I tole you go home. We don't want no gonslingers hin de Larb Hills. You de stranger, Joe. You no savvy the Metis breeds, so battair you go back to de ranch." Lally Doney reined off on a dim trail and the young breeds followed him.

Me'n Joe lost no time getting the hell gone. Joe told me he figured the breeds were about to jump us out for a gunfight and he had it made to fight it out, regardless of the big odds. "How the hell was I to know the difference!" he asked.

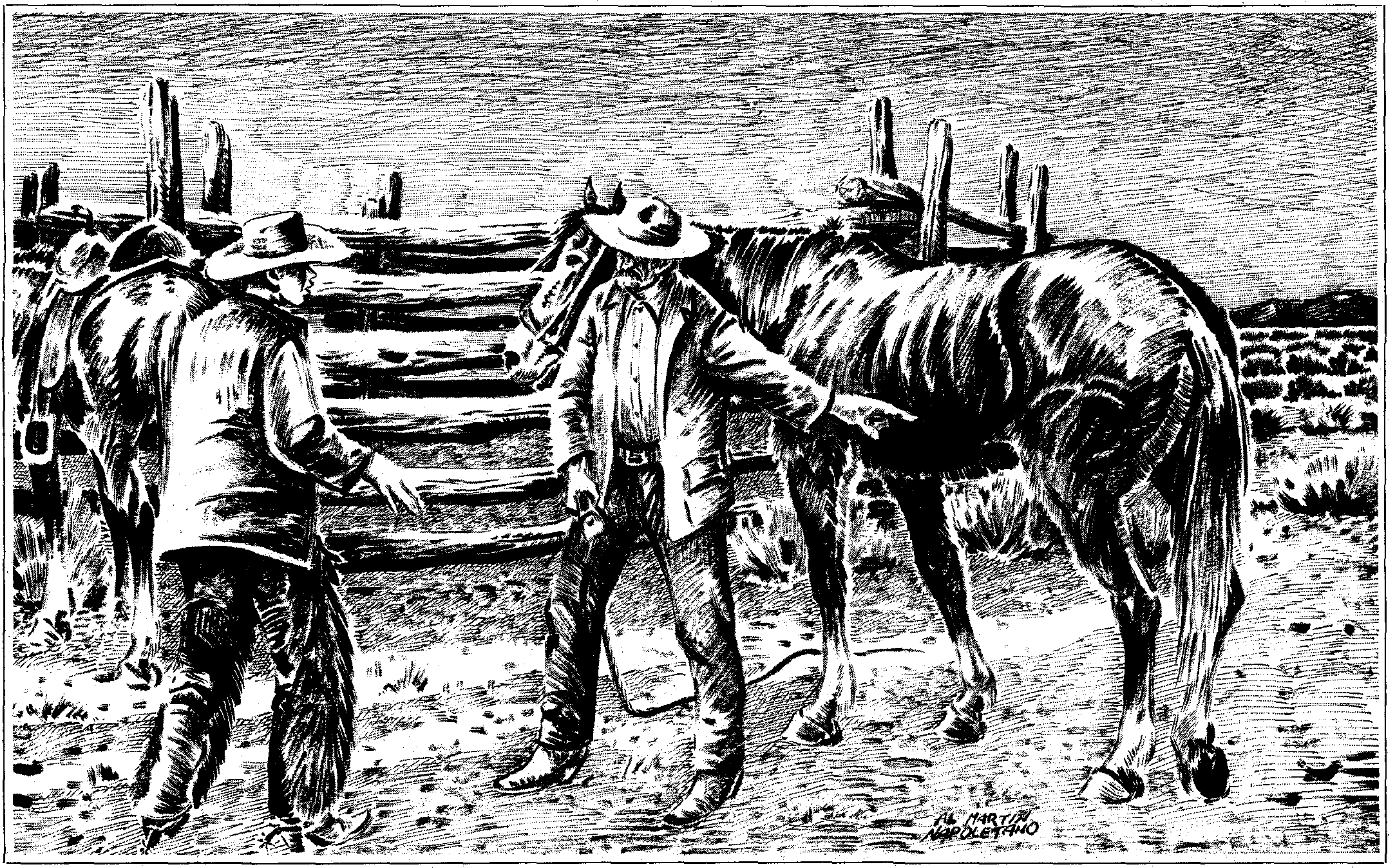
"Custer's last stand," I rubbed it in.

We talked it over on the way back to the line camp. We decided that somebody had spilled the beans; that Lally and the Larb Hills breeds had been wised up to the fact that a bear trap had been set for them.

Joe Myers pulled out early next morning to take the news to Jake, leaving me to hold down the line camp. Joe Watson and Bill Lorne of the Long X outfit showed up about noon. Lorne said that Joe and Frank Reynolds had cooled off on the deal since Lally Doney and his boys had fetched a bunch of stolen Long X broomtails to the ranch a few days ago. Lally claimed the colts had been stolen by a gang of horse thieves who planned to drift them across the Dakota line and, according to Lally, he had tipped the gang off that the stock inspector was in the neighborhood to lay a gun trap to catch them red-handed. The thieves had turned the horses loose and hightailed it yonderly and the Metis breeds had gathered the broomtails and returned them to the Long X Ranch. Lorne said that while the Reynoldses didn't believe the story, old Lally Doney had made a promise to keep the boys in line and there'd be no more trouble.

Bill Lorne pulled out for the Long X when Riley Brooks showed up the following morning to take over. Riley was a

(Continued on page 47)



SOME
ABOUT WAYNE

—from old-timer

By JACK CARTER

Photos Courtesy Author

Jack Carter, 1910.

I MET Wayne Brazel when my brother Chic brought him to our house in Alamogordo, New Mexico in 1909. Chic was Wayne's cowpuncher.

The two had hauled pipe from Gold Camp to an old well at the southeast end of the White Sands, not far from the present White Sands Visitors Center. After building some water troughs and getting the well to pumping they went back to the Jim Baird ranch up the west side of the White Sands. There, one night, along with Gene Baird, they brought 250 head of Baird's D.I.Z. longhorns across the White Sands, a distance of twenty miles—never before nor since duplicated. The Indians and cowpunchers always went around the Sands. Up to that time only one man, Gene Baird, had ridden a horse across the dunes.

Below: Chic Carter and his sister Gertrude, 1908.

Wayne had Chic riding point and told him to keep a certain bright star in front of him. They missed the well about 150 yards. As there was plenty of good grass in the area the cattle didn't stray. Wayne and Chic would often ride in to our house for supper, going back late the same night.

One night Chic asked Wayne if he took the rap for killing Pat Garrett. Wayne said, "No, I killed him."

Here is the story he told: "Print [Rhode] and I bought those goats very cheap. We had A. B. Fall draw up the lease and Garrett signed it. After Garrett learned I had goats instead of horses on the lease, he sued me for trespassing. The trial was held in Organ. When he lost the case, Pat jumped up, started cussing and said he knew a way to get me off. Judge Anthony fined Garrett for contempt of court. From then on I knew that I should keep an eye on Pat and never let him get behind me like the young fellow did at Cox's ranch house.

"One day Garrett sent word he had a buyer for the goats, and to meet him and the buyer in Las Cruces to close the deal. It was colder than hell when I saddled up Oso, Rothmer's horse [Rothmer was Wayne's brother]."

Many have given the horse's name as Loco, a gun-shy horse; but although it has been over sixty years since I heard Wayne's story, I distinctly remember the horse's name as Oso. On June 11, 1971, while talking to Rothmer Brazel, I asked him if I was right. Here is what Rothmer told me.

"I bought that horse from Ab Hunter for $50. Hunter's brand was O.S.O., so I just called him Oso. He was not gun shy the least bit. I won the roping contest in Juarez, Mexico two different years riding Oso."

Now to go on with Wayne's story: "I put on my sheep-lined coat, stuck the .30-30 rifle in the saddle scabbard, poked my .45 down between my pants and underwear—handle above the waistband—and touched Oso's belly with my spurs.

"Going up the east side of the San Andres [Mountain] to Organ Gap [San Augustin Pass], I stopped at Logan's store-and-post-office in Organ. Rothmer had just brought in a wagonload of beef from the Cox ranch for Charlie Nickols, who had the butcher shop in Logan's

FACTS BRAZEL

who knew him

store. We talked a few minutes and I rode down toward Las Cruces, letting Oso walk all the way. [Both Wayne and Rothmer worked many years for W. W. Cox on the big San Augustin ranch.]

"A few miles this side [east] of Las Cruces, Garrett caught up with me. He was driving a team to a buckboard and the man who was to buy our goats was with him. I pulled Oso to the side of the road to let them pass. I unbuttoned the lower part of my coat.

"Garrett stopped his rig even with me. He looked me over and saw I had a .30-30 in my saddle scabbard. I think he thought it was the only gun I had. The buyer got out of his rig, walked a few feet and relieved himself. I kept an eye on both men.

"Garrett said, 'You want too damned much for those goats,' as he got out of the rig facing me. I could see a shotgun laying on a blanket in the bottom of the rig, under the seat. Garrett told me the buyer didn't have enough money to buy all the goats, and he [Garrett] wanted me and the damn goats off his land.

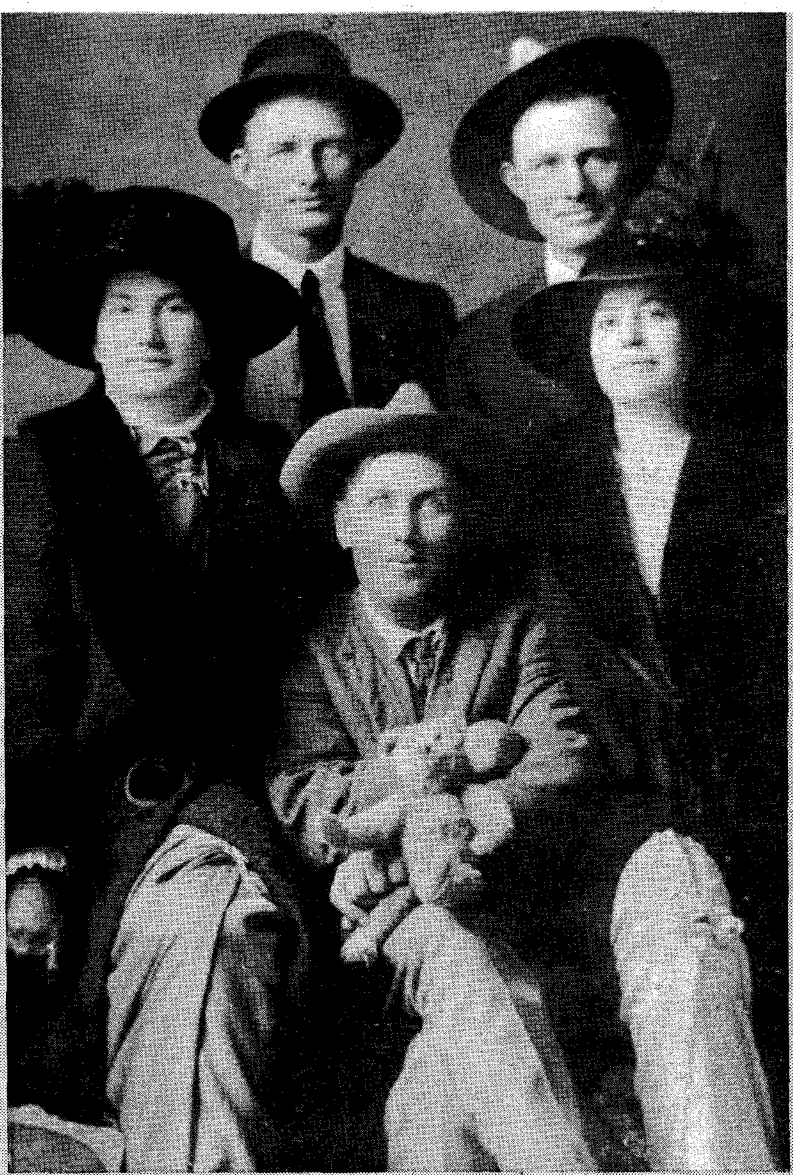
"Looking right at me and reaching for the shotgun he said, 'You s-o-b, I'll get you off my land!'

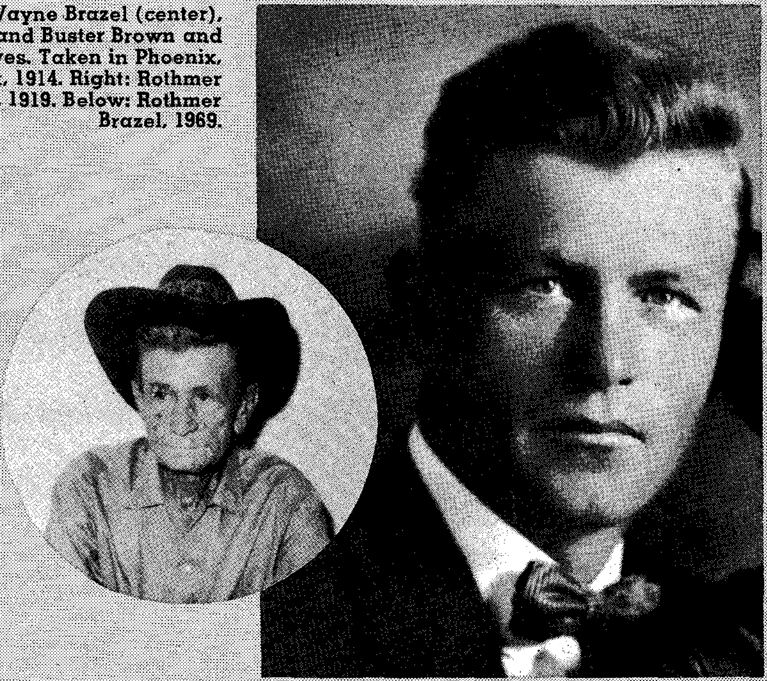
"I grabbed my .45 and shot two quick ones and Pat dropped. I looked at the buyer who was standing on the ground a few feet from the rig. He made no move with his hands, and said he didn't have a gun. We covered Garrett with a blanket and drove on to Las Cruces. Finding Felipe Lucero, I told him that I wanted to put up with him for a while and handed him my .45."

IN 1931 I talked to Mr. Lucero in Las Cruces about the shooting. He gave a little laugh saying, "When Wayne said he wanted to put up with me a while, I told him he would have to talk to my wife; but when he said, 'Here is the pistol,' I knew right then he had killed Pat Garrett.

"Wayne said, 'Put me in jail for now I have no way to protect myself.' "

The news spread fast. It wasn't long until Wayne's many friends rode in from all over that part of New Mexico to go his bond. A prominent man in Las Cruces advised some of Wayne's friends to go to the undertaker's and look at Garrett's body, as Tom Powers, owner of a saloon in El Paso and a great friend of Pat Garrett, was telling everyone that Brazel





Top: Wayne Brazel (center), Elzy and Buster Brown and wives. Taken in Phoenix, Arizona, 1914. Right: Rothmer Brazel, 1919. Below: Rothmer Brazel, 1969.

had shot Garrett in the back and should be hanged. Bob Burch, Print Rhode, W. W. Cox and Rothmer Brazel took a look at the bullet holes in Garrett's body. I have two written statements, one which states, "I saw Garrett's body after he was shot. He was shot once just above the left eye and once in the chest, second rib up, just to the left of the breast bone." All of these men knew firearms and how bullets entered and came out.

I asked Wayne that night when we first talked if he had been foreman for W. W. Cox. He answered, "Mr. Cox never had a foreman. When the Cox wagon went out on roundup Mr. Cox always went along. He was the BOSS." Wayne added, "My old schoolteacher, Gene [Eugene Manlove Rhodes], wrote and wanted to write my story. I didn't answer him; figured there had been enough written already."

One night I came home early. Sitting at the dining room table playing cards were my sister Gertrude, Chic, Wayne Brazel and Olive Boyd (later Wayne's wife). I thought Miss Boyd was the prettiest woman in that part of New Mexico.

Late in 1909 Wayne left the White Sands area for Doubtful Canyon, west of Lordsburg, New Mexico. He and Jim Gould bought the Jim Baird cattle. The year before, Gould had moved his cattle from the Horse Camp ranch, about twenty miles south of Alamogordo to the Big Arroyo, about five miles northwest to town. My other brother, Nick, went to work for Gould there. Gould and Baird had agreed to throw their herds together and trail them to Lordsburg country.

One morning Chic tallied 750 of Baird's longhorns out of the upper pasture and, with other cowpokes, trailed them six miles south to San Andres Canyon. As Gould's 600 longhorns, which had started several days before, entered the canyon Baird's herd fell in behind them and on to Doubtful Canyon they went.

One of my life-long friends, Ed "Boliver" Rhoades, made this drive and remained in Doubtful. When Wayne and Jim Gould bought the Baird cattle, Boliver worked them. Later on, Wayne took over the Baird cattle. His cowbrand was the Lazy S and horse brand Lazy S Bar on the left shoulder.

Our Alamogordo undertaker, Will Buck, put up some money to get Wayne started. Another long-time friend, Charlie Burch, put a saddle on a Will Buck horse at Alamogordo in March 1910 and rode to Doubtful Canyon to work for Wayne, who had known Charlie since he was a little kid.

Wayne would take target practice every few days—sometimes from a running horse; at other times Charlie would throw a Pet milk can in the air and Wayne would hit it twice before it fell to the ground.

The Powers family had a ranch four miles west of Brazel's, two miles over in Arizona. They had ridden by a few times and had noticed his markmanship. Lots of people were afraid of them. Mrs. Powers always rode a man's saddle and carried a shotgun in front of her. (Most women rode a side-saddle in those days.)

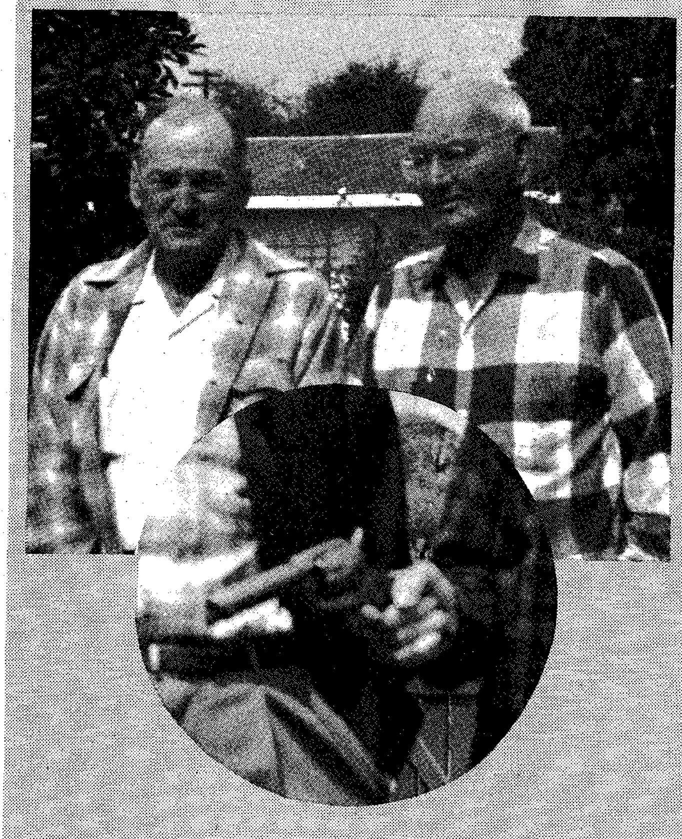
There was a long drift fence along the Arizona-New Mexico state line that separated the Powers and Brazel ranches, with a gate both used. The Powers would leave the gate open, their cattle coming onto Wayne's land to graze. Wayne was an easy-going man and asked Powers several times in a nice way to close the gate as they came through. One day Wayne found the gate open. He rode to his ranch house, put his cartridge belt and holster on, looked his old .45 over and asked Boliver to come along. To Charlie Burch he said, "You're too young; you stay here." (Charlie was eighteen at the time.)

Boliver told me in later years that the little customary smile was gone from Wayne's face; a cold hard look replaced it. Boliver would laugh and say, "Hell, it even scared me."

They rode to the Powers ranch house. Wayne called them outside, saying the next time that gate was left open somebody would get killed, and rode away. Instead of putting up a fight the Powers rode down to the justice of the peace and swore out a warrant for Wayne's arrest, but the case never came to trial.

A few years later, Tom and John Powers shot and killed Sheriff McBride and Deputies Kempton and Wootan. Old man Powers was also killed in this gunfight.

Below top: Jack Carter (left) and Layfe Brown, 1967. Bottom: Wayne's old .45.



Below: Jeff Ake, who knew Jim Miller.

WAYNE BRAZEL and Olive Boyd were married in September 1910. He had homesteaded 160 acres around what Rothmer Brazel calls Hackberry Well, east of Doubtful Canyon. Their son, Jess, was born in June of 1911.

That fall the three of them went to visit the Boyds in the Alamogordo area. While there, Olive became sick and died. The baby was left with his Grandma Boyd to raise.

Wayne returned to his ranch and cattle but he had no interest in them after losing his wife. In 1912 he sold out and moved away. Just before he got on the train he said to Charlie Burch, who had walked to the Lordsburg depot with him, "Charles, your pistol is smaller than mine. Let's swap." So Charlie wound up with a Colt .45 that Wayne had carried for several years. It is still in the Burch family. There is a file mark on it put there by Felipe Lucero in 1908.

In 1910 Johnny "Strut" Gould, from the Alamogordo area, showed up in Ashfork, Arizona and asked Duff Brown for a job breaking horses. At the time Johnny was one of the best bronc riders in the Southwest. Duff hired him. Shortly after Johnny Gould went to work, his brother Bob showed up and Duff hired him too.

Duff Brown and his brothers, Will and Tom, had come from Bandera County, Texas. All three were cattlemen. Duff had cattle from the south rim of the Grand Canyon to Ashfork, with head-

(Continued on page 40)

Below: (l. to r.) Felipe Lucero, Bob Burch and Morgan Llewellyn, 1900. Top right: Bronc buster Johnny Gould, 1915. Lower right: Ed "Boliver" Rhoades (left) and Calvin George, 1906.

Gallina Mountain's

The author describes this mine as probably the "rarest" in all New Mexico. Why? Because it was not worked, concealed, or lost by Spaniards. It was lost because one of its two Anglo discoverers was slain—and probably both of them

HARRIS DUPONT was past middle age in 1879 when he met Frank D. Thompson, twenty, in El Paso, Texas. Over a period of time the two men became well acquainted. One day when Dupont suggested that they go looking for gold in New Mexico, Thompson quickly agreed.

Both men seem to have had a little money—at least sufficient funds to buy a burro and a riding mule each, and supplies and equipment to prospect. From El Paso they moved up into the Organ Mountains. After wandering around for three or four months without finding any likely ground, they went on north to Socorro and laid over awhile.

From information gained there, they decided the Magdalena Mountains might be promising, but the story for them was the same as experienced in the Organs. Still traveling north, they went through Albuquerque and on to Bernalillo on the Rio Grande. The little adobe village of Alameda took their fancy so they holed up there. By this time, 1881, they were running short of funds. Learning that copper mining was being attempted near the ancient Spanish village of Nacimiento (renamed Cuba in 1887) the partners headed north. The copper interests there were only in the exploration stage; however, they obtained work. Because of his inexperience, Thompson was paid less than Dupont—$1.25 a day. From these low wages it would take over a year to save a grubstake.

On week ends Dupont and Thompson prospected and finally ranged as far north as the Gallina Mountains. During the summer of 1883 they struck a likely lead on the west side of Gallina Peak up in the timber belt, and promptly quit their jobs.

An outcropping was followed into the mountain slope. The narrow quartz vein widened out and produced gold. Then after tunneling some forty feet the partners struck a very rich pocket. The quartz was brought out and crushed in the potholes of nearby rocks. From a spring close to their find they obtained water by building a small catch basin and running it into a sluice.

After they accumulated a considerable amount of gold, they packed the burros to ride out. It was time to replenish their grub supply. The tunnel was concealed with brush and anything else at hand. The path to it was over solid rock and their camp was some distance around a shoulder of the slope.

NACIMIENTO, which had been resettled by the McCoy and Atencio families, had several general stores, but Dupont insisted on going three miles south to near Lagunitas where Abraham Solomon had a store. During their copper-mining stint, Dupont had become well acquainted with the merchant.

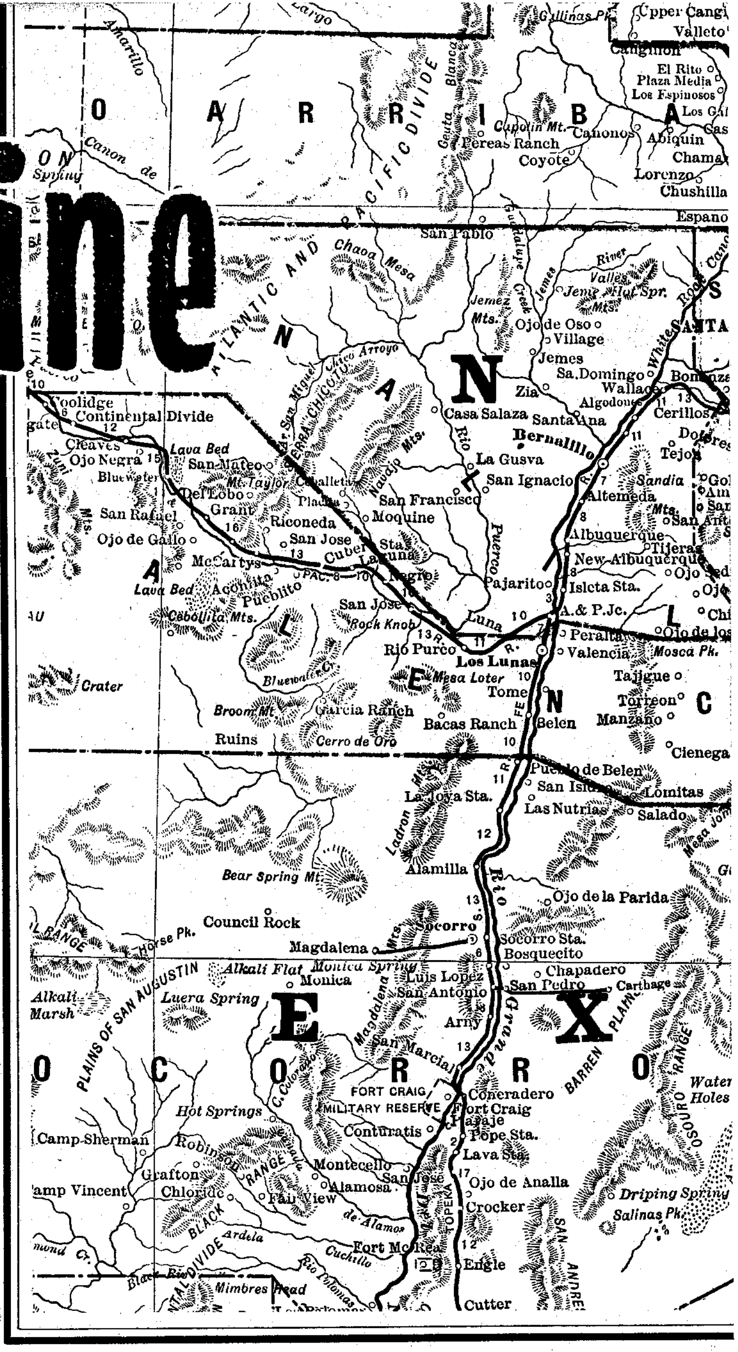
Solomon bought the gold, paying Dupont in coin. A number of men were standing around at the time, among them Ike and Timothy McCoy, who were witnesses to what followed.

For each week that they had worked the Gallina Mountain vein up to that date, Dupont counted Thompson out one twenty-dollar gold piece. Thompson was later described as a shy, diffident youth who seldom did any talking. Certainly he was not aggressive where his personal rights were involved. But through Solomon's office door Thompson had seen the stacks of gold coins counted and sacked, and while ignorant about the

Murder Mine

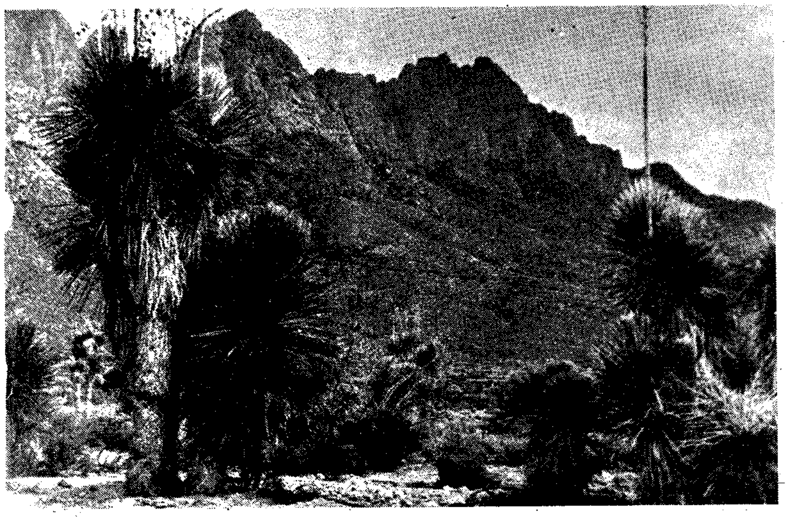
By MAURICE KILDARE

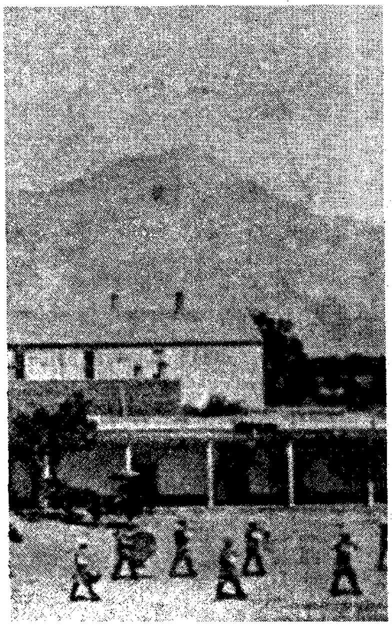
Photo Courtesy Author

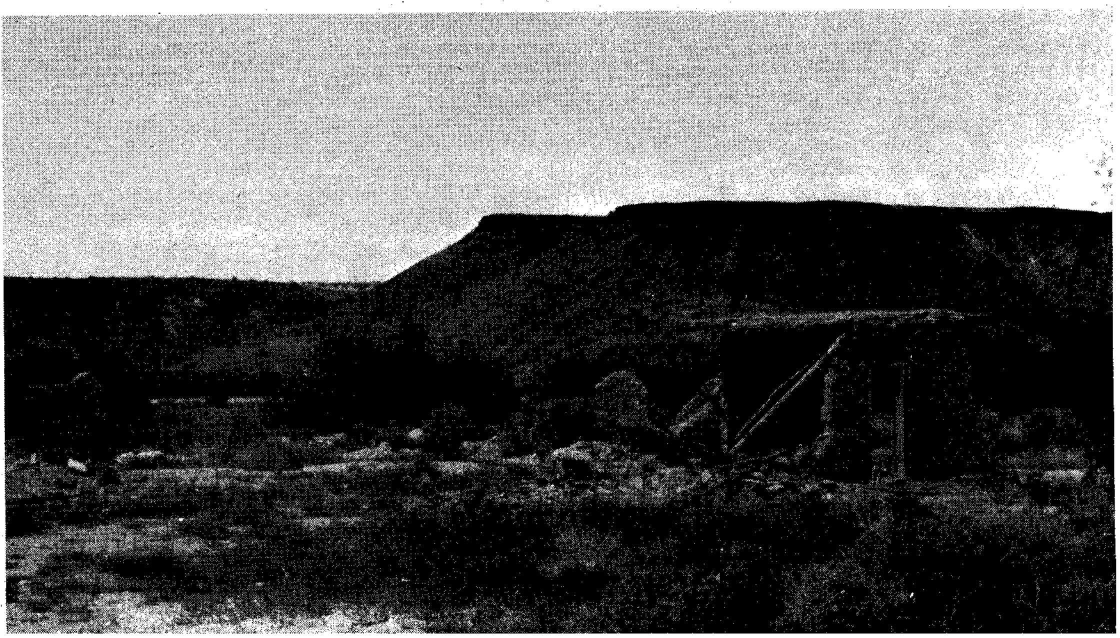


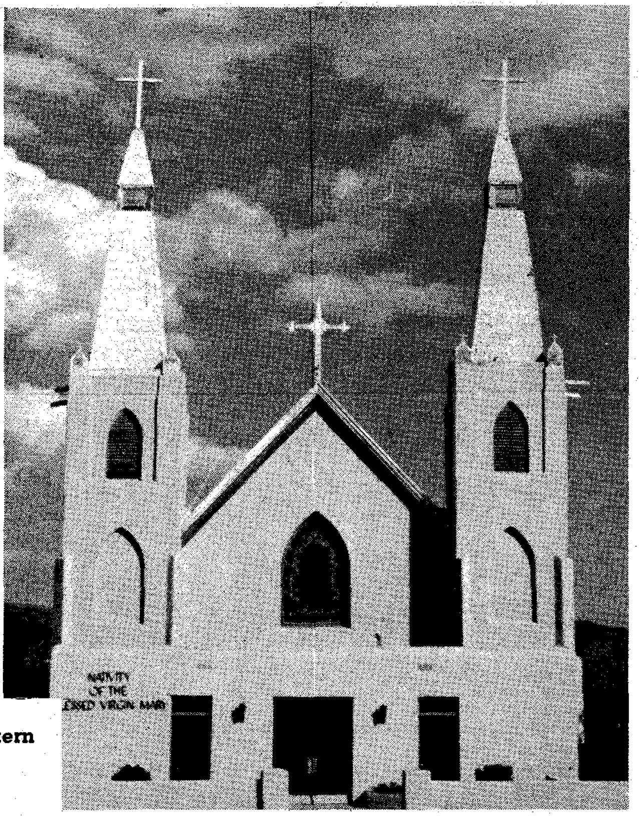
RIO ARRIBA
SANDOVAL
BERNALILLO
VALENCIA
SOCORRO
NEW MEXICO
ATLANTIC AND PACIFIC
CONTINENTAL DIVIDE
Continental Divide
Canon de
Gallinas Pk.
Upper Cangi
Valleto
Canjilon
El Rito
Plaza Media
Los Espinosos
Abiquiu
Chama
Lorenzo
Chushilla
Capulin Mt.
Canonos
Pereas Ranch
Coyote
San Pablo
Espano
Chaca Mesa
Jemez Mts.
Ojo de Oso
Village
Jemes
Sa.Domingo
Wallace
Algodones
Zia
Casa Salaza
Santa Ana
Bernalillo
Cerillos
Dolores
Tejon
La Gusva
San Ignacio
Sandia Mts.
Altemeda
Albuquerque
Tijeras
New Albuquerque
San Francisco
Moquine
Coolidge
Cleaves
Ojo Negra
Bluewater
Lava Bed
San Mateo
Mt.Taylor
Cabalieta
Placitas
Del Lobo
Grant
Riconeda
San Rafael
Ojo de Gallo
San Jose
Cubero
Laguna
McCartys
Acomita
Pueblito
Cebollita Mts.
Puerco
Pajarito
Isleta Sta.
A.& P.Jc.
San Jose
Rock Knob
Rio Puerco
Los Lunas
Peralta
Valencia
Mosca Pk.
Tajique
Torreon
Manzano
Crater
Bluewater
Mesa Loter
Tome
Belen
Broom Mt.
Garcia Ranch
Bacas Ranch
Ruins
Cerro de Oro
Cienega
Pueblo de Belen
San Isidro
Lomitas
Las Nutrias
Salado
La Joya Sta.
Ladron Mts.
Alamilla
Bear Spring Mt.
Ojo de la Parida
Council Rock
Horse Pk.
Magdalena
Socorro
Socorro Sta.
Bosquecito
Chapadero
Alkali Flat
Monica Spring
Monica
Luis Lopez
San Antonio
San Pedro
Carthage
Alkali Marsh
PLAINS OF SAN AUGUSTIN
Luera Spring
Magdalena Mts.
Army
San Marcial
BARREN PLAINS
OSCURO RANGE
Water Holes
FORT CRAIG MILITARY RESERVE
Coneradero
Fort Craig
Paraje
Contraatis
Pope Sta.
Hot Springs
Camp Sherman
Robinson
RANGE
Lava Sta.
Montecello
Ojo de Analla
San Jose
Alamosa
Grafton
Chloride
Fair View
Crocker
Driping Spring
Salinas Pk.
Camp Vincent
BLACK RANGE
Ardela
de Alamos
Fort McRae
Cuchillo
Engle
SAN ANDRES
Mimbres
Head
Cutter
Rio Grande
Rio Puerco
Rio Salado
JORNADA

Lower left: From old Socorro, Dupont and Thompson went to the Magdalena Mountains prospecting. Lower right: The part of Alameda where Gordon Miller and John Turk spent their winters is now only ruined adobe walls. Below: The Organ Mountains of New Mexico where the partners first prospected. Top right: Map of the area in New Mexico.









Top left: Gordon Miller standing by his trading post at White Rock in eastern Navajo country of New Mexico. Top right: The church in Alameda.

value of the raw gold he and Dupont had brought in, he realized immediately that he had been gypped.

When Thompson reminded Dupont that according to the partnership agreement they were to share equally, Dupont was heard giving him a very gruff answer. He also stated in a loud voice that the cost of their supplies must come out of what was left. Thompson countered that in the beginning he had paid his share of the costs.

"We'll discuss it later," Dupont replied heatedly. After packing up their supplies the two headed back north.

Later, during a discussion between the men at the store, Timothy McCoy remarked thoughtfully, "The old one is robbing the young man outrageously. There's going to be trouble between them."

Six weeks later the partners were back, selling Solomon more gold. If there had been a serious argument between them, there was no indication of it on the surface. Thereafter, every six or eight weeks, they returned to Lagunitas and sold raw gold. Solomon was doing quite well buying it. From Dupont and Thompson had come more of the yellow metal than that region of New Mexico had been known to produce in the past several years.

In the middle of the summer of 1884 the partners quit coming to Lagunitas. Not until fall did Solomon begin making inquiries. Perhaps they had given up mining and left the country. The McCoys, especially Timothy, did not think so. He kept insisting that bad trouble between the two men had been inevitable. Finally a search party went north looking for them.

On the west side of the mountain they found the badly decomposed remains of Dupont. His skull had been crushed with an eight-pound jack hammer. It was presumed that Thompson also had been killed but the search party was unable to locate his body.

A desultory investigation followed. Finally county officers arrested a sheepherder, Perfecto Padilla, for murder. He had told friends months before about having spied on Dupont and knowing where he buried his gold coins in a thick, dense patch of timber.

Padilla, according to his own story, had stumbled onto Dupont's body one day. Since the man was dead Padilla decided he might as well have the fortune in gold. But after searching for four days the timber into which Dupont had so often disappeared, Padilla failed to find the cache. He then took the expensive watch from Dupont's body, and still had it when he was arrested.

Padilla was hanged for the murder of Dupont. Since the county authorities and trial jury were ninety-percent Mexicans, the evidence against the accused must have been overwhelming. Otherwise, on the least doubt or excuse, he would have been found not guilty.

The mining venture of Dupont and Thompson was closed. Someday the latter's bones would be found. No one, certainly not Solomon or the McCoys, ever doubted that Padilla had murdered them both for the gold coins which he failed to find.

IN 1892 Manuel Chaves, who married a girl in San Antonio, Colorado and lived there, came south with several friends. They went onto Gallina Peak to bag some wild turkeys.

While hunting alone one afternoon, Chaves found brush and rocks covering what he at first thought was the mouth of a cave. Widening the hole large enough to get through, he explored the forepart by the light of matches. It was the partners' old mine tunnel, their rusted tools and gold-laden quartz lying about ten feet from the opening.

Pocketing several specimens of ore Chaves returned to camp, concealing his inner excitement. He did not tell his companions for at the time he believed he might have come onto an ancient Spanish mine.

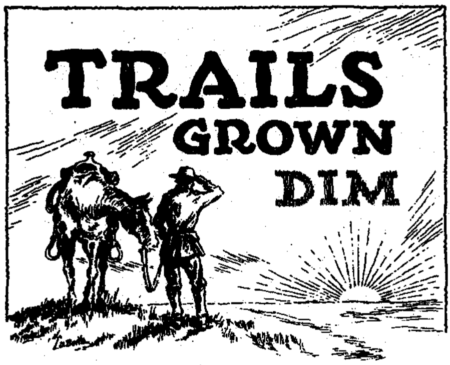
Back in Colorado the quartz was assayed and found to be rich in gold. Chaves drew a map and wrote careful instructions on how to find the mine, which documents he sent to his father in Albuquerque. The elder Chaves, being unfamiliar with Gallina Peak, was advised by his son to contact two men who knew the peak well, Julian Montano and Juan Casados. Unfortunately, the father was gravely ill and did not make the trip. In fact he had been buried several months when Manuel learned of his death. A search of his father's few personal effects disclosed no letter or map, and young Chaves was unable to find the tunnel again.

GORDON MILLER and John Turk were still in their early twenties when they became prospectors in Colorado. Miller was the silent one of the partnership, rawboned, six feet tall and redheaded. Turk was dark, five-feet eight inches and a chubby, friendly man.

Going into New Mexico in 1895 they enjoyed beginner's luck. After locating and selling a good claim in the northeastern section, they moved leisurely west. In the Jemez Mountains they camped several days near some sheepherders. Miller and Turk spoke Spanish fluently, and the biggest gossips in the world are Mexican sheepherders. Thus it was that they heard of the mysterious murders of Dupont and Thompson back in 1884. Great stress was placed on the enormous amount of gold the dead *Anglos* had brought to the store in Lagunitas.

Miller and Turk heard considerably

(Continued on page 42)



Readers' letters for "Trails Grown Dim" are printed as soon as space permits, so please be patient! If possible, please type your query; or if handwritten, print or write clearly, especially names, dates, and places—and most of all, please be brief. In accord with the content of our magazines and purpose of this service since its beginning, preference is given writers whose trails have grown dim out West: lost ancestors and relatives who were sheriffs, pioneers, Forty-niners, muleskinners, cowboys, Indians and Indian fighters, and so on. We can't run current "missing persons" notices or lengthy genealogical requests, but we do attempt to print all letters as soon as we can. Any reader having information concerning persons referred to below is asked to communicate directly with the letter writer; please do not write to us.

Durham

Shelman Durham was born December 6, 1803, Hancock County, Georgia and married Mrs. Susan Sims Curry, born October 27, 1803. Their children were: James J., William W., Frank M., Susan H., John L., Elizabeth P., Emily A., Mathew L., Carmilla F. Durham. Frank M. Durham first married Emily McDaniel, and then in 1871 in Limestone County, Texas he married Elvira Brown. They were living in Limestone County in 1880. Frank M. died in 1895 and is buried in Cherokee County, Texas. Census records show his children to be (by two wives) Mary E., John, Charles, Jacky, Willie, Matilda, Ervin, and Lillie Durham.

Emily A. Durham was born about 1839, in Attala County, Mississippi and married Ben Oldham. They lived in and near Bremond, Robertson County, Texas. Census records for 1880 show these children: Susan, Mathew, Charlie, Mary B., Calvin, John F., Emma, and Ida Oldham.

The only clue to this family (and I'm not sure it's a clue), is the possibility that two of Emily Oldham's children may have married—one to a Pool(e), and one to a Pettigrew and lived around Franklin or Hearne, Robertson County, Texas.

Any information on Frank M. Durham and Emily Durham Aldham's families will be greatly appreciated. I have lots of family history I will share with other relatives.—Mrs. Melvin Powell, 1304 Lansing, Houston, Texas 77023

Butterfield

I am writing in regard to an article about the Butterfield Trail that appeared in your July 1970 issue of FRONTIER TIMES on page 36, by Russell Jones.

As my grandfather was an orphan, tracing our lineage is difficult. His name was William Hartwell Butterfield. We have often heard him speak of Uncle Nate and Uncle John. I would appreciate any lead you can give me.—Julie Butterfield, P. O. Box 81, Milan, Kansas 67105

Crow

Would like to find any information about the J. Hardy Crow family who were pioneers to the Lorane Valley of Oregon, perhaps in the mid-1880s. I think his wife was a Martha Neismith or Nesmith and I believe that she came from Nebraska. They had one daughter, Adelia, and four sons, Warren, Garfield, Riley and Pearne.

Mr. Crow is said to have fought in several Indian battles, had boxes and boxes of Indian arrowheads, beautiful saddlebags, and some beaded and some well-worn bows and arrows. His brother, Bud, which seems to be a nickname, lived on an adjoining ranch.—Mrs. Roy H. Mundt, 2710 Fisher Road, N. E., Salem, Oregon 97303

Johns

I would like some help finding my father's family. My father's name is Edward Benjamin Johns. He was the son of a Belle and Frank Johns. His folks separated and she married a man by the name of Bacon. Frank Johns moved to Utah and was a law officer who was killed by a Negro sometime between 1900 and 1920. Ed Johns had one brother, Frank, who died as a youngster, and I believe three sisters. He was born in Laramie County, Wyoming in 1893.—Mr. Ernest Tarbert, Box 965, Libby, Montana 59923

Graham-Doyle

My father, John D. Graham, was born in Throckmorton County, Texas in 1883. His parents, Mr. and Mrs. John B. Graham, lived in that area for quite a number of years. Dad rode for several of the ranches and I particularly recall the mention of the Hammond Ranch where he was bronc rider for several years.

He married my mother, Bernice Doyle, in Miami, Texas in 1914. Six of my brothers and sisters were born in Texas. In the early 1930s my folks moved to Colorado where my brother and I later joined the growing family. I would be most interested in hearing from anyone who has any recollection of the Grahams or the Doyles.—Patty Graham, 131 Main, La Junta, Colorado 81050

Lampshire

My father, Elmer Lampshire, Jr., was born in Grand Junction, Colorado, in 1924. My great-great-grandparents were Catherine Harris and Harry Lampshire. It is believed that he was a minister in Silver Plume or Georgetown, Colorado. Their eight children were H. F., Mary Jane, Rueben B., William John, Eliza, Ed, Emma and Uletta.

William John, born in Mineral Point, Wisconsin, was a miner and worked in Georgetown and Leadville, Colorado. He died in Grand Junction. William and his wife, Emily, had fifteen children: Mary Jane who married James Taylor; Frederick James; Frederick William; John Henry; Charles Edwin; George Arlington, who married Nellie Page; William John; Ada Grace; Theresa Amelia, who married Will James, a cousin; Emily James (Emma) married a Hannigan; Thomas Henry, who married Catherine Goldsberry; Leona Ulstta, who married R. Colescott; Alva Bloss; Loretta, who married a Kohls; Elmer F., who married Hazel Holloway.

Ed, brother of William, had twin sons and a daughter, Emma, who married John Simmons and lived at Hillsboro, Oregon. Any information will be appreciated.—Mrs. De Anna Lampshire King, P. O. Box 955, Castle Rock, Washington 98611

Lollar-Blake-Whittaker

Sam Rosco Blake was my grandfather. He was from Mississippi, born March 19, 1882 and died December 30, 1965. He is buried near Tomnolen, Mississippi. His mother, Missouri Adline Merzer, is also buried there. Would like to know who she married and children living if any, besides Sam Rosco Blake.

Tal Whittaker was born in Kentucky in 1819 and married .... Hillis. Who were his parents and when did they come from England?

Are there any Lollars living in Burke County, North Carolina? All information and letters will be greatly appreciated.—Mrs. Alice Marotz, 721 Spruce Street, Madison, Wisconsin 53715

Phillips-McFarland-Kile

George Phillips was born March 28, 1831. He had daughters by a first marriage. Sarah Jane Phillips, born April 1, 1854; Mary Ellen Phillips, born February 2, 1857; and Lilly Belle Phillips, born in 1861. He was married to a McFarland but I do not know if that is the correct spelling. Lilly Belle Phillips was my grandmother. My great-grandfather, George Phillips, was from Camp Branch, Warren County, Missouri and had children by a second marriage. I would like to hear from anyone who might be related or know about this family.

Would also like to hear from anyone with the name Kile. I have a lot of information on the Kile family.—Floyd H. Kile, Box 1013, Columbia Falls, Montana 59912

Osborn

Richard Osborn, born about 1810 probably in Kentucky or Tennessee, was an early settler of Morgan County, Indiana. He married Delila Chamb(ers/ness) there in 1830. Their children were Andrew, John S., Solomon, Winfield Scott, and Doctor. By 1847 all known land was sold and the family gone. They reappeared in the 1860 census in Putman County, Missouri where Robert, Willard and James were born. We are unable to locate the family in the 1850 census.

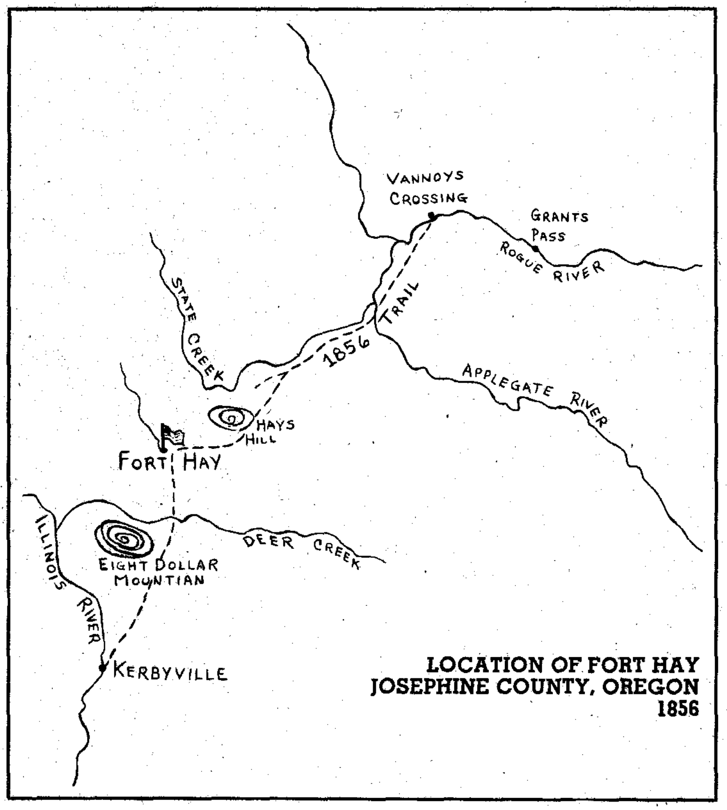
Winfield Scott and John S. enlisted in the Missouri Infantry during the Civil War. After a disability discharge, each re-enlisted in the Iowa Cavalry at Cory-

(Continued on page 48)

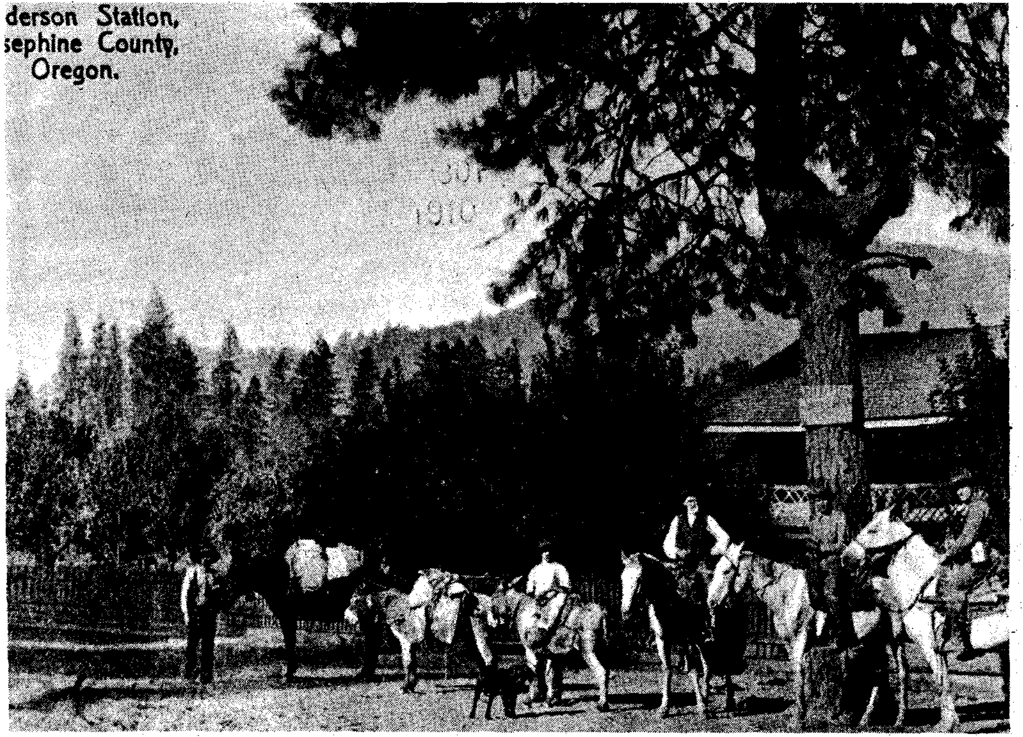
“BOSTON COWARDS” of FORT HAY

By LEE DUFUR

Photos, Map Courtesy Author



LOCATION OF FORT HAY
JOSEPHINE COUNTY, OREGON
1856



Anderson Station, formerly Fort Hay. Pine tree had handmade hitching ring on it. Miners are (standing): Jack Frost, Tom Ellis (on horseback), Joe Hall, Joe Smith and Lon. Date unknown.

ON A DRIZZLY January night in 1951, along the famous Redwood Highway in Southern Oregon, an old farmhouse was burning to the ground. Curious viewers who stopped along the highway watched its balcony fall. Ancient whipsawed siding curled and dropped away. Then for a moment, an old log house stood revealed amid the flames. It looked exactly as it had in the beginning, before new rooms and board siding had hidden it.

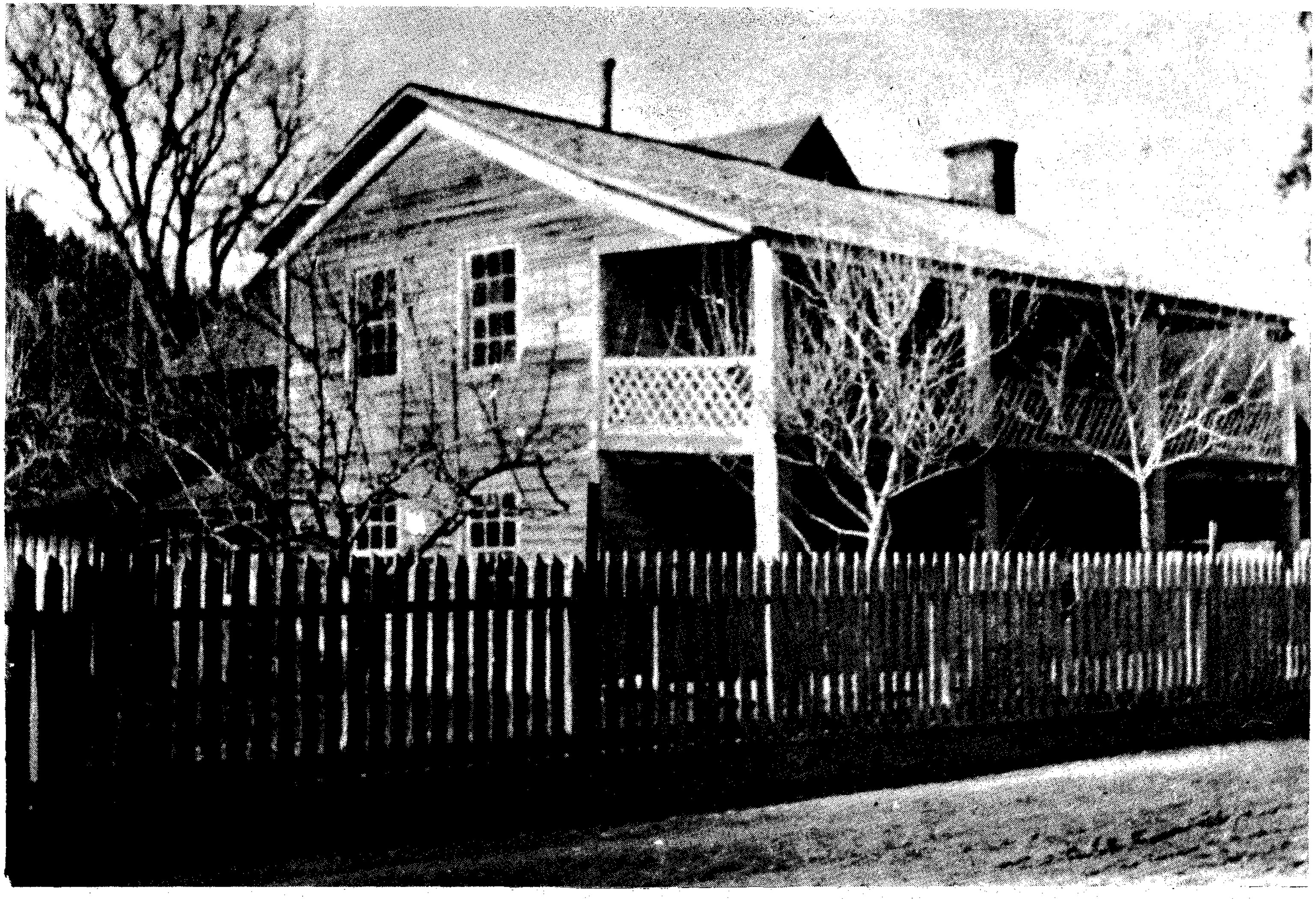
Exposed, the logs showed curious holes. These holes were gun rests that had been put there to fortify the house against the ferocious Rogue Indians. The people watching didn’t know that less than 100 years before, this house had been the only one for miles around—from Vannoy’s ferry to Kerbyville. Wily and full of hate the Indians had slunk through the forests surrounding it—arguing with arrows and guns for the land on which it stood.

The house had its beginning five years before Oregon became a state, and had stood as Fort Hay during the Rogue Indian Wars. Settlers, volunteers, soldiers and packers had sheltered there. Later it served as a small hotel, and at one time was a dispensary for miners’ supplies. Once it was a post office, and a place to buy liquor and tobacco. Still later its ballroom had served as a hub for the social activity of that Illinois Valley area.

When the house collapsed that night, its chimney swayed and bombarded the ground with handmade bricks. Nearby, and singed slightly, stood a gnarled old pine. The tree had been young when William B. and Elizabeth Hay from Kentucky had first pulled a covered wagon under it in October 1854. The struggle with their gaunt oxen, emaciated cows and horses, and four weary, near-barefoot young people had come to an end.

The Hay family had traveled for five months with a wagontrain. Each daylight for that long time they had hitched oxen, saddled horses, gathered up cattle and inched another incredibly short distance along the incredibly long road toward Oregon Territory. As they made their camp that October evening they felt the first permanency they had known for a long time. William Hay “took up” his Donation Land Claim. Uncle Sam was giving him 160 acres and another 160 to his wife, if they would settle and farm it.

Within ten days he and his three sons had built a cabin near the pine—one room of logs, a lean-to, a mud-and-stick



Anderson Station, formerly Fort Hay. Note top branches of pine tree at far right. Date unknown.

chimney. The family worked early, fast, and late to get into the little house before winter rains came to Southern Oregon.

ELIZABETH HAY settled her few shabby things in the new home, but she dreamed of a bigger house. She wanted a place where she could shelter and feed the men who ran pack trains. Elizabeth wanted some money, and she needed a dream. She hadn't looked toward Oregon as the promised land as her husband had, nor as a place of adventure as had her boys. She wasn't after a husband as her daughter, Liz, was.

Elizabeth had come because it was what William wanted to do. The only time she had offered any argument was when William told her she couldn't bring her little spinet desk to Oregon. She won that argument. She had seen that desk lurching across wild rivers on makeshift rafts. She had watched it pulled up mountains and lowered by ropes over cliffs. At last it was in Oregon Territory only to be left on the wrong side of the calm Willamette River for someone to steal.

The pain in Elizabeth's eyes, as she looked at the wilderness around her, hurt William too. So with his boys he started to build a better house. They cleared trees from the land so they could farm, and used the logs as additions to the little cabin. They were in the woods each day that first winter when daylight came and it was after dark when they returned home. There by lamplight and by hand, they made shakes for the roof of their home. There was always the pungent smell of cedar to mingle with good cooking.

As the Hays family built and dreamed and watched their cows grow fat, they understood more deeply why the Rogues so tenaciously held to their land. These Indians didn't call themselves Rogues. That was the name they had earned from the first white men in Southern Oregon. Settlers, miners, explorers called all of the tribes of Southern Oregon "Rogues."

AT THE TIME Hay arrived the Indians were more or less living under a treaty they had made with General Joseph Lane. They were supposed to be confined to the Table Rock Reservation, miles away from Hay's land claim. But the Indians felt hemmed in on the reservation; they were hungry sometimes, too. So they began to slip off to hunt and just roam as seemed natural and right to them. This gave the miners, and sometimes settlers, an excuse to shoot them. Then miners were in turn ambushed by Indians.

No doubt there was provocation on both sides. The Indians stole firearms and learned to use them surprisingly fast. They stole powder and lead and almost every pack train that stopped at Hay's cabin told stories of armed Indians roaming the hills. But it was impossible to pin them down or contain them. They knew the forests well and were able to move about noiselessly.

In the spring of 1855 some Rogues from the locality robbed a company of

Later, one of the fort's defenders said, "Had it not been for 'Mammy Hay' our courage would have slipped out at the heels of our boots."

Logging at Anderson Station, formerly Fort Hay. Lead team with horse bells that are now in Witherbee Collection. Note pine tree branches in upper left. Date unknown.

whites and killed another just across the California border. They came back by way of Hay's ranch and, feeling brave and proud, ventured to steal some of William Hay's precious cattle. Hay was an impatient man, and he had brought those cattle against impossible odds across the hot dusty American Desert. The next morning William rode out with eight other men, under Captain Sam Fry, to follow the Indians. They killed the three lookouts, and discovered there were many more raiders enjoying the feast. So they rode back for reinforcements.

On the way they found that the Indians had killed a miner nearby. So giving up the idea of immediate revenge, they separated into twos, and threes to warn everyone that the Indians were asking for war.

Volunteers were organized and Hay's farm was fortified for the protection of people moving about in the area. A high fence or stockade was built around the house. More rooms were added to accommodate the soldiers who would be there. These rooms had gun rests between the logs. All that summer the Hay men tried to farm and watch their cattle, without ever leaving the women and children alone. It was a difficult time. Rumors flew of Indian raids, thefts, murders; and everyone was in a constant state of anxiety. Yet nothing seemed to be done to stop it—not by the army, not by the volunteers, not by the government.

By late fall nearly all of the Indians had left the reservation and were roaming the hills at will. Then on October 9 a tired messenger rode into the stockade at Hay's. He had come from over Rogue River way, and as he climbed down from his weary horse he told what he knew of the bloodiest day in the history of Southern Oregon. A band of Indians had decided to clean their valleys once and for all of the hated white men. They had got together guns, ammunition, and whiskey, and had started out burning homes and murdering men, women, and children. Settlers, packers, and miners were common targets.

The people of Illinois Valley prepared as well as they could for an attack but it didn't come; either the whiskey or the ammunition ran out before the Indians reached them. The people of Southern Oregon, however, were faced with a decision. They must abandon their new homes or they must stop the marauding.

THE MURDERERS were renegades. Old Shasta John, who had become the Indian leader in that area, would have preferred peaceful coexistence. At the worst he would not have attacked and murdered women and children. Chief John was naturally sociable. Intelligent, handsome, he enjoyed visiting the homes of the whites and having them visit his lodge. Many whites did visit him and welcomed him in their homes. Before the conflict got past the stage of being amicably resolved, he had known the Hay men personally; but his loyalty was with his own people as theirs was with other whites. John had sometimes lived near the spot where Fort Hay was standing, and to him it was a blemish on the land.

Tyee (Chief) John had such a small band of poorly equipped warriors it is impossible from this distance in time to see how he kept so many people, including the U. S. army, in such terror for so long. His men had been fighting with bows and arrows and spears only a few years before, and it is believed that in his Applegate band he never had more than fifty warriors. But no white men living in Southern Oregon believed that figure when they were fighting against him. He was such a great commander, so clever and so well acquainted with his land, that he kept the troops bewildered and off balance. The most important things in his favor were his pride and the fact that he was defending his home valleys and mountains.

At this time, too, there was as much misunderstanding between the regular army and the Oregon Volunteers as there was between the army and the Indians. The settlers simply could not persuade Washington that they were in desperate trouble. A census of the Indians didn't help their case either. The army thought that the whites had ill treated the Indians. This was true. But it didn't eliminate the danger to homesteaders or improve the safety of Oregon Territory.

So the settlers organized their own Second Regiment, Oregon Mountain Volunteers. Miners volunteered as well. A company of this regiment was assigned to Fort Hay. Officially now it was a fort. William asked that it be called Fort Elizabeth. It was Elizabeth's house; those were her walls with the gun holes, and her floors that were muddied by the soldiers' boots. But Elizabeth was a soft name for a fort and on all their correspondence and records the Volunteers continued to call it Fort Hay.

There was no more wholesale killing during that winter of 1855 and '56, but on March 23, Willie, the youngest Hay boy, and five other men were winding up Hay's Hill by horse- and muleback when they were suddenly attacked by Indians. They fought the only kind of battle they could with six white men against a forest full of Indians—a running fight. Private Olney, who was riding with them to his camp at Eight Dollar Mountain, had his horse shot out from under him. Willie, who was fourteen, rode his horse into the woods, knowing an Indian was behind each tree. But he kept firing, trying to hold them off until Olney could get behind the saddle with Elias Wright.

Before the animal could get away carrying double, Wright was killed and Olney ran off through the timber with the Indians in full pursuit. The other four hurried their horses to Hay's and temporary safety. Most of the Indians were on foot and they gradually fell back as the pursued whites pounded into the little stockade. At once a messenger was sent to Eight Dollar Mountain for help from Company E, Northern Battalion. Some men from Olney's outfit were already at Hay's as a guard, and they rode out to recover the bodies of Elias Wright and, as they thought, that of Private Olney. Unfortunately, they hadn't got far when they met the Indian warrors. John Davis was killed and the rest retreated to Hay's.

WHILE the family and the soldiers huddled inside, Indians, mounted and on foot, kept coming out of the trees until the fort was completely surrounded. In the meantime, the messenger had covered the five or six miles to Eight Dollar Mountain. Captain O'Neill, who was in charge there, immediately got his soldiers ready to ride. He could spare less than fifty men, but they were soon on their way to Fort Hay. Fifteen of them led off, followed by fifteen mules

(Continued on page 52)

WESTERN BOOK ROUNDUP

By The Old Bookaroos

ATTENTION

We do not handle the books reviewed below. If interested in purchasing, please check your local bookstore, or address your order to the individual publisher in care of this office and we will be glad to forward. Be sure to make your check payable to the publisher of the book, not to us.

TEXAS RAILROADER

A large part of the network of interior Texas railroads resulted from the foresight, planning and building of Colonel Morgan Jones, called the "grand old man of Texas railroading." From the close of the Civil War until 1926, fifty railroads, including 16,071 miles of track, crisscrossed the Texas heartland. Few laymen, even in Texas, know about Jones. To set the record straight and give this modest builder due credit was a major reason Vernon Gladden Spence wrote *Colonel Morgan Jones* (University of Oklahoma Press, $7.95). Reared on a Welsh farm, Jones later worked on the Cambrian Railroad before shipping to Omaha with a cargo of powder for General Grenville M. Dodge, in charge of constructing the Union Pacific Railroad. Dodge hired Jones to ramrod a U. P. building crew and later the Welshman made his mark as a railroader, built and operated railroads, and also became a wealthy industrialist, banker and rancher. Jones recognized the rich business opportunities in the huge, partially developed ranching and farming areas in semi-arid Texas awaiting railroads to tap their resources. Railroading was Jones' primary interest and he by-passed politics and other activities that would have assured him public attention, something he didn't want. Spence unearthed a real sleeper here and converted the story into superior Texana.

LOST GOLD!

There is a lot of fascinating reading in *Footprints in the Wilderness, A History of the Lost Rhoades Mines* (Privately printed by Gale R. Rhoades, 1215 Montgomery St., Salt Lake City, Utah, 84104, $5.95 plus 50¢ mailing costs). Rhoades is also co-author with Kerry Ross Boren of these family recollections. The first Roeschs, anglicized to Rhoades when they landed at Philadelphia in 1747, were of German origin but quickly became American frontiersmen. They moved to the Pennsylvania frontier—on to Kentucky where they were neighbors of Daniel Boone—and by 1820 Thomas Rhoades, a grandson of one of the original emigrants was farming in Illinois. In 1843 Thomas became a Mormon and after the abandonment of Nauvoo led a wagontrain to California—the Donner party traveled with the Rhoades train until Donner took the Hastings cut-off on July 20, 1846. The Rhoades party reached California safely in the fall of 1846. Thomas Rhoades worked at a Sutter sawmill and members of the family helped rescue the remnants of the Donner party that winter. The real discoverers of gold in California were Mrs. Thomas Rhoades and her friend Mrs. James Powell while washing the family clothes in Dry Creek early in 1847. Rhoades and Powell informed Sutter of the discovery but it was kept secret to avoid just the sort of "Rush" that followed the news of Marshall's find a year later. Rhoades urged California as a permanent home for the Mormons but Brigham Young decided on Utah and instructed Rhoades to assemble the Mormon families and to lead them back to Utah. Most of the book is devoted to the source of Mormon gold. By treaty with a succession of Ute chiefs, Young designated Thomas Rhoades to be the one man to know the location of the secret mine, long known but little used by the Utes. Caleb Rhoades succeeded his father as the Mormon miner under the treaty. With his death the location became a secret once more. On his death bed Caleb did draw a map—but Caleb had located other gold in Utah—lost Spanish diggings—probably through his close friendship with the Utes— and his map may have been intended to show the location of his private mining interests. Members of the family and many others are still searching for the fabulously rich Ute mine, the source of Mormon gold, and for the Rhoades mines.

THE APACHE VERSION

Western Apache Raiding and Warfare (University of Arizona Press, $5.95), comes from the notes of Grenville Goodwin who lived with these Indians several years. Edited by Keith H. Basso, the work makes a major contribution to the ethnography and record of the Apaches. Most of their history has been written by whites who had but vague intuitions about Indian culture and traditional rites. Grenville was the first to let the Apaches be their own historians and autobiographers. He earned their trust and heard the intimate details of their rustic life from six of them whose stories make up a good deal of the book. The section on raiding and warfare provides an inside examination of weapons, war dances, leadership, conduct, taboos, use of supernatural power, victory celebrations, treatment of captives, as well as scalping (an art used to a much lesser degree than among Plains Indians). Very good.

LAND OF ENCHANTMENT

These Were the Valiant; A Collection of New Mexico Profiles (Calvin Horn, $6.50) by Ann Nolan Clark is an edited collection of the author's articles which originally appeared in *New Mexico Magazine.* Miss Clark has been awarded the Regina Award Medal for "continued distinguished contributions to children's literature." *These Were the Valiant* is an introduction to the giants in New Mexico history. Mountain men, traders, the soldiers, the missionaries, merchants, doctors—all pass in review. Written largely for young people, the book will be of interest to anyone who is beginning to delve into New Mexico history.

YUM! YUM!

Those with a yen for appetizing food will want to own a copy of a new book, *The Aficionado's Southwestern Cooking* (University of New Mexico Press, $4.95) by Ronald Joynson. There are over one hundred pages of updated recipes originating independently or from blends of Aztec and Spanish dishes from south of the border. Most of the food plants grow here either wild or cultivated and include corn, beans, peppers, herbs, pumpkins, squashes, persimmons, berries, etc. You can have your choice of Mexican dishes hot or mild and ingredients are of the kind available in groceries all over the U. S. There are recipes for luncheons, dinners, brunches, suppers, breakfasts, cocktail parties and holidays. Extremely appealing are recipes for the Typical Southwestern Dinner and Southwestern Thanksgiving Dinner.

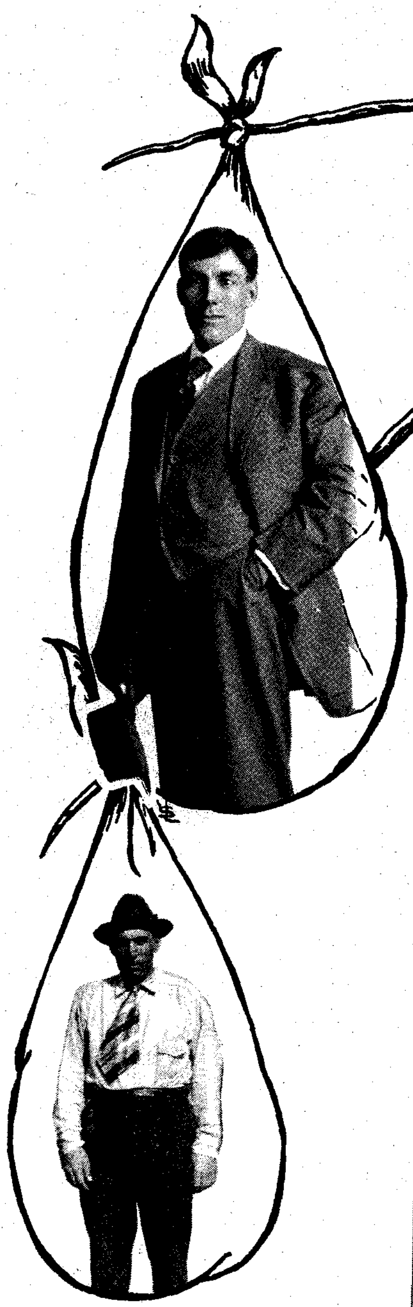
MUSTANGS

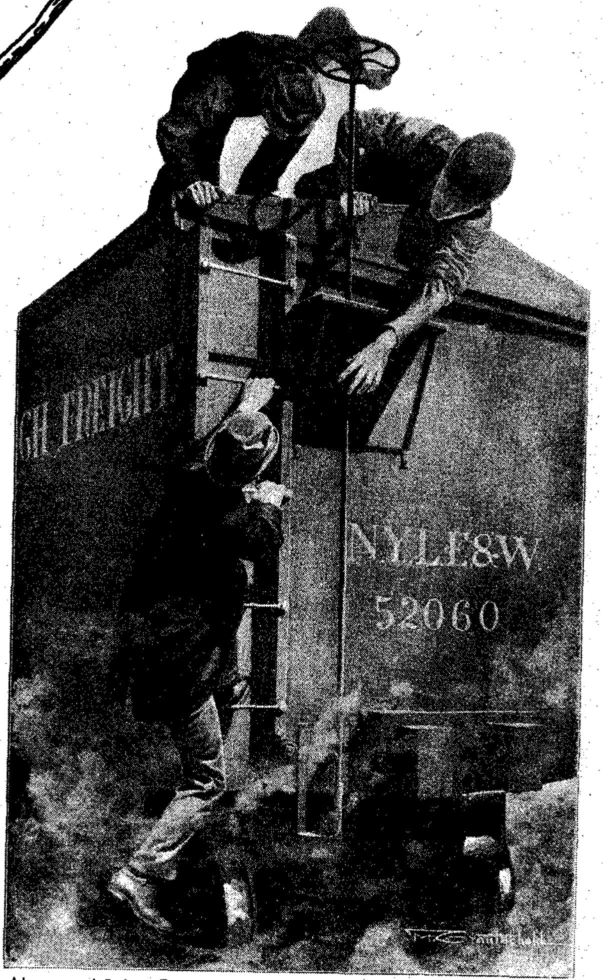
Glen Rounds has written and illustrated a beautiful book, *Wild Horses of the Red Desert* (Holiday House, $4.95) which is sure to please all horse lovers. The story symbolizes the life of the American Mustang whose greatest enemy is the rancher who has hatched up numerous methods of killing off the rugged little ponies who compete with cattle for grass. Mustang life history and struggles for existence are depicted graphically with pages of cleverly drawn colored pictures. But man isn't the wild horse's only enemy. Wild animals, especially the cougar, find the colt a choice food. Drought and deep snows are other hazards which the author has so admirably exploited through art and narrative. This is a commendable book with a message easy to grasp.

20th CENTURY PIONEERING

The work, faith, and perseverance required to transform a chunk of wild prairie into a beautiful and productive farm is realized by fewer and fewer people each year. *Unto A Land* (The Naylor Co., $7.95) by Bess Browning Pearce is the story of such an experience of pioneer farming in southwestern Oklahoma Territory just north of the Red River. The story begins in 1902 with horse plows, hauled water, no fences, trees or firewood, and bare two-room house. The transformation of such a harsh spread into a lush cotton, grain, and fruit farm is captured with realism and humor by Mrs. Pearce in her book. It is a tribute to pioneer determination and hard work.

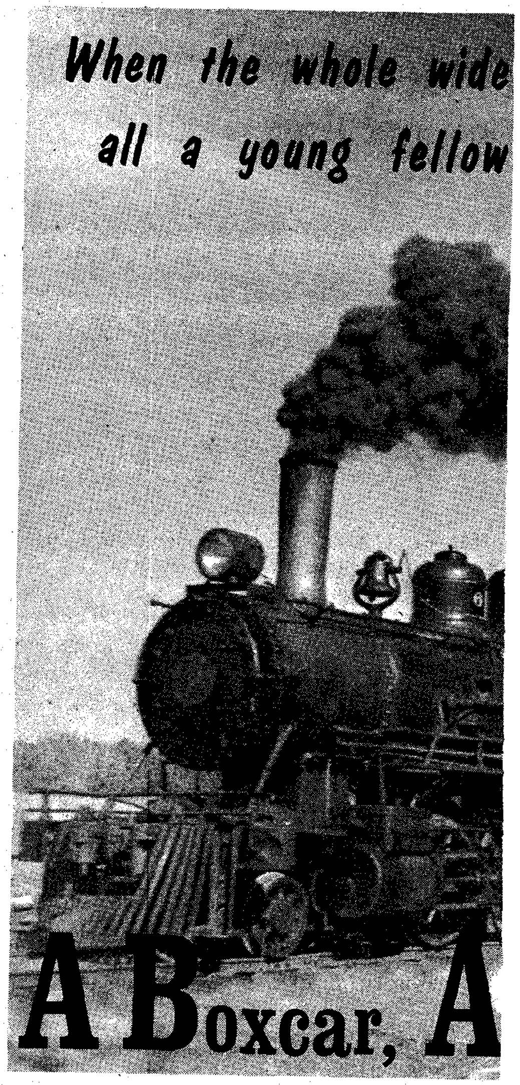
(Continued on page 68)





Photos Above and Below Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western Collection

When the whole wide all a young fellow



A Boxcar, A

By GEORGE N. PELTIER

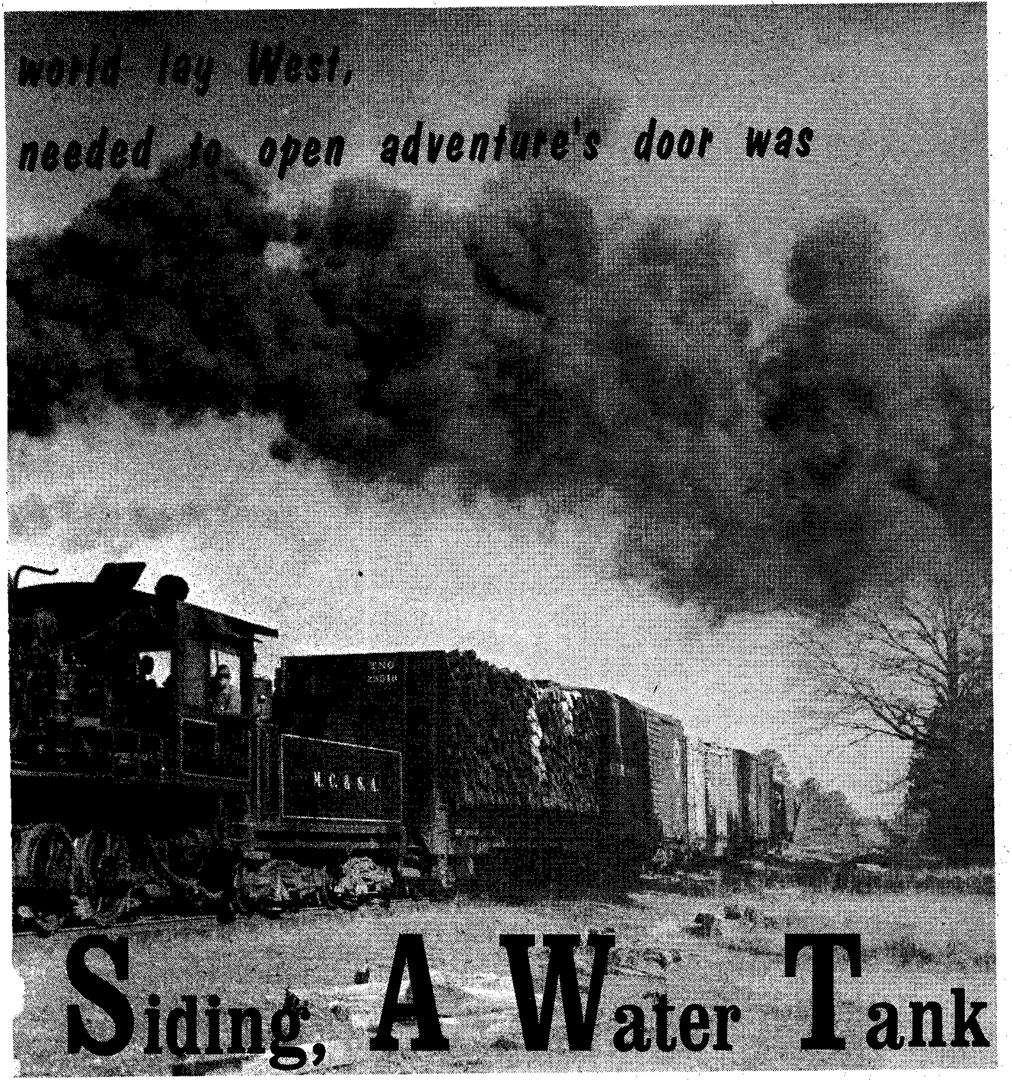
Photos Courtesy Author

IN THE FALL of 1904, when I was twenty years old, my feet were itching to be on the move. There was a world's fair going on in St. Louis, Missouri and I was anxious to go see it. I had a little money that I had earned during harvest.

St. Louis! What a glorious sight for a kid—all the bright lights, so many people and so much to see that I had never seen before, the spielers and beautiful girls. I soon met a young man from Kentucky the same age I was. We became friends and took in all of the fair we could. But it required money and we didn't have very much. What we had was soon gone, so we decided to go to California.

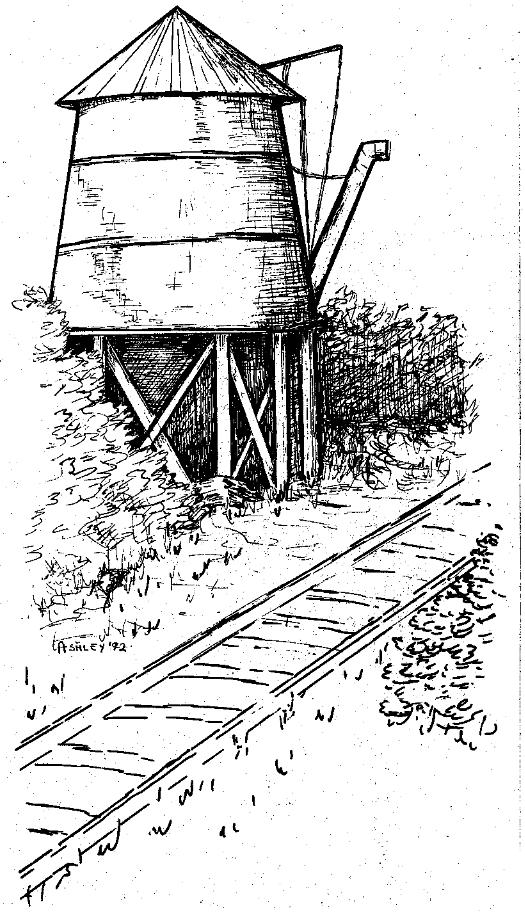
We had to bum our way. The only mode of travel in those days was by foot, railroad, or stagecoach. We got on a freight train headed west and after a couple of days arrived in Denver, Colorado. What a place it was at that time—saloons and gambling open twenty-four hours a day. The minute you walked into one of those places you were met by a bevy of girls who wanted you to dance or buy them a drink, but we had

Courtesy A. E. Brown, Shreveport, Louisiana



world lay West, needed to open adventure's door was

Siding, A Water Tank



Top left: The author, George Peltier, 1911 and 1921. Middle left: 1894 drawing by M. Trautschold of hobos "hopping a freight." Lower left: St. Louis, circa 1900. Above: M. C. & S. A. freight train. Lower right: Scene from Grand County, Colorado in 1890s.

no money so there was not very much we could do.

We watched the gambling going on at one of the tables and one of the men had lots of money before him. He saw us kids standing there and said, "What is the matter, kids? Are you broke?" We nodded. He gave us each a five-dollar gold piece and said to go and have some fun. But we went and had a good meal; we were hungry as we had not had too much to eat since we left St. Louis.

It was November and mighty cold in the Mile High City. We thought we should get out of there. We went to the depot and tried to find out if there were any trains going west. A couple of hobos who seemed to know all about the trains coming out of Denver told us the cops were watching every train and it would be hard for us to beat our way out of there. Another thing, there was a high steel wire fence for quite a distance along the railroad. The only way a person could get to where the trains were was through the depot.

We found out a passenger train would be due about midnight, and decided to try to get on the blind baggage someway.

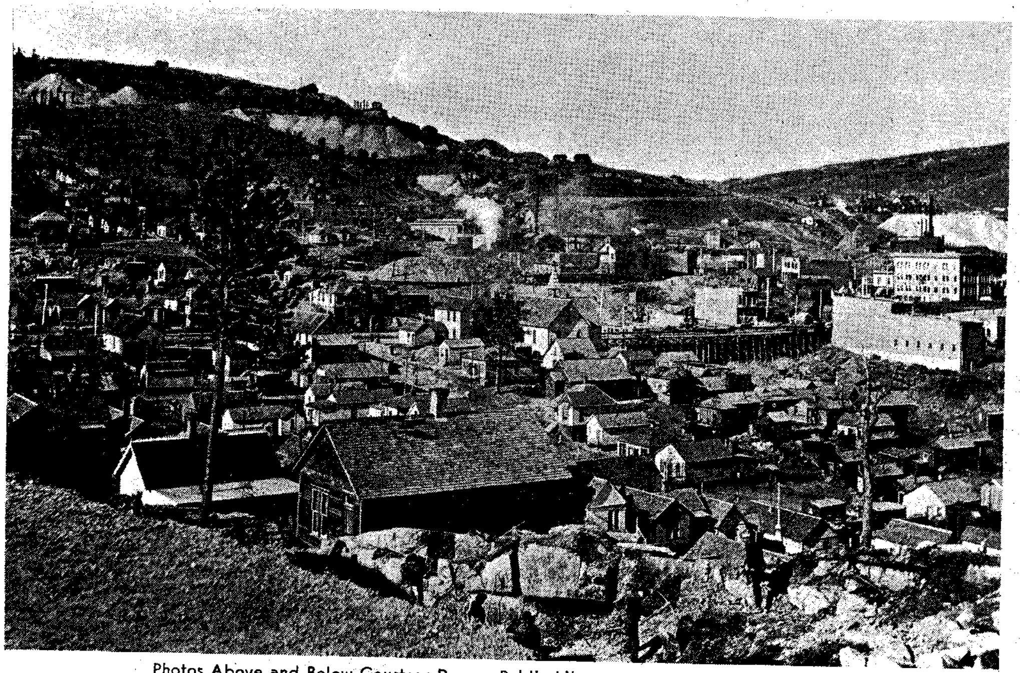
Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western Collection

We went to the depot lobby where it was warm. A lot of people were there and quite a few were going to board the train. Some were carrying suitcases, and we told a couple of men that we were also going on the train and would be glad to help them with their bags. Each of us carried a suitcase and went with these men through the gate, where the watchman was, without any trouble. We helped them board the train, then we hurried ahead and got quite a way beyond the engine, crossed the track, and waited for the train to pull out for Colorado Springs. As it came picking up speed we got on the blind baggage. The night was dark as pitch and that limited passenger train was really moving. The smoke and cinders from the engine were really getting to us and, boy, were we cold! The train only stopped once between Denver and Colorado Springs, a ride of about one hour and forty minutes.

WE WERE GLAD to get off. To warm up we walked as fast as we could toward the main part of town. The streetlights were on but everything was closed except some of the saloons. We went into one of them; it was nice and warm in there and we sure could absorb some of that heat. Our faces were black from smoke and cinders. In fact, we were dirty all over.

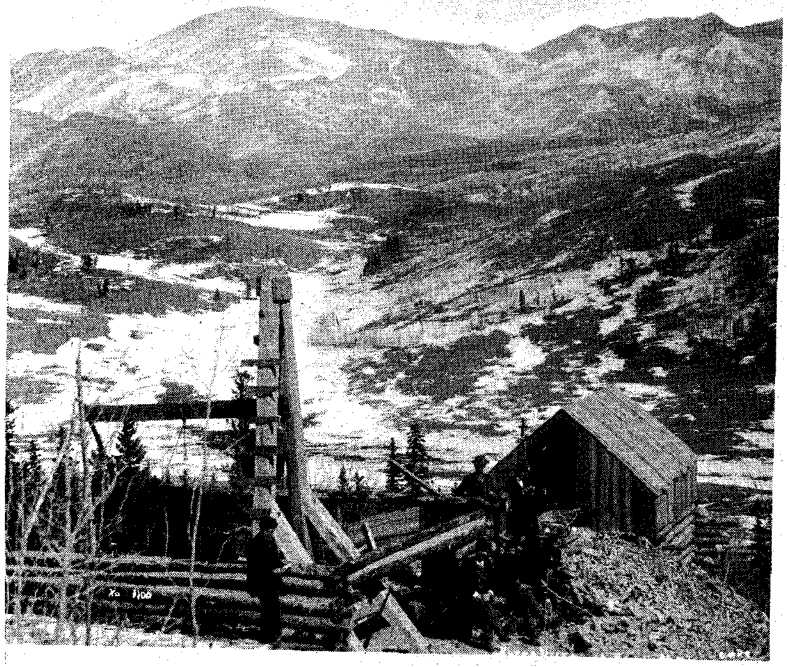
A couple of men were near the bar, others were playing faro, others were lying on benches or on the floor. After we warmed up we went to the wash room. A lunch counter was on one side of the main room, and after we had washed up, we ordered coffee, bacon and eggs which we certainly enjoyed. It was four

DELTAS
Devoe Paint



Photos Above and Below Courtesy Denver Public Library, Western Collection

Top left: Colorado Springs, Colorado, 1905. Utah, business district, 1905-10. Top right:



o'clock in the morning, still dark, but it looked like it was going to be a nice day.

We stayed in the saloon until daylight and talked to some of the men. Most were miners who had come down for a little spree. They told us about the rich gold strikes at Cripple Creek and Victor, and said a lot of work was going on there, except a strike had closed down some of the mines.

My pal, Bill, and I decided it might be a good place to go, anyway; maybe we could get a job. We found out a mixed train was leaving for there that evening. We planned to be aboard. It was a nice warm day. We didn't have much money but things were cheap. You could get a good meal for twenty-five cents. We spent the day taking in the sights at nearby Manitou Springs.

That evening when the train left for Cripple Creek, we managed to get into a box car loaded with all kinds of merchandise. The train traveled slowly. Along in the night—we did not know what time it was—the train stopped at a tank to take on water for the engine. Some railroad men discovered us and ordered us to get out and stay off the train. We were fourteen miles from Cripple Creek and the only thing there was the water tank and a section house. It was no use waiting for another train because it would be hours before the next one was due, and maybe then we couldn't get on it.

About two o'clock in the morning (there was a half moon, so we could see) it got so cold we started walking as fast as we could to keep warm. Fourteen miles did not seem so far. I recall we went across several high trestles built across deep canyons. We arrived at Cripple Creek about six a.m. It was just breaking day and a good frost was on the ground.

CRIPPLE CREEK was a rough mining town. Most of the miners were on strike, but some of the mines were trying to operate with non-union labor. The government had ordered the state militia to come in and keep order. There were armed men everywhere, but especially near the mines.

The town was wide open. The saloons, brothels and gambling places never closed. It was quite a place for a couple of greenhorn kids who were nearly broke. We had less than a dollar between us.

Bill said, "Let's go into a gambling place and play what little we have. We might be lucky and win a few dollars."

I knew how to play poker but knew they wouldn't let me in with so little money. Soon the crap tables attracted our attention because you could play small amounts—anything from ten cents up. Bill thought he understood the game well enough to play. He took what little money we had and got in the game. Luck was with him; after an hour or so he had $18.75. He quit and we were on top of the world.

We went and had breakfast. Then we thought we might be able to get a job in one of the mines employing non-union men, but every mine we went to had armed guards in front of the office. We were told they were not hiring kids; they wanted experienced miners.

That left nothing to do but take in the sights. There were lots of rough looking, bearded miners, long line freighters, a few railroad men, tin-horn gamblers, dealers, bartenders, saloon keepers and quite a lot of women, mostly dance hall girls. The most notorious place in Cripple Creek was the one known as Little Egypt, owned and operated by a woman.

That evening we paid it a visit. What a place it was for two young greenhorns to see. The place was full of men and women. The miners had on heavy boots and rough clothes; the gamblers and dealers wore fancy vests and jackets. Bartenders, with white jackets and aprons, were waiting on customers and polishing glasses. Some of the women were gorgeously dressed and some scantily dressed. Lighting was furnished by kerosene lamps, large ones hanging from the ceilings and smaller ones on wall brackets.

On our left was a long polished bar with an iron pipe foot rail. The backbar had bottles and polished empty glasses on it. The wall above the backbar was covered with mirrors and above the mirrors and on the walls around the room were mounted trophies—deer, elk, and mountain sheep heads, also pictures of Indian battles and war scenes. One was Custer's Last Stand, and there were also pictures of beautiful women in various states of undress.

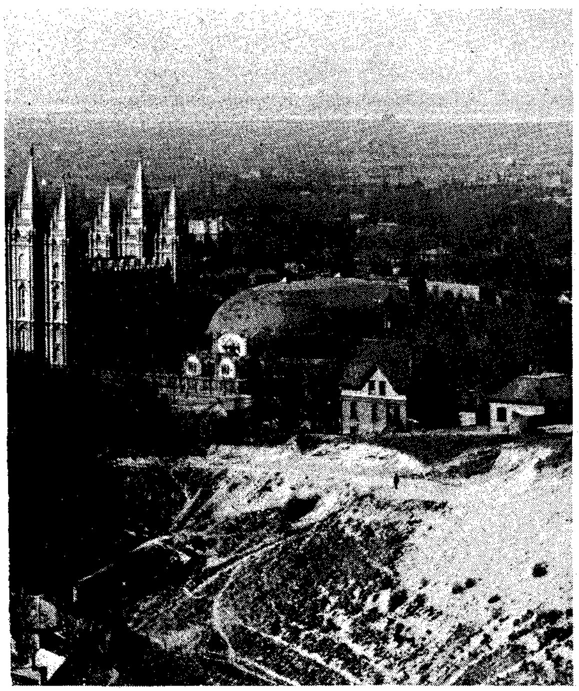
On the main floor in front of the bar were a dozen or more tables and chairs where people could sit and drink, and near the wall across the room from the bar were the gambling tables. Faro was favored by most people, but roulette, craps, poker and blackjack were played too.

In the rear part of the main room on one side was a raised platform. A

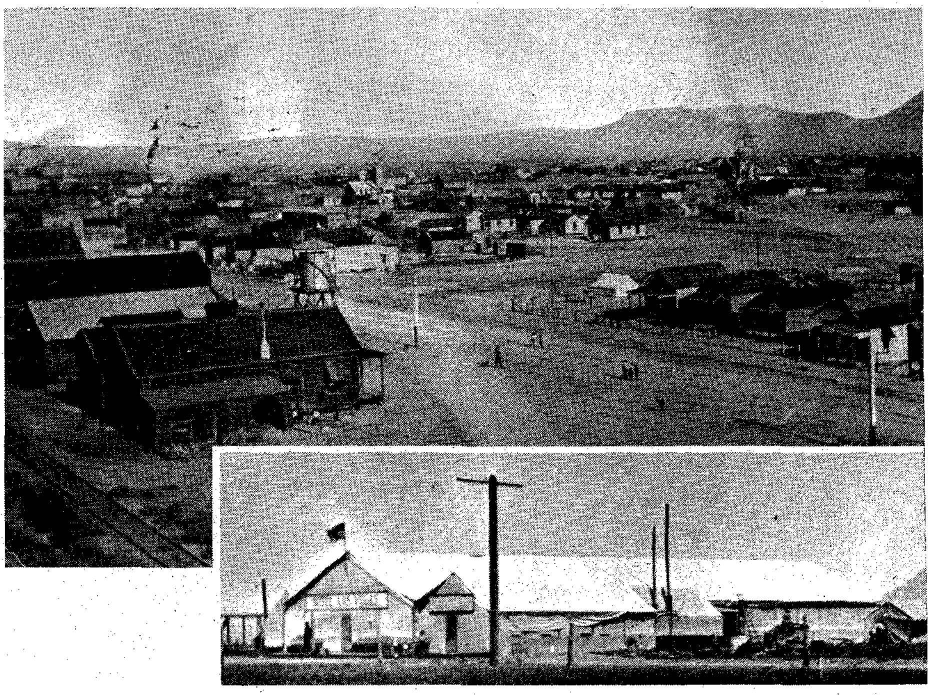
(Continued on page 61)

Middle left: Victor, Colorado, 1900. Lower left: Cripple Creek, Colorado, mine, 1890s. Men unknown. Below middle: Salt Lake City. Las Vegas, Nevada, 1909. Lower right: Las Vegas Hotel, 1905. Located at Main and Fremont Street, it was the first hotel in Las Vegas.

Courtesy Utah State Historical Society



Photos Courtesy Dickinson Library, University of Nevada



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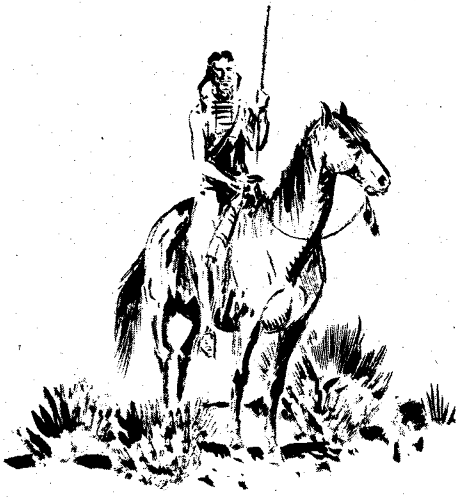
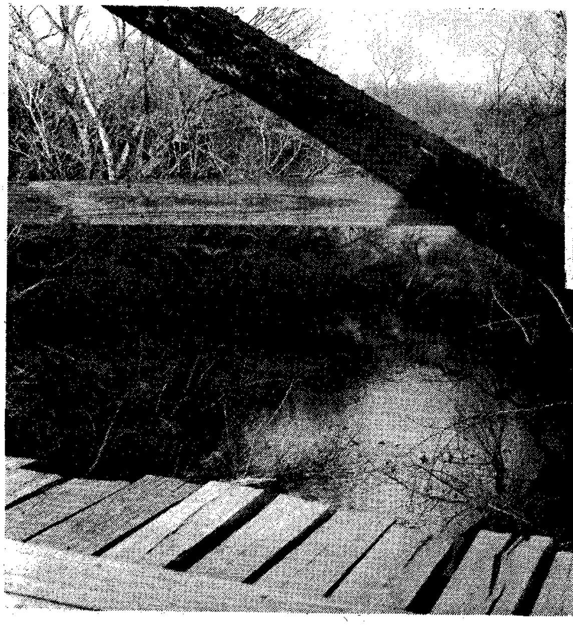
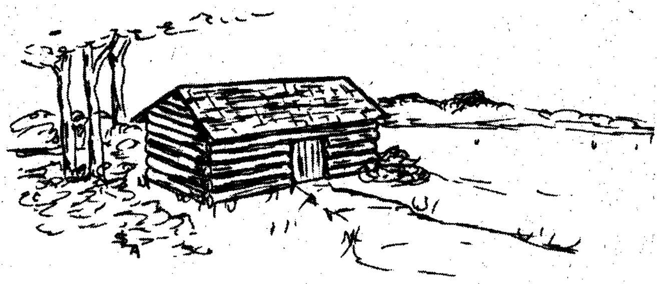


Above: Valley where school was located. School is believed to have been on left near distant trees. Right: Another view of the valley school location.

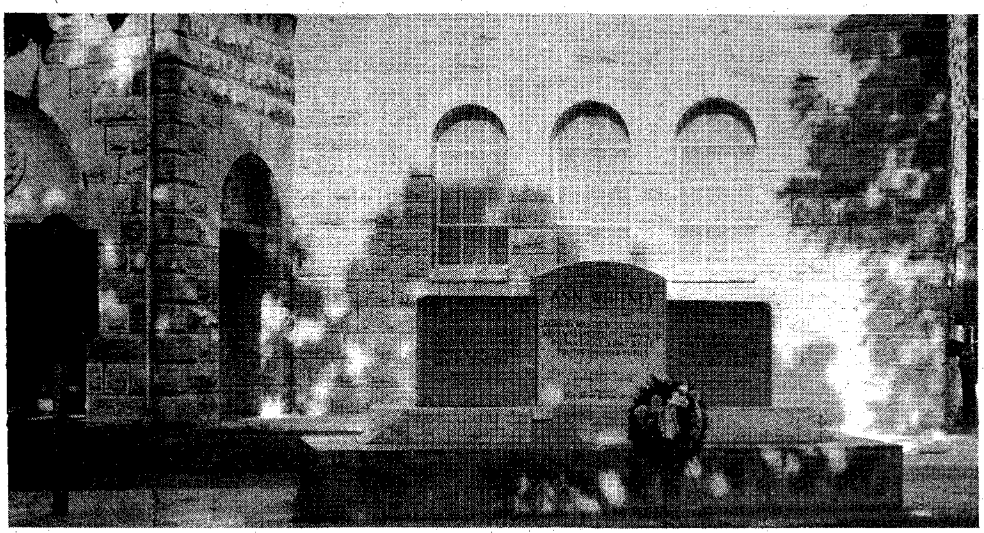
Right: Bridge over the Leon River. In the 1880-1890s this bridge replaced the original. Lower: View of Leon River from the same bridge.

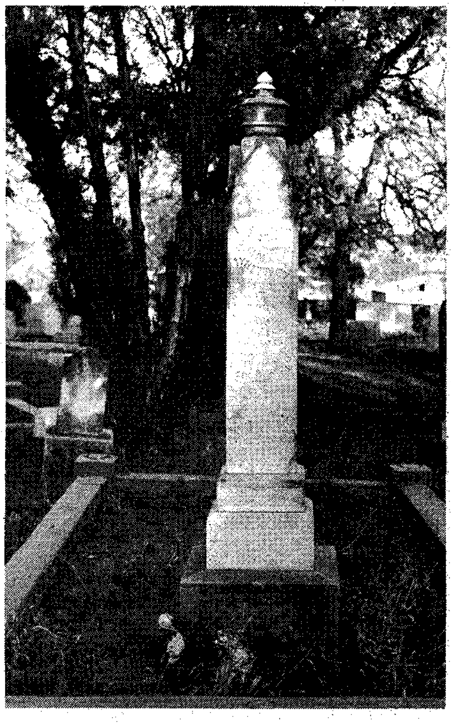




LOG SCHOOLHOUSES—

Death Traps!





Left: Ann Whitney memorial at Hamilton County Courthouse. Above: Ann Whitney grave at Graves-Gentry Cemetery, Hamilton, Texas.

By GARY W. YANTIS

Photos Courtesy Author

HAMILTON, TEXAS is a quiet community located on the edge of the Hill Country bordering the open plains. Hamilton itself, however, is surrounded by oak-covered heights on all sides. The courthouse, in the center of the square, is made of natural limestone as are most of the buildings surrounding it.

In the 1860s the town lay in the dangerous mid-section of Comanche territory. First settled in 1854 it had to be supplied by goods brought in ox carts from Houston on Texas' Gulf Coast. Because of the Indians, there were many sleepless nights and hard-fought days. To give the twentieth-century tourist some notion of the influence of the Comanches, a small settlement approximately twenty miles west is known as Comanche Gap, and the county to the west of Hamilton is named Comanche, as is its county seat.

Located on the outskirts of the present community was a small log cabin-style schoolhouse situated in a valley near the Leon River. Its door faced the river and its only window was located on the opposite side facing the woods. Like so many other crude cabins the logs had been placed together in such a way that large cracks existed on all four sides. These cracks enabled the bored child to sit and ponder the wonderful outdoors as the schoolmarm did her best to make the ABCs equal the delight of a dip in the creek, surrounded by trees and whose water abounded in fish as big as—well, as big as all outdoors. No, the poor teacher didn't have much of a chance.

On July 9, 1867 a band of Comanches were riding their ponies, paralleling the river. There were around a dozen Indians in the group, led by a red-headed white man. Their destination was the schoolhouse in Hamilton, Texas. The school was almost in sight.

AS THEY rode along, two white girls were also out riding. To the girls' misfortune the two groups of riders nearly ran into each other. The girls, seventeen-year-old Amanda Howard and her sister-in-law Sarah Howard, saw the Indians first and immediately turned their ponies around. As they did, the Indians caught sight of them and several changed their course in pursuit.

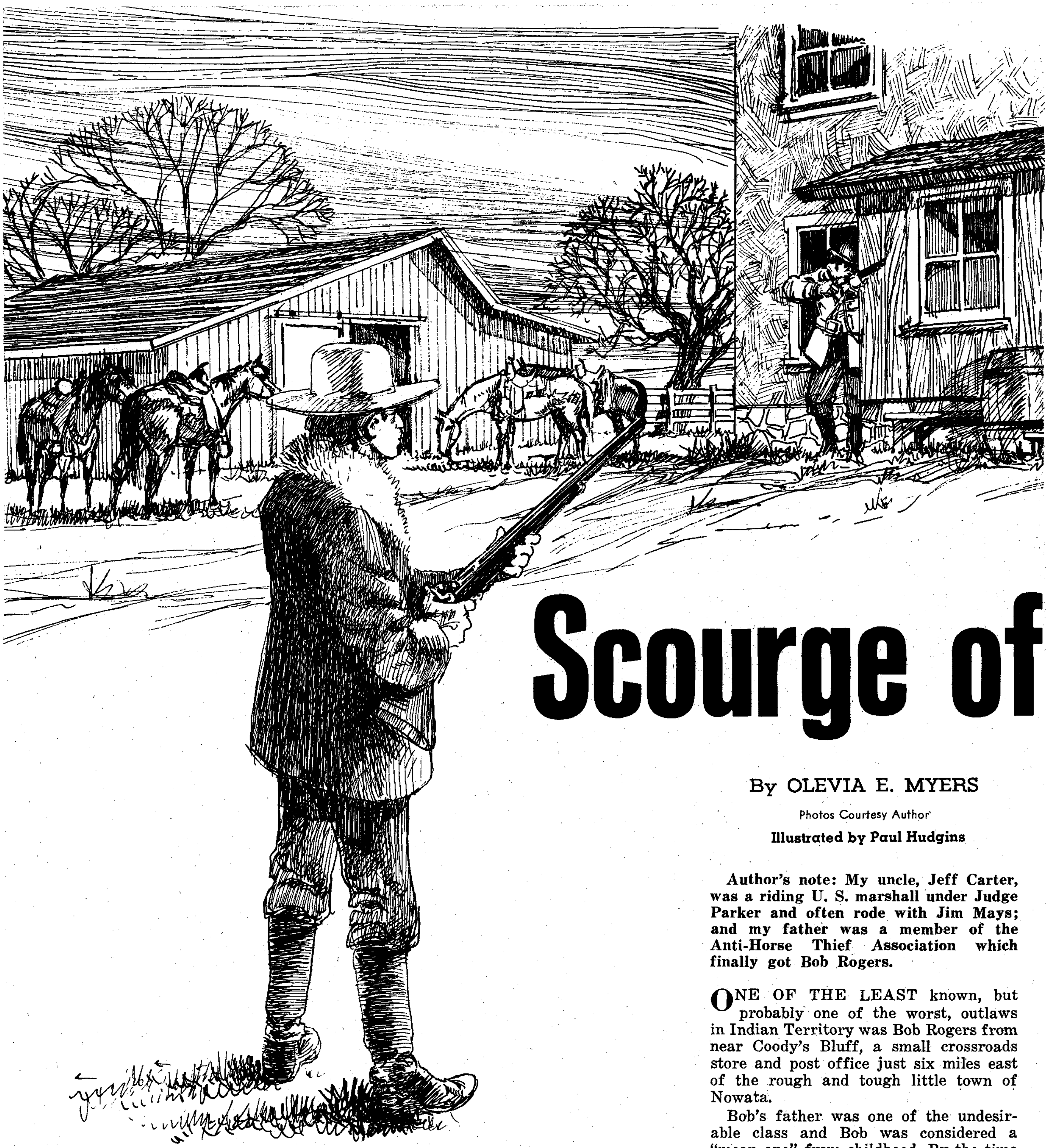
Meanwhile, in the Hamilton school, one of the pupils, the daughter of Alex Powers, was looking through the cracks in the walls and saw several horsemen heading out of the woods near the edge of the river. She told her teacher, but Miss Whitney didn't believe her. Ann Whitney was in her first year as teacher there.

The girl continued to watch and swore that the men were Indians. Miss Whitney went to the wall and peered through the cracks; immediately she turned pale. The Powers girl quickly grabbed her little brother and with him climbed through the back window, fleeing into the woods. The door was rendered useless because it faced the side from which the Indians were approaching. The only chance of escape was the window—a window which would allow the children to escape but would imprison Miss Whitney because of her size. Instinctively she bolted the door, grabbed the children, and pushed them out the window. As the children fled, the Indians rushed up to the cabin and began their attack. Miss Whitney pleaded that they spare the school but was rewarded with several arrows instead.

Then the last child to climb through the window, Jane Kuykendall, who had

(Continued on page 38)

> Ann Whitney perished trying to protect her students from the Comanches. Her efforts merely added to the sport—such places were not defensible



Scourge of

Bob Rogers, unhampered by any feeling of loyalty or friendship, was the ultimate in enemies. A man was no safer riding with him than against him—

By OLEVIA E. MYERS

Photos Courtesy Author

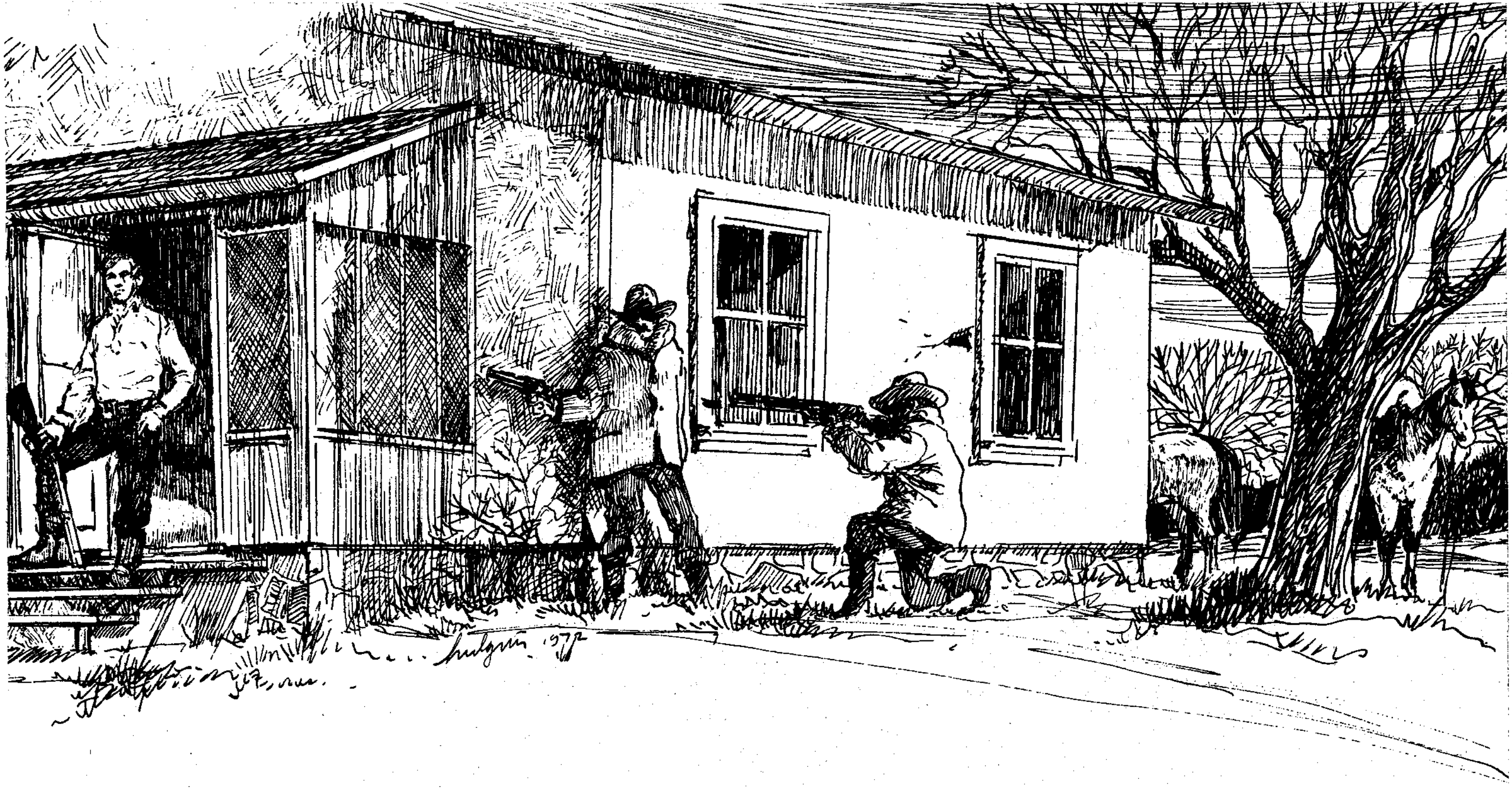
Illustrated by Paul Hudgins

Author's note: My uncle, Jeff Carter, was a riding U. S. marshall under Judge Parker and often rode with Jim Mays; and my father was a member of the Anti-Horse Thief Association which finally got Bob Rogers.

ONE OF THE LEAST known, but probably one of the worst, outlaws in Indian Territory was Bob Rogers from near Coody's Bluff, a small crossroads store and post office just six miles east of the rough and tough little town of Nowata.

Bob's father was one of the undesirable class and Bob was considered a "mean one" from childhood. By the time he was nineteen years old he was a dangerous and cunning outlaw. He had planned and carried out so many robberies and cattle and horse thefts that all track of them was lost.

In the Territory days there were so many outlaws that no one paid much attention to what they did. Mostly, the law-abiding element did not want to know what they did, for the less people knew the better off they were. It was difficult indeed to find a peace-loving honest family who would give informa-



the Cherokee Nation

tion to the federal marshals riding the wild and lawless Nations. All of these folks knew that if they were found out, they would most likely awake some dark night to the light from their burning barn; and if they tried to go to the aid of their trapped livestock a shot would ring out leaving someone dead, while the outlaws rode swiftly away into the darkness of the brush that grew so profusely on the gentle rolling swells of this part of the country.

In April 1894 Bob Rogers, then just twenty years old, gathered about him a group of wanted men and started on the owl hoot trail. They became the terror of Nowata County, robbing, stealing, burning and killing, apparently for the sheer love of being tough and unconquerable.

Bob's two younger brothers rode with him. Jim, fourteen and the baby of the family, was probably the most daring and dangerous of the gang members and it wasn't long until Bob was leaving him home when something big was planned. Bob insisted the kid would "get his fool self killed and the rest of us in trouble" if he didn't use more sense.

Jim bitterly resented being left out of things since he had been much bragged on because of his daring. "If Bob would listen to me we'd get into the big stuff," he insisted, and the next time Bob left him behind the youngster decided to go on his own.

He started by getting a twelve-year-old neighbor boy to walk with him to a little store five miles south of Coody's Bluff. It was run by a Negro named Hayden. About a mile from the store they met Hayden at a bend in the road. Without a word Jim threw down on the big man. The .38 in the kid's hand was steady as a rock as he commanded, "All right, let's have your pocketbook!"

With a shaky smile Hayden replied, "You's a mighty little feller and I's a mighty big man but I reckon as how that .38 makes us about even," and he handed over his pocketbook from which the small bandit got $20.

Later Hayden remarked, "That little feller was jest itching to shoot, to show how tough he was."

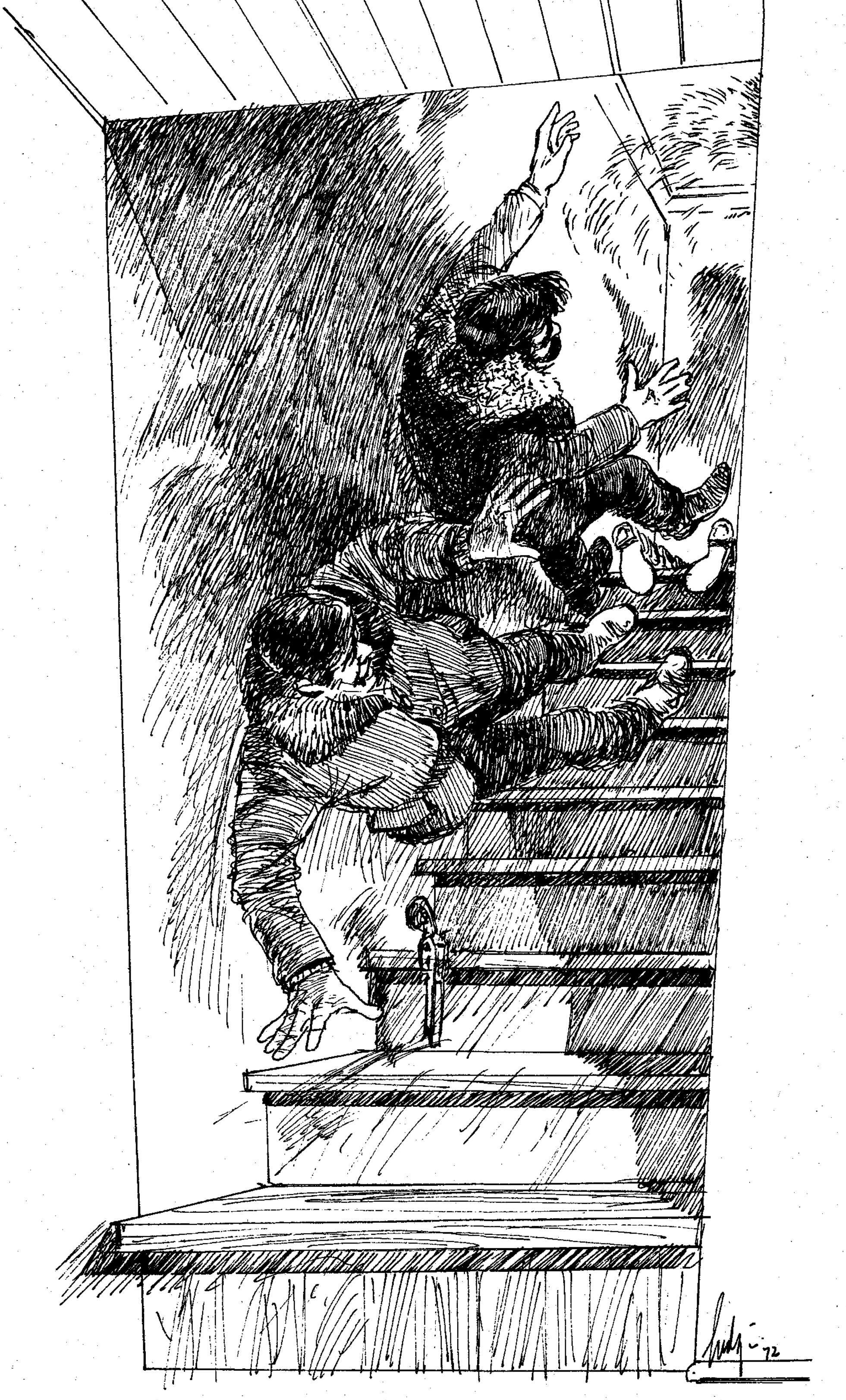
Word flew that Jim Rogers had robbed the storekeeper. Later in the day Jim's father heard of the robbery and went to talk to Hayden, assuring him that he'd find his son and see that he returned the money. The old man rode until dark but finding no trace of the two boys went home to care for his livestock.

Early the next morning he located the boys just north of the Coody's Bluff store, on the old Armstrong road but he was too late to prevent another hold-up. Just as Armstrong had opened his little store and post office the two kids appeared. They had not even bothered to cover their faces. Armstrong knew Jim Rogers well and could hardly believe his eyes when the boy pulled a gun and demanded cash. Jim told him coldly, "Iffen you so much as stick your head out the door in the next two minutes it'll get blowed off!"; then the boys headed for thick timber along the Verdigris River.

Old Rogers talked with Armstrong, then went into the bottoms along the river to search for the boys. He found them sound asleep in a huge windfall. Afraid they were completely beyond his control, he carefully took Jim's gun, then woke them and took them all the way to the U. S. marshal in Fort Smith. Later they were both sent to reform school.

SAM, the second oldest son, ran wild for about a year until he was caught in a shoot-out while the gang was trying to rob a store. The rest of the bunch got away. Sam, crippled in the exchange of shots, was sentenced to a prison for a term of five years but became a model prisoner and was released after three years. Both the younger Rogers boys eventually came home and together got a little spread started. Before long they had earned the confidence and respect of other ranchers, many of whom had swung a few wide loops themselves.

Late in 1895 Bob and his gang stepped up to train robbery, boarding a train at Adair, about twenty-five miles south-



east of Coody's Bluff and about twenty miles south of Vinita. After they had robbed the train, Bob shot the fireman in the face. As the man lay dying on the gravel roadbed Bob reportedly blew smoke from his .45, twirled the cylinder and said, "Let's ride, boys!" For this cold-blooded murder and robbery the gang got about $300.

In January 1896, Bob was lying low waiting for the severe weather to break when he heard that two federal marshals were in the Nations looking for four members of his band. There was a reward of several hundred dollars on each of the men and one, "Dynamite Jack," had $1,400 posted for him "dead or alive."

Bob sent word to the marshals that he would deliver their men, providing he got the reward. The marshals agreed and in planning the betrayal and capture furnished Bob with a gallon of whiskey and a large bottle of chloroform.

One night Bob sent word to the four to come to the ranch as he "had something cooking." The outlaws sneaked in just after dark and were given large cups of drugged whiskey to "warm them up." Soon they became so drowsy Bob suggested they spend the night and when they agreed Bob's father took them upstairs.

Marshals Jackson and Bruner (not the famous Heck Bruner) and two other federal men showed up a few hours later. Bob let them in, and the marshals crept quietly up the stairs. In the melee that followed, Dynamite Jack and one other gang member were killed instantly, and a third was so badly wounded he died at Vinita on the way to Fort Smith. The fourth, who had quickly surrendered, was given a long prison sentence by Judge Parker.

For several months Bob was satisfied to live off his blood money but when funds began to run low he put together another gang and on the 24th of December staged a robbery of a Missouri-Pacific passenger train near the small station of Seminole Switch.

They killed the express car man with their first volley but they couldn't find the key to the safe so they tried unsuccessfully to blow it with dynamite. Angered by this failure, they stormed through the coaches, robbing the terrorized passengers. They took watches, jewelry, pocketknives, anything that struck their fancy. One dignified old gentleman had on a very expensive overcoat and Bob, looking him over coldly, said, "Old boy, I think that coat would just about fit me, so shuck it!"

Bob put the overcoat on and preened like a dandy for the gang's enjoyment, then suggested that his partners "find some fitten clothes too." Other overcoats were taken, and old or shabby ones were cut to ribbons. Finally tiring of their fun, they galloped away. For all this they got a few hundred dollars.

SEMINOLE SWITCH was only about twelve miles from Old Man Rogers' ranch and next morning, as Bob was riding home, Bill Martin, a neighbor, called out to him, "Bob, did you hear about the train robbery at Seminole Switch last night?"

"Hear about it?" Bob shouted back. "Hell man, I did it!" Laughing, he rode on.

The small take from the holdup, however, convinced Bob that cattle and horse stealing were more profitable and safer than train robbery so once again he started raiding nearby ranchers' livestock.

As the tempo of his activity stepped up, the loss to the ranchers became so drastic they began to hold meetings and soon formed an organization known as the Anti-Horse Thief Association headed by Jim Mays, a U. S. marshal who had been trying to get Bob Rogers for a long time.

At last, plans were completed and the ranchers settled themselves to wait for the proper time. They posted men to watch the Rogers ranch. One evening

Bob was spotted returning home just at dark. The watchman notified Marshal Mays, and the Anti-Horse Thief Association rendezvoused a little north of the ranch, but it was pitch dark before they could assemble. The day had been warm and balmy, almost like spring up to the very evening of Bob's return, then a dreaded blue norther came boiling in and the temperature dropped to six below within a few hours.

The men were freezing and Mays suggested they all go to the home of Bill Martin to wait until daylight. About five o'clock the next morning, Mays said quietly, "All right, men, it's time. If any one of you wants to back out, make it now." Not a man moved. "All right, let's go!"

Twelve long-suffering ranchers backed the marshal. Each man knew exactly why he was there and was ready to take the risk in order to have peace on the range. The Rogers house was dark and very quiet when the men approached it. Even the pack of hounds the old man kept around the place had holed up out of the bitter wind. The house was a story-and-a-half high, with two large rooms below and one large room above. The Colliers, a man and wife who worked on the ranch, slept downstairs and Bob and his father slept upstairs in the very beds where the four wanted men had been killed and taken prisoner after their leader's betrayal.

Marshal Mays stomped up to the door on the south side of the house and knocked loudly.

"Who's there?" Mrs. Collier called in a loud voice.

"U. S. Marshal Mays. Open up!"

"Who?" again called Mrs. Collier. It was always believed by the posse that Mrs. Collier did this to alert Bob and his father.

Charlie Collier got up and unbarred the door. As soon as he did this, eight of the possemen crowded inside, leaving the other five to guard the outside of the house.

Mays told Collier to light the coal-oil lamps. Just as Collier lit the first one, Old Man Rogers stumbled down the stairs and saw his neighbors, grim-faced and armed to the teeth. "My God, men, what is it?"

"We want Bob," the marshal replied and called out, "All right, Bob, come down with your hands up."

"If you want me, come and get me!" was the answer.

Three of the men—W. C. McDaniels, a man named Williams, and a man named Smith—volunteered to go get Bob but Mays objected, warning them they would be prime targets as soon as they reached the top of the stairs.

After a brief debate, however, the men decided to force Old Man Rogers to go ahead of them, figuring Bob would not gun down his own father, thus giving them a chance to shoot first. Carefully, guns ready, the men climbed the steep stairway.

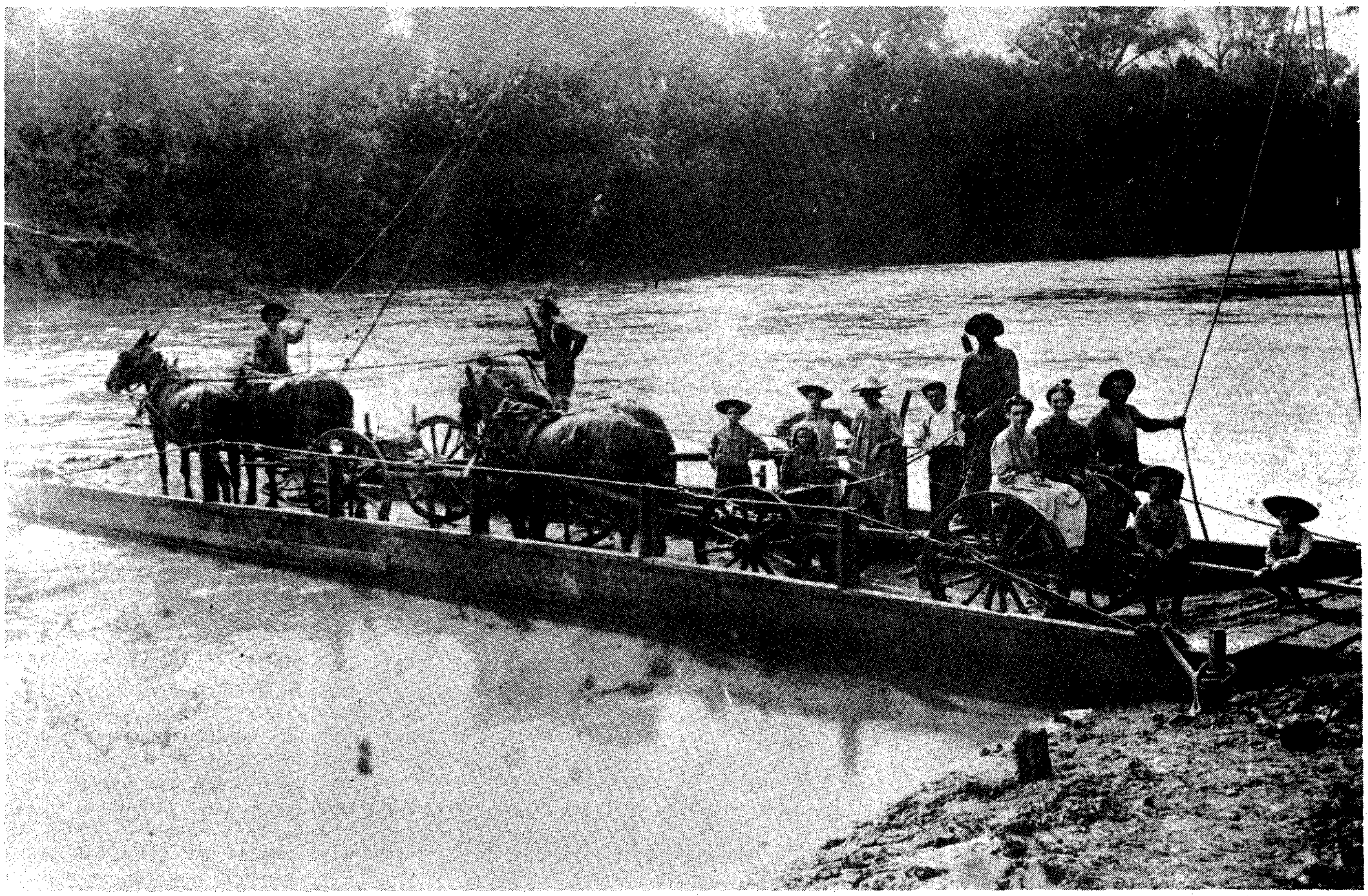
Just as they reached the top, Old Man Rogers dived to the floor; at the same time Bob's .45 rang out. McDaniels, who was just behind the old man, fell. Williams, just behind McDaniels, threw himself to the floor but the next shot from Bob's gun tore through Williams' wrist and slashed his arm all the way to the elbow. He fell back into Smith, who was still on the top step, and both men tumbled backwards down the steep narrow stairway. The Collier couple had grabbed up their five-year-old daughter and fled, clad only in their night clothes.

As the two men fell, the other five below began firing through the floor, hoping to catch Bob Rogers with a lucky shot. One of these bullets cut the big toe from Old Man Rogers' right foot.

Bob retaliated by grabbing the dead McDaniel's Winchester and shooting through the floor into the posse below. After a few rounds of firing he stopped and tried to give the impression that he had been killed but the posse had learned its lesson and no one cared to go up to see. They retreated outside and, with the other men, opened fire at the house. The cold seemed to grow more intense and there was difficulty in keeping their hands warm enough to handle a gun.

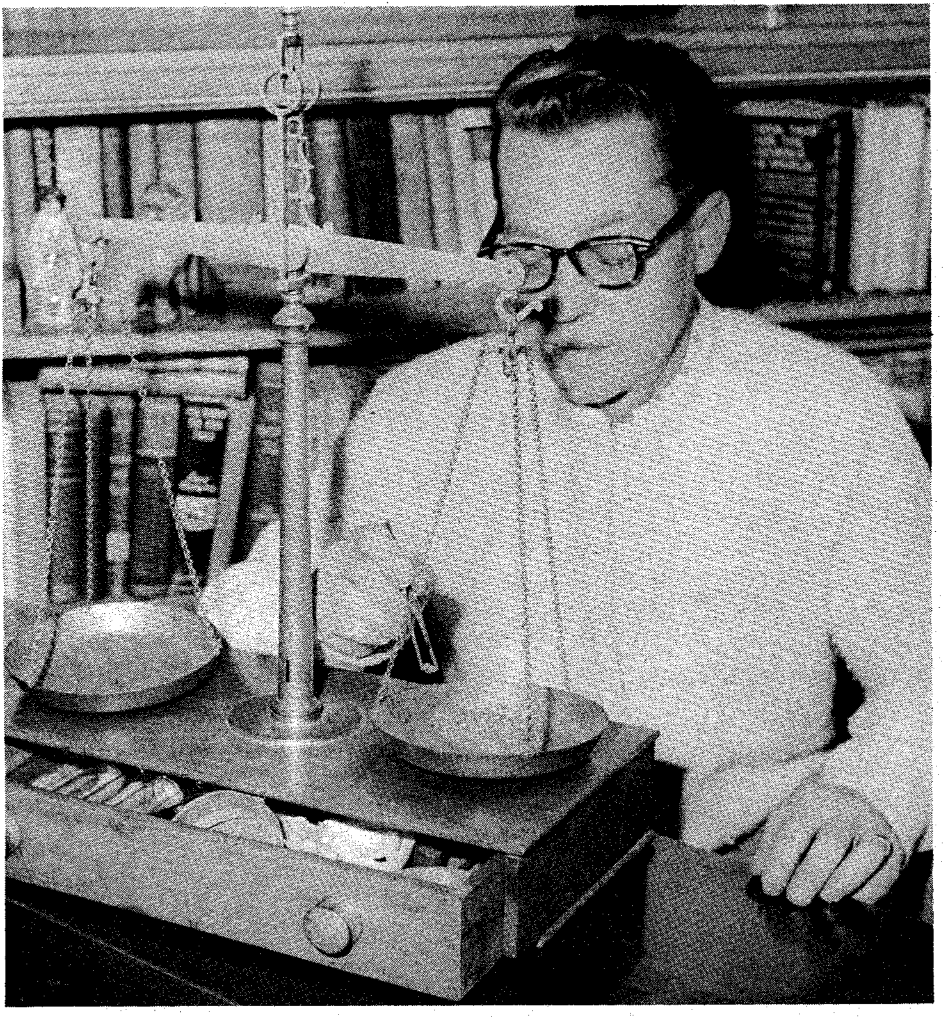
Finally Will Collier, a brother of the man who worked for the Rogers, offered to go inside and try to talk to Bob. Collier called out that he was coming unarmed.

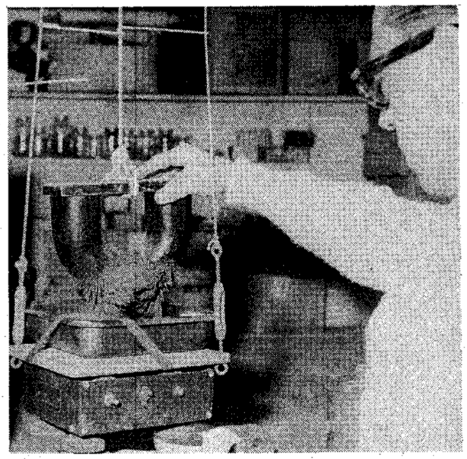
(Continued on page 38)

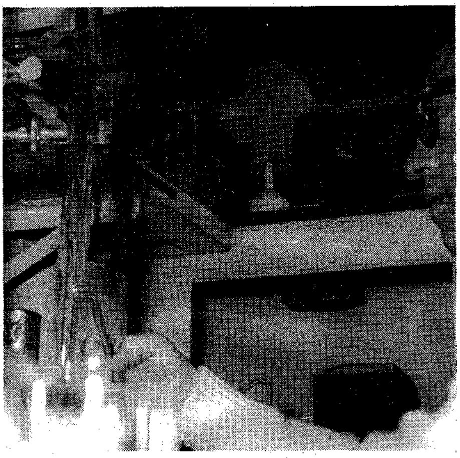


Coody's Bluff Ferry across the Verdigris River was known locally for many years as the Bob Rogers crossing. Here, too, Cherokee Bill forded the Verdigris on his way to visit his girl friend Maggie Glass.

NUGGETS







Photos Courtesy Author

Above: Walter Ruedrich weighs gold nugget on scales made in the early 19th century. Lower right: Some gear, a suction dredge, face mask and compressor, which aids Ruedrich in his hunt for gold. Top right: Using an electro-magnet to separate iron particles from gold-laden sand. Middle right: Separating gold from black sand with "contraption" of glass tubes and water.

MODERN GOLD HUNTER

By Dennis M. Blank

UNLIKE the primitive methods used by the Forty-niners, Walter Ruedrich of Orinda, California has taken advantage of modern methods to make gold-hunting an exacting science. His vast array of equipment—many pieces he himself invented—would make 19th century pioneers ache with envy.

The fifty-year-old Ruedrich spends summer week ends with his gold fever-stricken friends scouring mountain streams with such gear as a vacuum cleaner and a gold sniffer.

His first find came many years ago

quite by accident when he discovered gold while cleaning up an old abandoned mill. The discovery was enough to put his wife, Lucille, through college. Years ago he used a coffee can with a glass bottom to see through the water. Walking waist-deep in the stream, he would scan the bottom through the coffee can. Using a whiskbroom to clean off the particles of bedrock and dirt, Ruedrich found small specks of gold, which he picked up with tweezers.

Later he developed a tool called a gold sniffer. The gold sniffer is a simple device with a rubber suction bulb on one end to pull up the gold through a short tube and safely store it inside. Today he and his friends use an assortment of items in their search. Wearing rubber swimsuits and glass masks over their faces, they can easily explore the stream beds.

Each man carries about seventy pounds of lead weights on a belt to prevent him from being swept away by the current. In emergencies, the belt can be easily unsnapped.

Ruedrich uses two compressors, floating on inner tubes, to aid them in the search. One compressor feeds air to the face masks while the other operates a suction dredge. The suction dredge, about seven feet long and shaped like an "L," can be handled easily under water. Operating it much the same way a housewife vacuums her floor, Ruedrich combs the creek beds. Water, rocks and minerals are pulled through the tool at a terrific rate of speed. It is built to trap the gold particles inside an iron grate and flush the other debris out the end.

At his home Ruedrich further separates the gold dust from the sand. His first step is to separate the iron particles from the sand by using an electromagnet. By means of glass tubes and funnels, he can actually separate the gold from the sand by flushing it through the apparatus.

His valuable collection of gold nuggets and dust is often on display with many other historical items at banks and libraries.

SIR ST. GEORGE GORE

By Jean M. Moore

THE LARGEST, most expensive and elaborate hunting caravan ever to penetrate the Rockies arrived in 1854 when Sir St. George Gore from Sligo, Ireland came to the United States to ascertain whether or not the tales he had heard about wild game in western America were true.

During his three-year hunt, Gore's expedition traveled nearly 6,000 miles and left the carcasses of over 4,200 buffaloes, elk, deer and bear (plus uncounted thousands of small game and birds) lining its route. He spent over $500,000 and, though generous toward his men, aggravated the tempers of Indians and frontiersmen with his lust to kill.

The Gore caravan consisted of forty-one men, over a hundred horses, twelve yoke of oxen, four six-mule wagons (one of which was equipped with cranks at the sides to enable attendants to wind up a canvas cover to protect Gore from bad weather), two three-yoke ox wagons, twenty-one French carts, and fifty hunting dogs, some brought from Ireland and some purchased in the United States.

Also included were such luxuries as a large brass bed, an iron washstand, a collapsible chair and table, and a 10'x8' tent of green and white striped linen.

One fully loaded wagon carried seventy-five rifles of various makes and calibers (among them a Sharp's, then and for many years after, the accepted weapon on the Plains); fifteen shotguns, both single and double barrel; plus dozens of pistols and revolvers that the Irish lord anticipated might be needed.

Gore didn't overlook the opportunity to get in some good fishing, either. Two wagons were filled with a conglomeration of lines, hooks, flies, reels and other tackle. Included in the retinue of attendants was an expert flymaker, whose sole duty was to study different species of flies and insects and duplicate them on hooks in order to guarantee his pampered employer all the fishing success possible.

AFTER crossing the Continental Divide in 1854, the caravan camped near Pikes Peak while Gore slaughtered deer and elk until winter drove him to the shelter of Fort Laramie. There he met Jim Bridger and persuaded the old mountain man to join his expedition as guide. Though different types entirely, Gore and Bridger struck up a strange and lasting friendship.

Unsociable in manner, often taciturn, the Irish lord limited his drinking to a morning toddy and prohibited drinking by his employes, a rule some frontiersmen found distasteful. Yet unlike many newcomers to the West, he was courteous and respectful to even the roughest, most uneducated mountain men, traders and trappers.

In the spring of 1855 the Gore expedition ascended the North Platte to Box Elder, then descended the Powder River to the Yellowstone. Here Gore supposedly gained the hatred of the Sioux Indians for his senseless slaughter of buffaloes.

From the mouth of the Yellowstone the expedition journeyed to the Tongue River in what is now Montana, where Gore had his men build a fort. He planned to spend the winter there but his wagonmaster accidentally set fire to the woods and destroyed the lush grass making it necessary to search for a new camping ground.

Finally Gore chose to winter at the mouth of the Tongue, leaving some of his men in crude quarters at the fort. All went well until the Piegans began raiding the expedition's horse corrals. During one attack Big Plume, a Piegan whose brother-in-law, Major Alexander Culbertson, was the American Fur Company's factor at Fort Union, was wounded by Gore's cook. Culbertson—apparently at the urging of his Indian wife—influenced the Indian agent at Fort Union, A. J. Vaughn, to make a trip with him to expel the Irish hunter from Montana.

When Vaughn and Culbertson demanded by what right Gore was destroying wild game and building forts in the area under their jurisdiction, Gore told them bluntly that it was none of their business. Only threat of expulsion persuaded Gore to show the two men a passport issued by the Superintendent of Indian Affairs in St. Louis. Embarrassed, Vaughn backed down, but sent a series of lengthy complaints to St. Louis embellishing accounts of Gore's activities in order to discredit him.

While the expedition was wintering on the Tongue River, one of Gore's men, known only as "Uno," died of natural causes. Lacking lumber for a coffin, his companions started to bury him in his clothes but Gore ordered the bed from one of his wagons removed and a coffin made from wood. Cloth was taken from private stores to line it. A service, including passages from the Bible, was read at the graveside. Sir St. George Gore wrote to relatives of the deceased and fully explained the circumstances of death and even offered to bring the remains home if they desired.

IN THE SPRING of 1856, Gore's party ascended the Tongue. Entering the Rosebud region, they met a large band of friendly Crow Indians and bought several horses from them to replace those stolen by the Piegans.

Then by a circuitous route and traveling by slow stages down the Rosebud River and turning off into the Black Hills, the hunters drifted back to their post at the mouth of the Tongue. Gore had flatboats built to float trophies and equipment down the Yellowstone River to Fort Union, while he and several of his men made the journey overland, hunting as they went. The party came together again at Fort Union and journeyed south, down the Missouri to the Deadwood country.

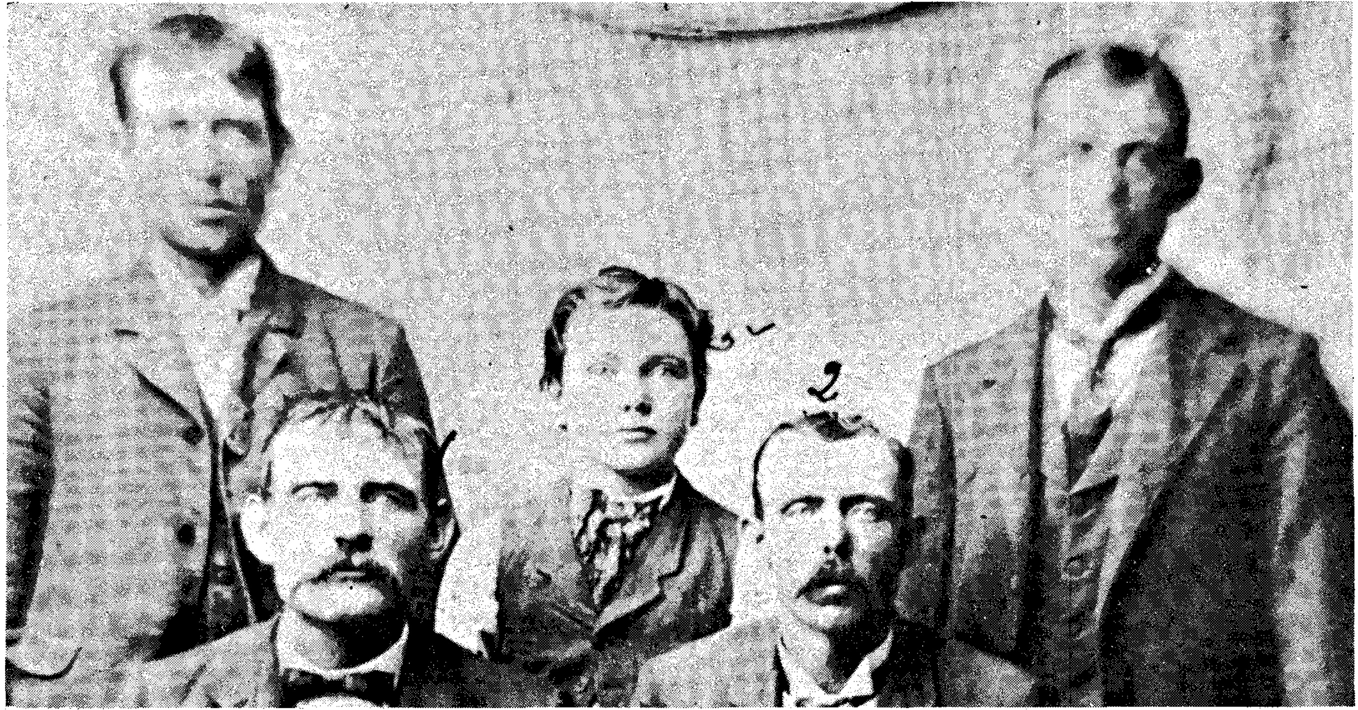
According to one unsubstantiated story, a roving Frenchman one day came into camp excitedly displaying gold-bearing sand he had found in a creek bottom. Gore knew gold when he saw it but he didn't want a gold-rush to spoil his hunting so he ridiculed the Frenchman, calling the mineral fool's gold. The disappointed man never knew how close he had come to becoming wealthy.

At Fort Union one of Gore's men wanted to buy a cart, harness, and a few other supplies from his employer. Gore said that he would sell the articles at actual cost and began to lay out various supplies. The man protested, saying that he wouldn't be able to pay for so many things. Gore merely replied, "Give me twelve dollars and we will call it square." He had given the man several hundred dollars worth of goods.

Gore could be impetuous and generous in other ways. On one occasion he bought a horse from Joe Merrivale, a well known interpreter and scout, for $150. After riding the horse for a couple of hours, Gore sent for the former owner and gave him an additional $200, saying, "I have tried the horse I bought from

(Continued on page 69)

The Maxwells of Arizona -



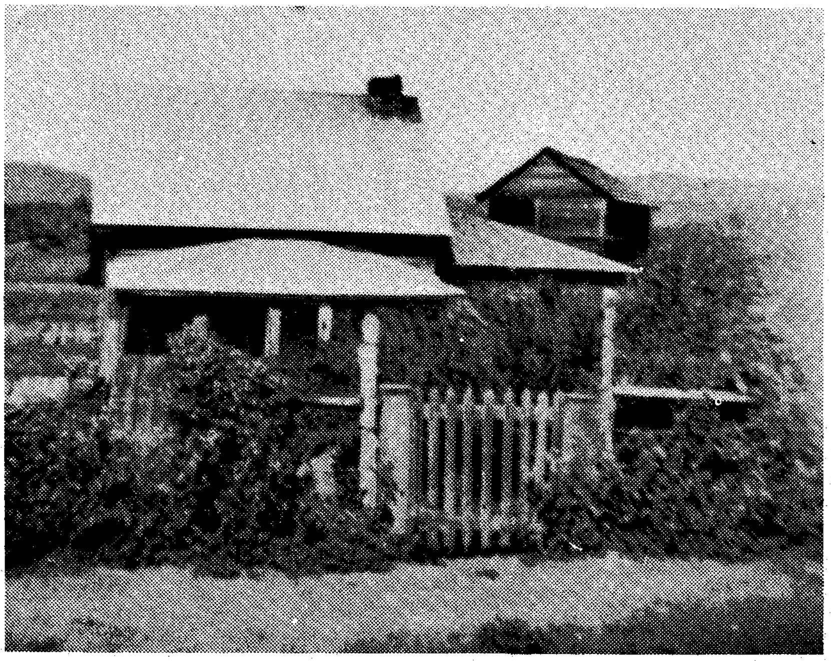
Back row, left to right: Curtis, Leo and Lorenzo. Front row: Will and Arch. Lorenzo and Arch were with Will when he was killed.

Their ability to trail both animals and men was a family characteristic—a gift of instinct honed sharp by practice. It served them well—and it served them ill!

Trackers and Lawmen

By PATRICIA MAXWELL SHARP

Photos Courtesy Author



Above: The Arch Maxwell home in Nutrioso, Arizona is the original Maxwell homestead. Will lived here at the time of his death. Below: Lonely old tree by Big Lake, near the place Will and his brothers caught up with the posse in pursuit of the Smith Gang.

EARLY in the spring of 1879 a family named Maxwell moved into the White Mountains of north-central Arizona. William Bailey Maxwell, father of the clan and former private in Company D of the famed Mormon Battalion, had passed through the mountains several years before on his way back to Salt Lake City after being mustered out of the army in California. Maxwell had resolved at the time that someday the towering range's meadows would graze his cattle, and its pines and aspens would shade his children; that, despite the fact that in the early days it was foolhardy for anyone who didn't know the White Mountains to venture into them without a competent guide.

In this chain, which runs from present-day Flagstaff in the north southeasterly into New Mexico, are the highest peaks in the state—Baldy and her twin, Ord. Photographers, hunters, hikers and prospectors find the area irresistible. It is a place of legends and spectacular beauty. Progress in forestry and related sciences makes it possible now to traverse the mountains in comparative safety—but almost a century after the Maxwells dared homestead there.

When leaders of the Mormon Church in Utah decided to colonize this portion of the Southwest in 1879, William was among the first to volunteer; and knowing his reputation as a trailbreaker and organizer, he was among the first to be accepted.

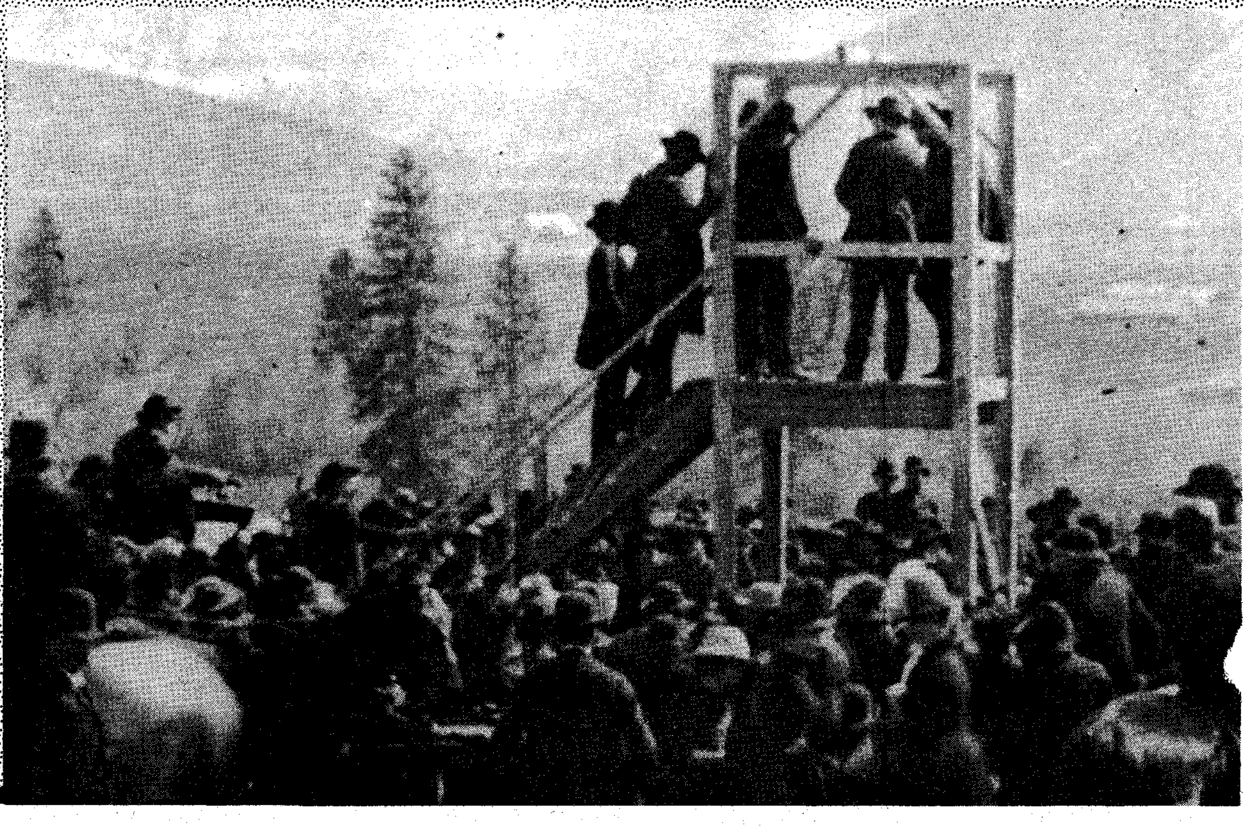
The family moved first to a place called Bushvalley, later changed to Alpine. Here Maxwell became quite prosperous; later he sold the place and moved twelve miles west to another Mormon settlement called Nutrioso, so named by the Spanish explorers for the abundance of beaver and bear found there. Besides farming, he raised cattle and some of the finest riding horses in the territory. The family at this time consisted of William Bailey, his wife Martha Jane, and nine children of whom William Thomas was the third child and oldest son, born on February 8, 1863 in Grafton, Utah.

As Maxwell prospered, more land was bought and the livestock herd was enlarged. By the close of 1890 the family had increased to thirteen children, one adopted son, and several "boarders." After the death of the elder Maxwell in 1895, management of the ranch was turned over to the eldest son, William Thomas, the only one of the boys who never married. Will always said he was too busy with the ranch and helping his mother raise the younger children to take on the added responsibility of a wife.

SOMETIME in the late 1890s, Will was appointed deputy sheriff of Apache County, which was comprised of several thousand square miles. (It was not until Arizona became a state that Apache County was split down the middle, and Navajo County was formed.)

(Continued on page 44)

Timmerman assured the town of two things: (1) he was innocent; (2) if a rope claimed his life, no grave could hold him; he would exact his



Courtesy Carl Crooks

Courtesy Elmer Wilson

Top: The hanging of Henry Timmerman, 1888. Left: Sheriff William Van Vactor who officiated. It was Klickitat County's first and only hanging.

By GRACE SELLERS

Photos Courtesy Author

JUST NORTH of Goldendale, Washington on April 6, 1888 a scaffold's grim framework topped a small hill conveniently close to the cemetery. Since early morning a crowd of excited people had surrounded the gallows, and more were arriving in buggies, wagons and on horseback. Still others climbed the hill on foot.

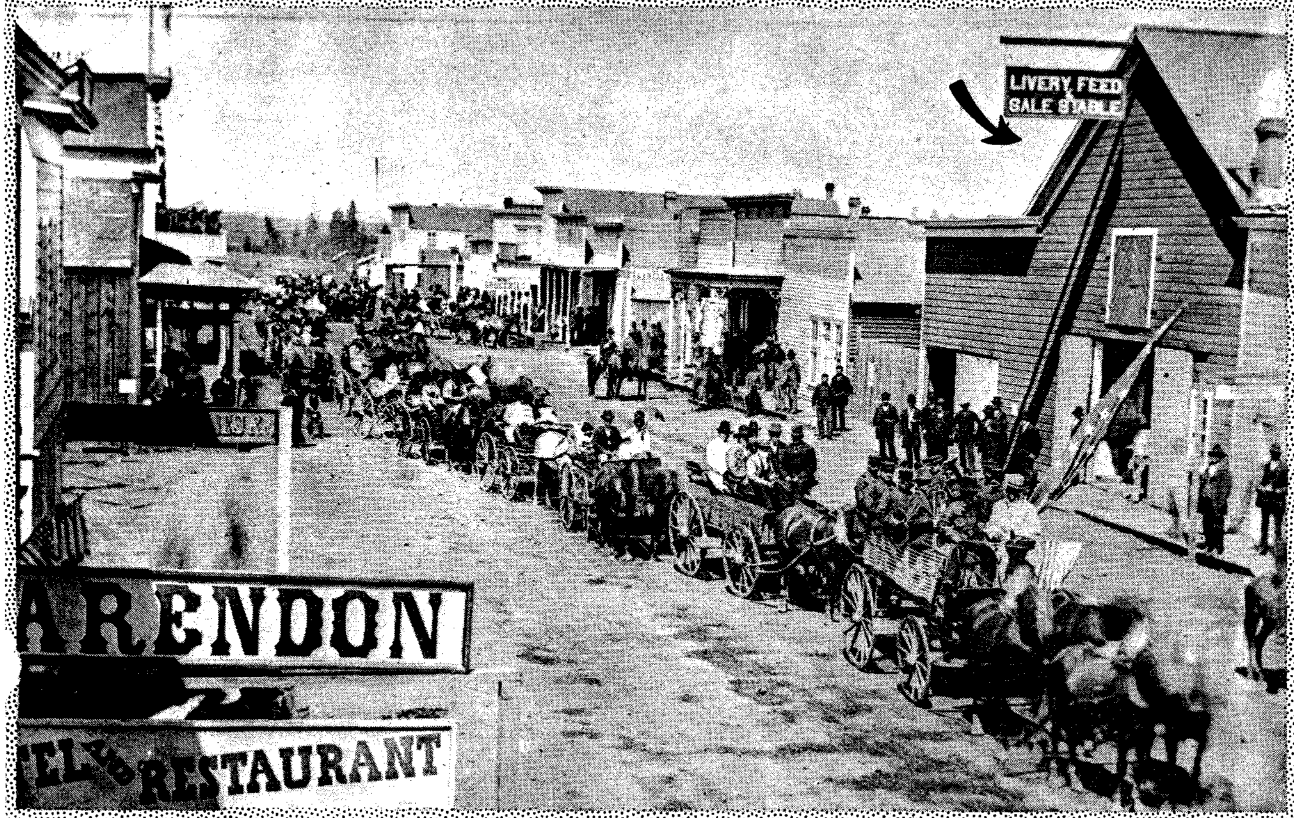
They were to witness the execution of a condemned murderer, but opinions were sharply divided. Some people were declaring, "They got no right to take a man's life on circumstantial evidence! Henry Timmerman's innocent!" Others felt that he was guilty of one of the most shocking and brutal murders in Northwest history. Not only had divided opinion caused bitterness and anger, but there was something else—superstition, some called it and tried to shrug it off.

About a month earlier, the convicted man had suddenly pointed his finger accusingly at a jail visitor. "If you hang me," he declared in confident ringing tones, "you're hanging an innocent man! You'll never keep me in the grave. And them that's helping hang me, they'll do plenty of suffering before I'm through!" Timmerman shook his fist in the startled visitor's face. "I swear to you, if they hang me, Goldendale will burn to the ground! Burn, I say, in three months after I'm gone!" Timmerman reiterated the ominous prophecy many times during the weeks preceding his execution and his threat had produced an uneasiness no amount of common sense could dispel.

THE TRAGEDY had its beginning almost two years earlier, on October 4, 1886. Autumn frosts had bleached the bunchgrass on Horse Heaven Hills to a pale yellow. A chill evening wind whipped the sagebrush fire of sheepherder Martin Peck. His flock had bedded down at the upper end of the coulee and, though the herder preferred camping at Bed Rock Springs a mile or so below, he was content to sit there resting while the beans reheated in the fire-blackened ket-

REVENGE BY FIRE

Courtesy Carl Crooks



The livery stable on the right (arrow) is where the fire started. This photograph is of the 1878 Fourth of July parade.

tle. As he stirred his supper, Peck talked to the two dogs sprawled beside him.

Then an alien sound startled the herder and brought both dogs to their feet. It was a gun shot. Three more followed in quick order. "Goose hunter, I reckon," Peck said aloud, pushing his tattered hat back and glancing skyward. "Must be down around the springs," and he half-envied the hunter as he looked at the kettle of beans and mutton.

The ominous portent of those shots became apparent some three weeks later when two cowboys, Kintzley and Forwood, were out tracking stolen cattle. Late that afternoon they decided the trail had been lost and turned aside to Bed Rock Springs to water their fagged-out horses. As the horses drank, one of the cowboys remarked, "Been a couple wagons camped in here a while ago. Wheel marks are plain over there in the sand." Each man thought of the stolen cattle and wondered if they had discovered a possible rendezvous of the thieves. While their horses cropped the coarse grass that surrounded the springs, the men walked about, looking over the deserted campsite.

Kintzley hadn't walked far, possibly a hundred yards, when he saw something that looked uncomfortably like a fresh grave. And his scalp tightened with chilly premonition. "It *is* a grave," he muttered, "and a damned shallow one!" A few more steps and he saw that hungry coyotes had been at work. "Hey, Woodie!" he yelled. His voice sounded strange and far away in his own ears. "Come here! There's been hell to pay!"

The scattered body revealed a violence beyond the power of coyotes. A bullet hole was in the man's chest, another in his head. "He's been murdered!" Kintzley muttered in a shaking voice. And something—or someone—had mutilated the body beyond recognition.

Mounting their horses, the cowboys rode to the nearest ranch to relay their story to Sheriff Lesh of Yakima County. There were no telephones but the report soon reached the sheriff.

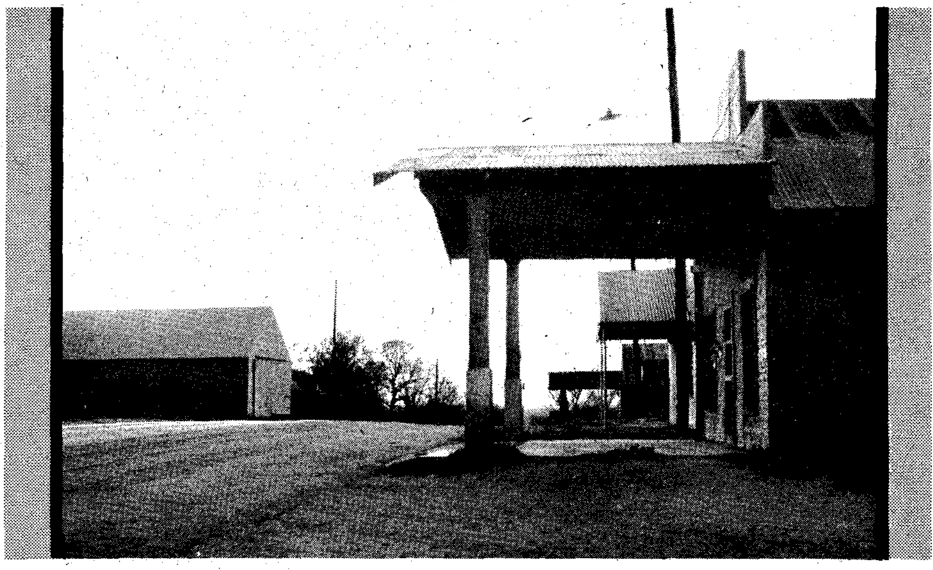
"Could be the fellow I'm looking for," Lesh told his deputy as they rode out to investigate. "Could be a man named William Sterling. His wife, over at Walla Walla, wrote me that he'd been missing more'n two weeks."

The unidentified body was hauled to North Yakima and the murder story rapidly spread through the countryside. "A man and two wagons don't just disappear," the sheriff remarked. "Somebody will remember seeing him."

The sheepherder, Martin Peck, told of hearing four shots from the direction of Bed Rock Springs on October 4. But it was the ferryman at Switzler's ferry who gave the first description of the probable assailant.

"Sure, I remember the outfit," he said. "Two wagons and four head of horses. Remember the man, too. A tall, square-shouldered fellow about thirty-five. Said his name was Timmerman. I mainly recollect he was in one hell of a hurry." The ferryman pondered a bit, then his face brightened. "I can tell you something else, Sheriff. He was wearin' a darn fine hat! A big, white sombrero,

(Continued on page 55)



View of Indian Gap, Texas as it looks today.

Isolated Log Schoolhouses—Death Traps!

(Continued from page 27)

been ill all day, started to fall back into the classroom. With her strength draining, Miss Whitney grabbed the girl and pushed her on through. Another arrow came through one of the cracks and hit Miss Whitney in the leg.

There were still two boys inside the room with her, John Kuykendall and Louis Manning. Miss Whitney ordered them to lift the loose planks of the floor and crawl underneath. The boys did as they were told. Another arrow hit Miss Whitney, in the stomach this time. She fell to the floor but, as she did, she attempted to cover the tell-tale boards with her skirt. In only a moment Ann Whitney died.

THE REST of the children, with the exception of Jane Kuykendall, were making good their escape from the valley. They had rushed from the window across a small clearing into the brush some twenty to thirty feet from the schoolhouse—all the while out of sight of the Indians. But since Jane was last, the Indians spotted her and quickly felled her with an arrow in the shoulder. Thinking she was dead, the Indians didn't investigate. Later the girl crawled to safety in the trees.

By this time, Amanda and Sarah Howard, pushing their ponies hard, were nearing the homestead of the Baggett family. They had managed to stay ahead of the pursuing Indians and as they neared the house they forced their horses over an eight-rail fence, not far from the house. Amanda's horse cleared it, but her sister-in-law was thrown. Amanda reined about, pulled Sarah up on her horse, and both girls made it to the Baggett house. As they disappeared through the door, the Indians called off the chase—returning to the band at the schoolhouse. After a short rest Amanda's thoughts turned to other settlers beyond the ridge. They needed to be warned.

To reach them it was necessary to cross a bridge near the school, and the girl barely made it over without being captured. But eluding the Indians she reached the outlying settlements. A posse was hastily formed. While Amanda was warning the people, the fast-hitting Indians attacked a wagon traveling across the valley. The driver, Mr. Strangeline, was killed, and his wife and one of their children were wounded.

The posse raced for the schoolhouse. Upon entering, they found Ann Whitney lying on the floor. Beside her body several planks were pulled away from the floor. Little Louis Manning was sitting beside the body.

The posse left the school and began a chase which would extend over a hundred miles. But their effort was in vain, as the Indians broke up into small groups and easily made their escape.

Louis Manning related how his teacher had tried to save his life and that of his friend who was now in the hands of the Comanches. The boys were hidden under the floor when the Indians entered the room, but as one of them grabbed Ann Whitney's hair and started to scalp her, the boys gasped. Hearing this, the Indian stopped and spotted the loose plank. The children were doomed.

The red-headed white man leading the raiders asked the boys if they wanted to go with him and the Indians. John Kuykendall said he did but Louis Manning refused. Surprisingly, the white man just grinned, pulled John Kuykendall by the ear and led him off, leaving Louis Manning behind.

Years later the Kuykendall boy was returned to his family after a story had been printed in a newspaper about him. This story was brought to the attention of the Kuykendall family by a Mrs. Pierson. According to John Kuykendall, after he was captured he had been sold to an Indian agent in the north for four gallons of whiskey.

The citizens of Hamilton have passed the story down from generation to generation. The story has been lost to some extent; also it now has several versions, but all remain pretty much the same.

Little is known about Ann Whitney's early life but it is known that she and her father moved to Texas in the 1860s, and that she taught in the community of Gentry in 1866. The following year she began teaching in Hamilton, where she met her untimely death before the end of her first term.

On the courthouse grounds the community has erected a granite monument to her memory. It reads: "In memory of Ann Whitney. Born in Massachusetts about 1835. Massacred by Comanche Indians July 9, 1867, while protecting her pupils."

Another part of the marker reads: "Miss Whitney's grave is located 5 blocks north in the Graves-Gentry Cemetery."

And the last part reads: "School was located 7 miles northwest of Hamilton on the Juan de la Garza Survey."

If the visitor takes the time to wander through the Graves-Gentry Cemetery he will find a marker at the grave of Miss Whitney. It reads: "In memory of Ann Whitney, a frontier school teacher, born in Massachusetts about 1835, killed by Comanche Indians July 9, 1867. Resting in hope of a glorious resurrection. Erected by the school children of Hamilton County." The marker was raised in 1898.

Several miles northeast of town is a valley located on the Ja-Kay-Bar Ranch. This is the valley where the schoolhouse was located. The cabin's precise location is not known nor is its exact description. However, its general shape is known. I talked with Bob Miller, editor of the Hamilton *Herald News*. The owner of the ranch, Kirby Warren, had once taken Mr. Miller to the spot where it is believed the school was located. The two men uncovered the foundation of a building. They both believe it is the school's foundation, but neither is positive.

For those who would like to visit the scene of this early-day tragedy, Hamilton can be reached by driving northwest of Austin on U. S. Highway 183 to Lampasas, and then north on U. S. 281 for about fifty miles. The historic old town can also be reached by driving thirty-two miles northwest of Gatesville on Texas 36 or by driving thirty miles southeast of Comanche, also on Texas 36.

Scourge of the Cherokee Nation

(Continued from page 31)

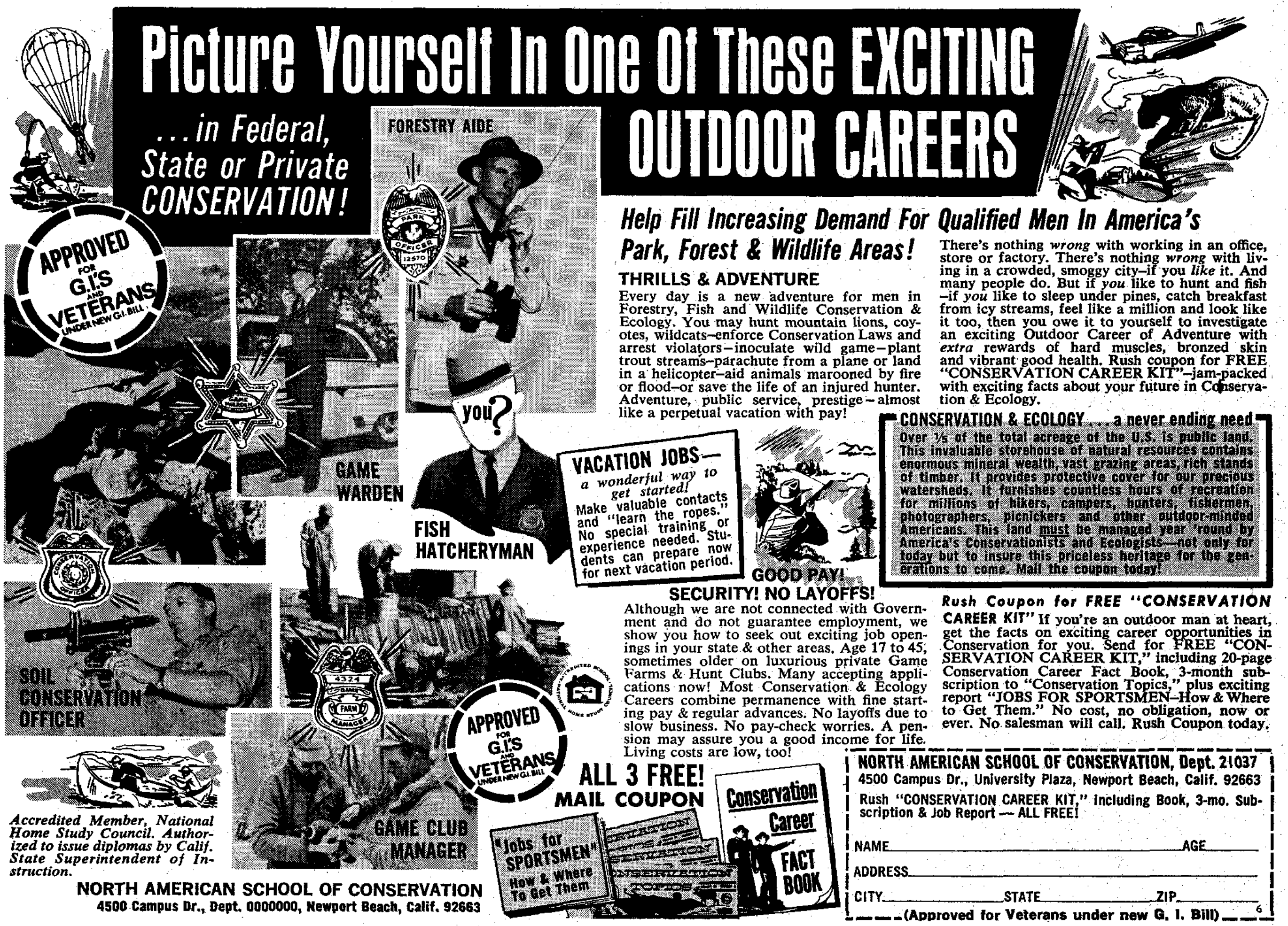
Bob came to the head of the stairs and asked, "What are you doing with that mob, anyway?"

Will replied, "Bob, you should have known that if you didn't get away from home to do your rustling it would come to this. You're going to catch one of these bullets after a while, so why don't you just come on down?"

"You go on back outside and tell that damned marshal that when I'm dead I'll give up—and not before!"

Collier repeated what Bob had said and all through the cold, grey morning the shooting went on. Twice more Will Collier went inside to urge Bob to surrender before he or his father was killed.

After the third trip Bob said, "Oh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PARK OFFICER
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GAME WARDEN
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hell, I might as well come down." While still inside he called to Marshal Mays, "I'll come out if you will let me bring my gun."

Mays called right back, "All right, Bob, if you come out with the muzzle down."

The posse took cover and every gun was trained on Bob Rogers as he came through the door, the muzzle of McDaniels' rifle pointing straight down.

Rogers peered around the grey mist and could only see Marshal Mays standing in the yard. He stared at the lawman for a few seconds, then walked rapidly to within a few feet of him and asked, "Do you have a warrant for me?"

"No," replied Mays, "but I'm going to take you anyway."

At this Rogers took a quick step backward. Whether he intended to run or to raise the Winchester and fire will never be known. Mays yelled, "Fire!" and the posse's rifles cracked. Rogers fell. The men continued to fire—some of them as many as four or five times after he was down. When the smoke cleared a little, Marshal Mays went over and turned Rogers with his foot.

The body had twenty-two bullets in it from six-guns and two charges of buckshot. The buckshot—from Mays' shotgun—had struck Rogers squarely in the chest and the right shoulder, and several of the heavy shot had gone clear through the body.

Later, when the crowds of sightseers from neighboring ranches came to look at the Rogers house and the place where the feared outlaw had died, it was estimated that over 300 bullets had entered the upper story of the house, which was built of rough one-inch lumber and offered very little resistance to gunfire. Some of the rafters supporting the roof were almost cut in two and there was scarcely a square foot of space that had not been pierced by bullets. It seemed impossible that he could have walked out alive.

According to old-timers, after the death of Bob the elder Rogers was arrested several times for petty thievery but never caused any more really serious trouble. He was left strictly to himself and seemed to prefer it that way, dying a lonely old man whose neighbors tolerated him but never trusted him enough to become friends.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 4)

got a job on a ranch. He stayed there for five years. He learned to ride and was in rodeos and won prize money. Wilbur punched cattle, hunted and trapped wild animals with Horace Long, the man he worked for.

When he was twenty years old, Wilbur decided he wanted to come back to Indiana to see the folks. When he came home that Christmas of 1935 he got a job in a dairy and decided not to go back to Oklahoma just then. Later on that year he quit his job in the dairy for a job driving a semi-truck. Three months later he was killed close to Chicago in a truck wreck.

I vowed some day I would go to Oklahoma to see the people my brother stayed with, although I had never been out West before. After thirty-three years, my husband and I took a trip with my second oldest son Alfred, and his wife, out West through about eight states. We stopped at Hydro, Oklahoma where these folks have been living for the past thirty years. They gave up their ranch in Piedmont and own their own produce market in Hydro. They were thrilled to meet us, as we had written to each other over the years, but had never seen each other.

This year we went back to Arizona. I want to live there so bad, but don't know if my dream will be fulfilled or not. I'm still dreaming.—Mrs. William K. Jeffers, Sr., Route 1, Wolcott, Indiana 47995

More on Rose Hill

In September 1971 FRONTIER TIMES I noticed an article, "The Choctaw Who Lived Like A King," by Frances Imon. I happen to have a story of "Rose Hill" which was dictated to me by a Mrs. Sample who I think was living in the house at the time it burned. I have visited this place several times. I taught a rural school several years in that area. The WPA Project placed a rock wall around

(Continued on page 40)

Some Facts About Wayne Brazel

(Continued from page 13)

quarters just north of town. He also had a ranch in Chino Valley north of Prescott, and some cattle near Phoenix and Patagonia in southern Arizona.

Duff's brand was K.M. His sons, Elzy and Buster, helped run the ranches, which were far apart, but the Browns actually needed an experienced cattleman to take charge of the business. The Gould brothers recommended their old friend, Wayne Brazel. He was hired in 1912. A few months later Rothmer came and was made foreman of the ranch in Chino Valley.

Due to other investments Duff Brown lost lots of money and by late summer 1915 he had to lay off his hired men, including Wayne who was drawing top pay. Wayne was down at Buster Brown's ranch west of Ashfork when he decided to move on. He rode into town and looked up his brother Rothmer. They went to the Santa Fe Depot and Wayne bought a ticket to Los Angeles. He sent his saddle and bedroll as baggage. He carried two suitcases and told Rothmer he was going on to Canada and would write when he got there.

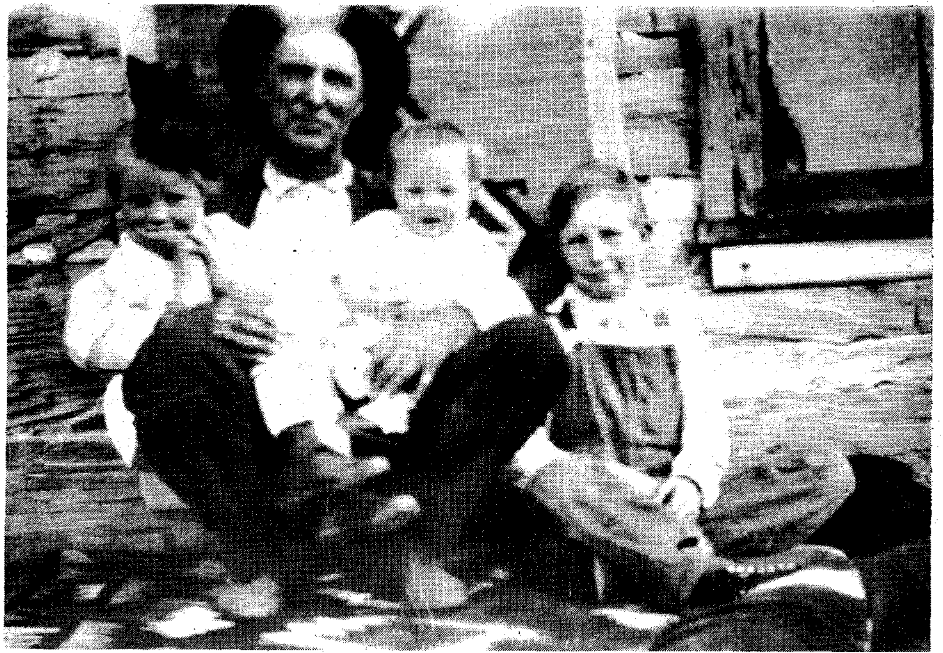
While in Los Angeles Wayne ran across a young woman who had worked in Ashfork. He also told her he would write when he reached Canada. No one has heard of him since.

ONLY WHEN ASKED would Wayne Brazel tell about killing Pat Garrett. He never bragged about it. I have read articles stating that Jim Miller, a hired killer from Texas, tied his horse behind some bushes and shot Garrett in the back with a rifle. Charlie Burch's grandpa, Jeff Ake, knew Jim Miller. After Mr. Ake moved out here to Los Angeles in the 1920s he told me that he once asked Miller if he killed Garrett. Miller replied, "There was no money offered. Why should I kill him?"

In 1968, near Phoenix, I looked up an old cowhand who had worked with Wayne in Arizona. This is what he told me. "In 1953 Wayne stopped in Ashfork and paid off a loan of $1,500 to Buster Brown." Rothmer doubts the statement, saying, "He would have looked me up, as I was there."

When Rothmer was a deputy sheriff in Ashfork he used all the means available to that office in trying to locate his brother in Canada, and also in the western states where cattle are raised. What happened to Wayne Brazel? Nobody knows.

This story has been written with the help of Rothmer Brazel, Chic Carter, Ed Rhoades, Charlie Burch, Layfe Brown, Oriville Brown, Helen "Brown" Martin, and what little I know.



Duff Brown, father of Elzy and Buster, in 1920 with Buster's children.

Frontier Post

(Continued from page 39)

the graves. I carried my school to the dedication.

Here are some excerpts from Mrs. Sample's story which might add some information about the Rose Hill mansion.

"After dissension and tragedy cast their blight over the old estate, members of the Jones Family connection rarely resided there for any length of time and the place soon fell into decay. It was but natural that a house with such associations and history would acquire the reputation of being haunted, which made it still more difficult to retain tenants. Stories of ghostly sights, of doors opened by unseen hands, of shadowy figures moving up and down the stairways, were common and were implicitly believed by the Negroes, if not by the white occupants of the house in those days.

"An ordinary family would not use much more than half of the room space; most of the Negroes who once swarmed about the estate had moved away, and except for an occasional country dance that on some winter evening again brought a crowd into the spacious halls, the glory and life once pulsing about Rose Hill was gone forever. It is said that the notorious Bell Starr, on one of her trips to Paris, Texas attended a dance at the old house during this period. Many years later while Rose Hill was in charge of the parents of Will W. Baird of Hugo, an 'old-timer' came to the house one day, and—as was frequently the case—asked the privilege of looking the place over. Coming into the great front room of the parlor, he remarked, 'The last time I was in this room, I danced with Bell Starr; she was a mighty bad woman, but sure a good dancer.'

"The curtain fell on Rose Hill in 1912 when the mansion and most of the outhouses burned to the ground. Near the ruins a rent house has been erected for the use of the present tenant of the farm. Few evidences of the former importance of the place remain. It is now isolated and more than half a mile from even a country road.

"Near the well may be seen a giant iron pot more than six feet in diameter, said to have been used in slavery times for the making of salt from the saline waters of a neighboring creek. And a short distance to the east, surrounded by an iron fence, is the little cemetery where lie the bodies of Colonel Jones, and many members of his family. Most of them have elaborate tombstones. That of Colonel Jones bears the Compass and Square of the Masonic fraternity. Scattered about the grounds, as on the site of Goldsmith's Deserted Village, are to be seen domestic vines or trees most strangely out of place in their wild surroundings. All about the place in stately rows, the great cedars stand like melancholy sentinals. Rose Hill is but a memory."

This was written some forty years ago. I made no correction then, nor have I attempted to now. I doubt if the place can be found now, though only about one-half a mile off a well traveled road. Two large iron vessels used for evaporating salt water have long ago disappeared, or so I have been informed.—M. H. Laney, Box 574, Muleshoe, Texas 79347

Old King

Sometime between 1925 and 1930 my dad bought a young dapple grey colt of draft breed. Four brothers, four sisters, and I grew up with "King" as he was called. He was almost one of the family. Broad of back, I recall as many as five of us perched on him at one time, and if ever one of us, riding singly, should fall asleep neither hell nor high water could have caused him to take one more step.

Dad farmed in the Iowa prairie around Dayton, Harcourt, and Boxholm, and during the great depression we saw many horses come and go, but not old King.

(Continued on page 60)

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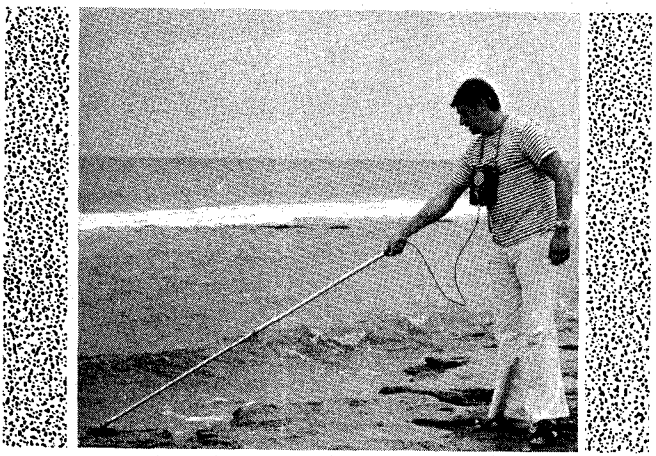

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Gallina Mountain's Murder Mine

(Continued from page 16)

more about the case and in greater detail in Cuba. Some of the McCoys were still around, and the most talkative was Timothy, then better known as "Old Timmy."

After absorbing all the information possible and discounting much of it, Miller and Turk headed for Gallina Peak. On the western slope they camped in a spring-fed park. The burros were left there while they rode horseback to scout the easier-traveled terrain. Miller and Turk had been there a week before discovering that they were being watched from the brush. Later they found a few shoe tracks scattered around. That they had been followed onto the peak gave the partners a chilly feeling.

Nothing was stolen from their camp, but every few days they found evidence of spying. Different sized tracks indicated that they were being observed in "shifts." It was ten weeks before the watchers gave up and departed. Once Miller and Turk were free to move as they pleased again, their searching was resumed, and this time on foot. High over their camp a small spring was found. On the ground nearby were rotted pieces of boards which had once been a sluice box. Quite a pile of finely crushed quartz lay to one side. Examination dispelled all doubt. Gold had been recovered from the quartz. Elated over their discovery the two men spent every minute of daylight continuing the search. No luck—when the first snowstorm threatened, Miller and Turk packed up and returned to Alameda for the winter.

THE VILLAGERS were friendly and the two prospectors became well acquainted with many. Although not Catholics they met the priest in charge of the ancient church and liked him. It was not a bad winter, but at the first hint of spring they left for Gallina Peak. If they were watched that summer no sign was detected. All of the more likely places had been gone over thoroughly the year before; now they moved into the roughest area and found exactly nothing.

Near the end of a long summer their enthusiasm waned. Turk was of the opinion that the entrance to the tunnel had either fallen in or some one had dynamited it shut.

"That could be," Miller agreed. "And we've been so busy hunting the mine that we ain't given no attention to the gold Dupont is supposed to have buried in the ground."

"That's mere hearsay. But we might as well try it for a change."

When camp was shifted to the spring where the crushed quartz had been found, neither held much hope of finding the cache at that late date. Erosion had been at work for a decade, and trees had grown up where none stood before.

On the third day Miller pushed through dense undergrowth about a mile from camp. Soon he stood in a small, grass covered glade. While exploring around, a spot of white caught his eye—a human skull embedded in the soil and dead grass. No lower jawbone was attached, and the left side had been crushed inward by some heavy instrument. Retreating he found Turk and the two returned to the glade. They found a few leg bones scattered in the brush some yards away.

The rest of the day produced nothing but conjecture. "Maybe Thompson was killed near the buried gold," Miller speculated, "and in turn Dupont was killed by the sheepherder?"

"Wild theory but as good as any," Turk replied with a laugh.

On the second day's search, Turk soon located a flat rock barely under the surface of dirt and old dead grass. He and Miller lifted it away, exposing a crude stone-lined crypt below. In the small space reposed nine heavy canvas sacks that fell in shreds when touched. Gold coins of twenty-, ten-, and five-dollar denominations spilled out of the rotted fabric.

The two greatly excited young men, certain they had found the money buried by the murdered partners, spent the balance of the morning getting it to camp. When counted it same to $42,600.

If this much gold, plus that used for expenses, had come from the mine solely by handwork during the short period Dupont and Thompson were there, then it was surely rich.

It was then late September so Miller and Turk went to Albuquerque. Retaining only expense money, they placed their small fortune in a bank vault for safekeeping. Then they returned to Alameda and spent their second winter there.

As soon as spring weather warmed the country they returned to Gallina Peak, determined to find the lost mine. But that kind of luck refused to favor them. As winter approached they paused only briefly in Alameda. "I'm through," Turk decided. "That mine is a goner."

In Albuquerque they retrieved the gold, dividing it equally. Turk sold his horse and saddle, gave his lop-eared burro to Miller, and took a train home to Kansas. When the Spanish-American War broke out in 1898 he joined the army and died in Cuba of yellow fever.

MILLER had become attached to a pretty girl in Alemeda, Josefina Aragon. He returned there and they were married, leaving almost immediately for Silver City in the southern part of the state.

A year later the first son was born and when the second came along (1901) Miller decided to settle down and open a general store. He moved his family to Albuquerque where they lived while he looked around for a suitable location. During the delay he took his wife to Alameda to visit her family—and in Alameda he heard an astounding story.

In the gathering darkness of a day in 1900 the priest was crossing the road to his church. A rider came galloping up and leaned over from his saddle. "Here is something for you, Father," he said and handed him a sealed envelope.

The priest thought it must be a contribution to aid the poor. As he folded it in his hand, the rider kicked the horse

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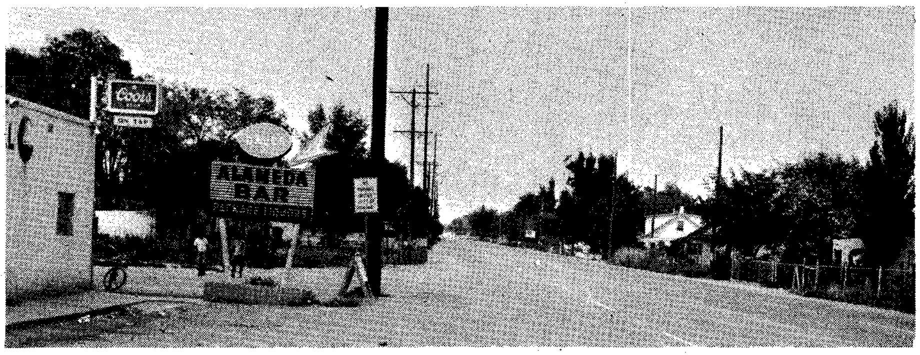
Bernalillo, New Mexico today. It was one of their first stops before Dupont and Thompson went on to Nacimiento.



Alameda, New Mexico today.

into motion again and went clattering away. Later, when the envelope was opened, it contained not money but a confession of murder and was signed "Frank D. Thompson."

The document began with a statement of being overcome with remorse to the extent that he felt he must unburden his soul. Only recently had he learned that Padilla had been executed for the murder which he (Thompson) had committed. The account, written on several sheets of paper, was mostly in a rambling vein. The writer stated that on his last trip to Lagunitas with Dupont, the realization of how much he had been robbed of by his partner began making him deathly sick.

The night of their return to camp Dupont, as usual, left their shelter tent with the coins for which their raw gold had been exchanged. Following him, Thompson watched Dupont enter the brush-concealed glade, open the cache and deposit the gold. Thompson tried to get back to the tent first, but failed. Suspicious, Dupont asked where he had been and the excuse given seemed to satisfy the older man.

The next morning they entered the tunnel and began drilling. Dupont held the drill while Thompson drove it down with an eight-pound hammer. The hatted head below was that of a thief stealing from him and, acting on a sudden impulse, Thompson brought the hammer down on Dupont's head. As he sprawled down dying, he was struck a second time for good measure. According to the confession the body was dragged outside into the timber. For two days Thompson remained in camp trying to figure out what to do.

Opening the cache he filled his pockets, but took no more. It was while packing up that he decided to fake an Indian attack. To this end he cut part of one ear off and slashed his face. Then riding out, he paused long enough in Nacimiento (later renamed Cuba) to relate a knife attack by Indians during which his partner had been killed.

Thompson then went on to Albuquerque, sold the stock, and went home to Texas. Hard luck struck him in 1899. Remembering the gold on Gallina Peak which rightfully belonged to him, he returned to New Mexico to get it. Halting in Cuba and being recognized, he made a few inquiries. It was then that he learned Padilla had been convicted and hanged for Dupont's murder.

Despite constant bouts with his conscience Thompson decided to go on to the mine and recover the buried gold. When he arrived on the mountain the area was greatly changed. A goat corral had been built near where he believed the site of the old camp to have been. The herder there knew nothing about any old mine or an 1884 murder. Thompson could locate neither the mine tunnel nor the gold cache. Giving up at last, he rode to Albuquerque, and in a hotel room wrote out the confession given the priest in Alameda.

The priest who received the letter, and whom Miller had known, had been transferred elsewhere and had died soon afterward. The present priest at Alameda knew nothing concerning the letter. He knew only that the story was often discussed among the local Mexican-Indian population.

Miller did not believe a word of the alleged confession, and I respect his judgment. He ran a trading post in the eastern Navajo country, and was known as a shrewd and prosperous Indian trader. Over the years he often mentioned his early days as a wandering prospector.

At a meeting of Indian traders in Gallup (1939) he related the full account of his connection with what became known as the Lost Dupont Mine. Why didn't he believe the confession handed the priest at Alameda? He had many reasons. What about the skull he and Turk had found in the glade near the cached gold? If it wasn't that of the real Thompson, then who had been killed there at the same time Dupont was? And since Thompson had not been of the Catholic faith why did he ride all the way to Alameda to hand his confession to a priest? If he merely wanted to confess to a man of the cloth, many were easily available right in Albuquerque.

Miller had other doubts concerning the confession of murder. "Perhaps it was written to show Padilla was innocent, wrongly hanged, and to absolve the family of that disgrace. They always insisted that Padilla did not kill Dupont, despite the most conclusive evidence against him.

"And there could be other reasons for producing the letter. It might have been written by a crank who put together all the old tales he had heard, in a *confession.* Some parts of the letter, if correctly stated, reveal a man most certainly off his rocker.

"And another thing that won't hold water with me," Miller concluded, "is that Thompson supposedly took only his pockets full of gold, although he felt the cache rightfully belonged to him and he had returned to retrieve it. That part isn't the least reasonable."

If Dupont and Thompson were both murdered by an unknown party, then the killer struck too soon, before he knew where the gold was actually buried. And the treasure is still waiting somewhere on Gallina Peak.

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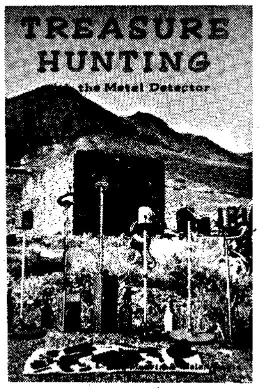

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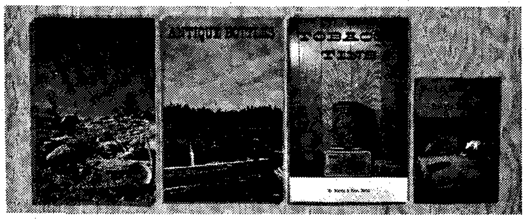

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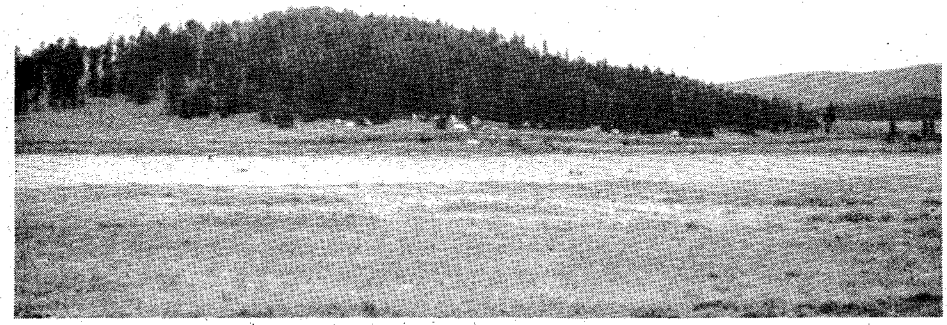
The Maxwells of Arizona

(Continued from page 35)

When the Arizona Rangers were organized in 1901, Will was quick to respond to the call. Although the pay was only $55 a month, Will recognized the need for law enforcement in this sparsely settled region and, being a man always quick to do what he considered his duty, joined the Rangers under the command of Captain Burton Mossman. Will's service with the sheriff's department and the Rangers took him away from home a good deal of the time and in his absence work on the ranch was turned over to his younger brothers, of whom he had three.

William Bailey Maxwell had earned a reputation for his unerring sense of direction and his tracking ability, and this family trait had been inherited by his sons. The Maxwell boys were known far and wide for seeming to possess a sixth sense when in the wilderness. They could trail a man or animal where no obvious sign existed, or wander for days in trackless terrain never losing their way and always returning to a designated spot on time. Over the years one or all of the boys were repeatedly called out to join searches for lost individuals or lost or stolen livestock. Very rarely did they ever meet with defeat.



Crescent Lake, Arizona, approximately 5 miles southwest of site where Will Maxwell was killed. In the background can be seen terrain through which they passed in pursuit of the Smith gang.

Early on the evening of October 7, 1901 a horseman rode up to the corral where William was doing the evening chores. He informed Will that the Smith brothers, along with their brother-in-law Adam Slagger and two unidentified companions, had been seen near the Pat Trainer knoll, a distance of some thirty miles from the ranch. He said they were driving a herd of fifteen or twenty saddle horses which were probably stolen, and he believed that eight or ten of the horses belonged to Will. He stated further that possemen were being organized in Springerville, and that Will was to join them at the Ren Crosby ranch the next morning. Since Will had been commissioned a Territorial Ranger and was a deputy sheriff, he was duty-bound to answer the call.

The Smith gang was well known, having been jailed on several occasions and always after a struggle. The leader and oldest of the brothers was Bill Smith; Allen and George were a bit younger. Bill Smith had escaped from jail in St. Johns several months before. He reportedly was also wanted in Texas for murder, and in Wagon Mound, New Mexico for train robbery. So Will knew that the posse would be dealing with no band of petty thieves but a bunch of hardened criminals.

The Maxwells had about twenty head of saddle horses ranging on Rigg's Creek which was near the place the Smiths had been seen. Early on October 8 Will, along with two of his brothers (Arch and Lorenzo), saddled three of their best horses and started for the Ren Crosby ranch. The weather was turning quite cold.

The brothers arrived at the Crosby ranch a little after daylight. They were informed by Mrs. Crosby that the posse had left there the previous evening and that Will was to meet them at the Reservation Corral. This news was received with no little misgivings, as it would require a ride of twenty-five miles over extremely rough country. After reaching Rigg's Creek, however, the way would be easier, for the Maxwells could take the trail made by their father years before.

This trail was the result of several seasons of driving cattle and horses to summer range in the spring and returning them to lower ranges in the fall. A good-sized swath was worn by hoofs of the animals, and the route chosen proved to be a wise and convenient one. For years after the elder Maxwell's death, other cattlemen continued to use this route in their annual treks into the mountains. (The old trail still exists though it can be traversed now only by horseback or four-wheel-drive vehicle. For a few years the road was maintained by the U. S. Forest Service which made it possible to drive by automobile; however, since being abandoned to the elements, time has taken its toll and it is fast returning to its primitive state. At one time it was one of the most scenic routes in this part of the mountains as well as a paradise for game and all sorts of wildlife. As recently as a dozen years ago my brother took his deer, turkey and bear here during the annual big game hunt.)

THE MAXWELL BOYS arrived at the Reservation Corral about midday, only to find a note that again the posse had gone on in pursuit of the outlaws. At least, the posse believed it was on the right trail, one which led in a southwesterly direction.

Mounting their horses again, the three brothers pressed on. The region here is very rugged, a test for even experienced horsemen. Crossing the Reservation line the Maxwells rode as fast as they dared, as early afternoon was fast approaching. The area in which they found themselves is now part of the vast Apache Indian Reservation; then it was a wilderness of blackjack thickets, high ridges, and deep canyons. Finally in late afternoon they came to Rocky Cienega where they caught sight of several horsemen.

At first, being unsure of their identity, Will deemed it wise to use caution in his approach. Using a rock ledge for concealment, Will followed it out into a little meadow to make a closer inspection. The horsemen were indeed the posse. Will rode out in the open and, after yelling to identify himself, advanced toward the men with his brothers following.

The posse was more than glad to see the Maxwell boys as the riders had not only lost the trail of the outlaws but were themselves thoroughly lost. Will, however, knew the area well, as it was his summer horse range. He and Arch were appointed to try to pick up the trail again and, after a little scouting, Will discovered the place where the outlaws had left the meadow. They had obviously tried to cover their flight by running cattle over their trail, so they knew they were being pursued.

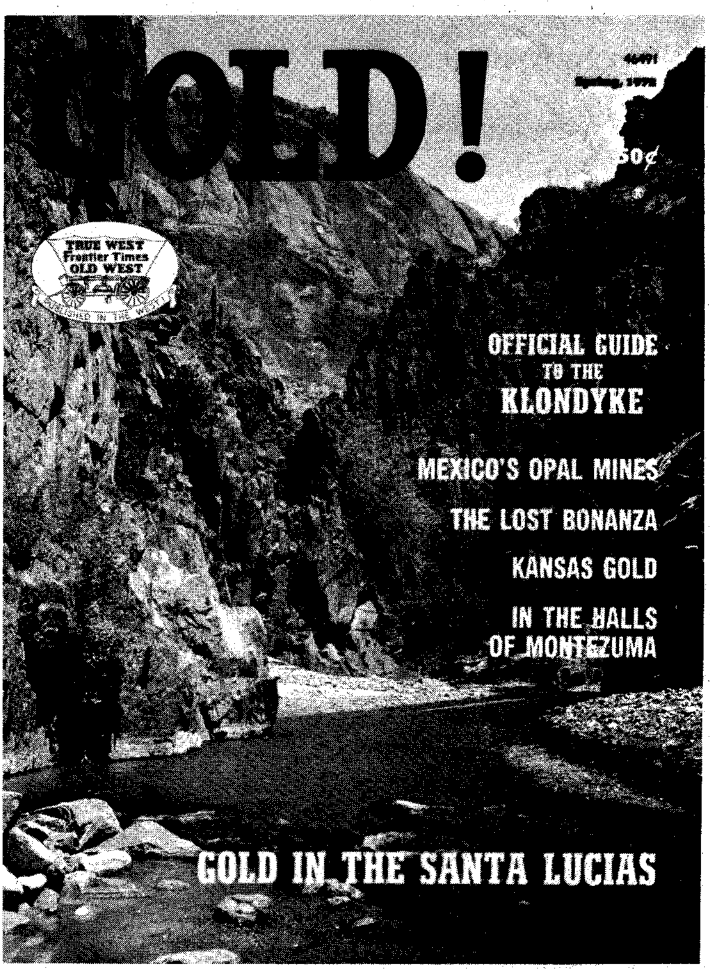
The posse followed them south through a heavily forested region with dense undergrowth; however Will was able to track them at a rapid pace. On their arrival at South Fork Creek, Will stated that this would be the last watering place before dropping into Black River Gorge. He had thought that perhaps the outlaws would camp here for the night because of the water situation, but when he scouted the creek he discovered where they had filled their canteens. Will then knew that the Smith gang was preparing to make a dry camp, probably somewhere near the head of Black River Canyon. The canyon itself is almost inaccessible, there being few places where it is possible to find entrance over the sheer sides. Will knew all of them.

It was growing dark when a member of the posse saw smoke rising from a campfire on the canyon floor. Henry Barret, the leader of the posse and deputy from Springerville, immediately gave the order to take the Smith gang alive. This proved to be a mistake. Bill Smith had shown on several previous occasions that he would not submit easily, and now more than ever he had nothing to lose by shooting it out.

The outlaws had made camp in a blackjack thicket and had their arsenal

(Continued on page 46)

GOLD! #6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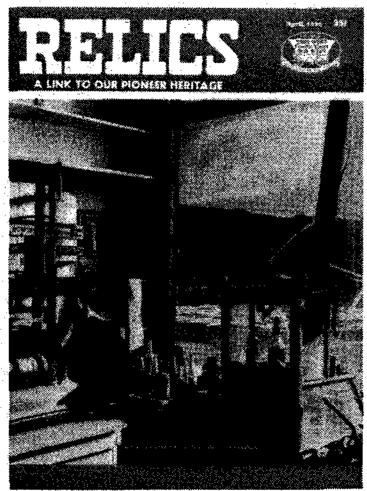

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(Continued from page 44)

within easy reach. As the posse approached the edge of the canyon one of the men spotted a gang member standing behind a tree obviously trying to count the number of men on their trail. At Barret's command to throw out their firearms and surrender, Bill Smith answered with a blast from a .30-40 rifle.

The posse promptly scattered, Barret taking three men and going to the north rim of the canyon. The Smiths were in the bottom of a very steep box canyon which narrowed at this particular point to a distance of about eighty yards. When the shooting started, Will Maxwell, with his two brothers and two other men, stayed on the west rim. No doubt their intention was to catch the gang in a crossfire and force a surrender. This proved to be the second mistake. Sundown was fast approaching and the men on the west rim of the canyon were silhouetted, making them easy targets for the outlaws below.

The outlaw behind the tree was in a direct line with Will, who was trying to get a clear shot from his position. But although his shots ripped bark off the tree where the outlaw was standing, he was unable to take a good aim. It is here that no small amount of confusion enters the picture as to what transpired between the posse members on the north rim. In the investigation which followed, the men said they could see that their companions on the west rim were in trouble and they were trying to find a place where they could get a clear view of the outlaw camp so they could set up some covering fire. At any rate, all of the shooting done by the outlaws was directed toward the west rim; and two of the possemen who had been on the north rim when the firing started were found two days later, twenty miles away on foot.

WILL MAXWELL kept up a steady stream of fire in spite of his dangerous situation, one of his shots hitting Bill Smith in the leg. Lead was flying from both sides as Maxwell raised up to take another shot. As he did so, the crown of his hat was shot away. Taking no warning from this he again attempted to get a clear shot. In the exact instant that Will raised his head, a bullet hit him in the forehead, killing him instantly. A companion of Will's was shot almost at the same instant. (Though there seems to be some confusion as to the name of this man, members of the Maxwell family said he was Carlos Tafoya, whose residence was in St. Johns, the county seat. He died the next day shortly after the surviving Maxwell boys arrived back at the scene of the shootings with a doctor.) When Will was shot, those with him quit firing and carried his body back to where the horses were tied and placed it on some saddle blankets.

By this time it was dark, and fearing that the outlaws would try to make a break for it, three of the posse crossed over to the east rim and took a position between the gang and their horses. The Smiths did attempt to get to their horses but a burst of lead drove them back into camp. The posse then gathered up the Smiths' horses and took them over to the west side where their own were tied.

Taking two fresh horses, Arch and Lorenzo Maxwell left to notify their family of the tragedy and to bring aid to the wounded Tafoya. The remaining possemen were to wait for daylight to flush the outlaws out of their camp. However, at dawn it was discovered that the gang had escaped on foot during the night, going down a rough rocky canyon with almost perpendicular walls hundreds of feet high. They were trailed until they could no longer be followed; several weeks were spent in the hunt. Finally the search was abandoned.

Bill and Allen Smith were killed sometime later resisting arrest. It is uncertain what happened to their brother-in-law and it was never discovered who the other two men were.

After the horses were all gathered up it was found that none of them belonged to the Maxwells. For a time bitter remarks were made that the posse had used the horses as a ruse to get the Maxwells on the trail as none of the others were competent enough as trackers to catch the outlaws. It should be remembered, however, that Will Maxwell was a law officer, sworn to his duty, and doubtlessly would have gone with the posse whether his horses were involved or not.

In later years Will had two half-brothers who were also law officers. One, Franklin, worked in Mogollon and central New Mexico for many years as a deputy sheriff. Another, Andrew, was sheriff of Apache County for a while in the early 1920s. Both served at various times as game wardens, and Franklin was the first ranger assigned to the Apache National Forest. He also was a cattle inspector. Today there are several members of the Maxwell family working as law officers in Arizona, as well as California and Utah.

MILT HINKLE

1881–1972

Burial was on March 3, Osceola Memory Gardens, Kissimmee, Florida with B. P. O. Elks Lodge 1873 conducting services.

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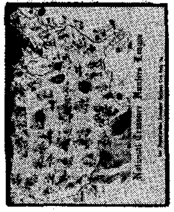

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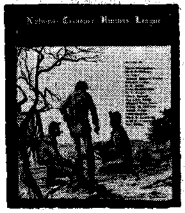

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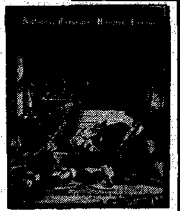

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Law Rides the Larb Hills

(Continued from page 9)

quiet-mannered, soft-spoken man, slow to anger. There was a habitual hint of a grin, half concealed by a ragged mustache, that tied in with his easy going nature. I told Riley about Lally Doney catching me'n Joe Myers prowling around in the Larb Hills and that I was sure he knew what we were up to.

Riley Brooks said he understood how the Long X felt about not wanting to get in bad with the Larb Hills breeds. Once those young Metis got it in for an outfit they could raise all manner of hell and do damage to the mare bunch they turned loose with the remuda stud each summer, with only one horse wrangler to loose herd them.

Early the following morning Riley led circle to the deep box canyon with the hidden corral. He left Tex Alford, whom Jake had sent to take Joe Myers' place, on the scrub pine-timbered ridge to stand guard at the head of the trail into the canyon. Old Tex was the only man who didn't pack a six-shooter or saddle gun. When asked what he'd do if we got into a tight, Tex said the first feller that got killed he'd pick up his gun. Each of us packed a shovel, an axe, pick and crowbar to chop the ice we knew we'd find at the bottom of the canyon.

It was a longer, more laborious job with pick and crowbar than we figured. The brunt of it fell on the big Mill Iron rep and yours truly who tipped the scales at 135, but I had the advantage over Joe Watson who was a little on the paunchy side. I was ten-twelve years younger and had good wind. Once we got the hang of how to gouge out the honeycomb ice we could chop off bigger chunks and shove them down Skunk Creek. It was the half melted clods of dirt and old brush that gave us a hard time.

Riley Brooks, who handled the short-handled shovels, remarked that if we had a few sticks of dynamite it would help a lot. Joe Watson, winded and sweating from every pore, made some sarcastic crack about an ounce of hindsight being worth a ton of foresight. It was late afternoon before we struck pay dirt, which came in the form of a cow's head with a loop of rope around the horns—about ten-twelve feet of busted rope. The ears were still attached with the earmarks, and a wrinkled hide stretched over the carcass had the brand cut out. Riley Brooks cut the head away with an axe and pocket knife. The ear marks and the broken ketch rope would be sufficient evidence.

WHEN we washed off the rope the strands showed clear and bright, and one strand of the hard-twist rope was stained jet black. That black strand meant nothing to Riley Brooks or Joe Watson until I explained its vital importance as court evidence.

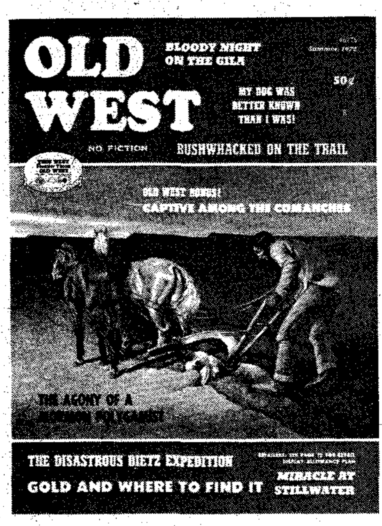
In ordering supplies for the ranch one summer Mac, the bookkeeper, had ordered two caddies of lariat saddle ropes from a wholesale supply house's catalog. One caddy was plain hard-twist manila rope. The other caddy contained what was listed as Blackjack Manila, and it had one black strand. On the spring calf roundup both caddies of rope were loaded in the bed wagon, but when the Blackjack ropes were tried out they broke apart and proved useless. Not only that, the black strand rope soon lost its hard twist and grew limp as well rope. The result was that when the spring roundup was over there was still half a caddy of Blackjack rope left over, discarded as useless in the storehouse.

The next summer when Gregory Doney showed up with his haying crew and was getting his grub supply from the storehouse, he had spotted the Blackjack rope and it pleased his fancy. Mac was happy to get rid of the worthless rope, with the result that every young breed in the hay crew had a coil of Blackjack rope strapped to his saddle.

Riley Brooks said the rope would be sufficient evidence as Exhibit A in court, because it definitely linked the young Larb Hills breeds with the wanton slaughter of twenty-five head of Circle C cows. Riley wrapped the cow's head with the length of broken rope in his saddle slicker and tied it on behind the high cantle of his saddle.

We called it a good day's work and collected our tools and headed up the trail. The sun was lowering in the sky when we rimmed out on the hogback ridge. There was Tex stretched out on the ground, snoring, with his old Stet-

A GOOD INVESTMENT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son hat over his whiskered face. His gentle flea-bitten gray was grazing contentedly a hundred yards away.

"Time to wake up, Rip Van Winkle!" Riley Brooks shouted loud enough to be heard by Tex who was getting hard of hearing.

"Hell, I wasn't plumb asleep," Old Tex drawled as he sat up pawing with one hand into some pine needles for his half-empty bottle. "I allers sleep with one eye propped open."

When Tex mounted his horse we all headed back for the Sun Prairie line camp. That evening after supper Riley Brooks read aloud the names of five young Larb Hills Metis from his vest pocket tally book.

Riley Brooks said he had enough evidence to prove the five young Metis were the ones who stole the twenty-five head of Circle C cows and calves, and that he had the names of a few homesteaders who would testify they had bought the calves. He said he aimed to serve the bench warrants he had in his pocket, the very next day.

Riley said that when the trial came up he might need our testimony to identify the cow's head and the Blackjack rope, but that right now our work was done and Tex and I could pull out in the morning for the Circle C Ranch, and Joe Watson could return to the Mill Iron.

I was sure glad Riley wasn't taking me along when he served the bench warrants, because I'd known those five Metis boys for a long time and they were my good friends. I was happy to be heading for home the next morning with Old Tex for company.

I was subpoenaed as a witness when the five young Metis came up for trial. John A. Tressler was the attorney for the Circle C, and Lally Doney had hired a lawyer to defend the breeds.

The jury had been chosen and occupied the jury box at the old courthouse. But before the trial commenced the defense attorney addressed the judge. "Your Honor," he said, "before this trial gets underway allow me to explain a simple fact. According to the state laws no man is entitled to sit on the jury unless he has resided in the county for one year.

"Since the new Phillips County, in which this trial is taking place, was formed by an act of Congress only last November, and this being the month of May, the gentlemen of the jury have not been resident the necessary one year. I, therefore, ask Your Honor to dismiss the jury on the ground I have stated, and that my clients be freed and all charges against them be dismissed and withdrawn."

There followed a mild disturbance and minor uproar—cheers and cat-calls and the stomping of feet by the spectators who crowded the courtroom to standing capacity. When the judge pounded his mallet and shouted "Order in the Court!" the audience quieted down and the judge spoke.

"The attorney for the defense has stated a fact well known in judicial circles throughout the State of Montana. I therefore declare this trial dismissed and charges against the defendants dropped. Case dismissed!" The gavel pounded. "Clear the courtroom!"

Thus the attorney for the defense became a sort of hero for the day. Lally Doney was the happiest man alive, and I secretly shared a measure of his happiness because those five Metis boys were my good friends. If Jake Myers nursed any grudge about the outcome of the trial he kept it to himself.

In due time, when the dust settled and the talk died out, the whole deal was forgotten. But it put an end to the stealing of Circle C stock, and so far as I know no more broomtail yearling colts were stolen from the Long X. Lally Doney, head of the Doney tribe, was an honest man and he kept his word to keep the young Metis boys in line. Their arrest had taught them a lesson well learned.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 17)

don, Iowa in 1863, being in service until the end of the war.

John married Martha Garfield and is listed as an early settler of Vermillion Couny, Illinois. My grandparents were W. S. Osborn and Melvina Morgan, daughter of Jackson and Salinda Payne Morgan of Tennessee and Missouri. I welcome any correspondence.—Mrs. Maxine Osborn Sturdy, 14410 Pinney St., Arleta, California 91331

Curtis-Francl

Alimira Curtis' parents came from Minnesota to Crete, Nebraska in the 1800s. She had four brothers: Arzy, Charlie, Will and Sam, and two sisters Mattie and Jenny. I believe they were all Baptists.

She married my grandfather in Crete about 1882 or 1883, and later they moved to Durango, Colorado. She joined the Seventh Day Adventist Church when my grandfather went to work in Silverton for the Denver & Rio Railroad in the 1890s. His name was George Francl. Their son (my father) George Toddie Francl was born in Durango. I would like to hear from anyone who has information about these people.—Arzy Francl, 1404 West Adams, Phoenix, Arizona 85007

Lockaby-Moore-Greathouse

My mother's maiden name was Lockaby, and her mother's was Moore. She and her twin brother were said to be the first recorded set of twins in Kaufman County, Texas.

The Lockaby, Moore and Greathouse families of Kaufman and Dallas Counties around the turn of the century were all kinfolks. Will anyone who has information on these families please drop me a line.—George M. Clay, Route 3, Box 34B, Duncan, Oklahoma 73533

Monahan

I would like some information on my uncle, William Robert Monahan. He was born in Wisconsin near or at Mineral Point or Darlington. The last report my father, Hiram J. Monahan, had of him was that some members of his family had died from eating contaminated canned fruit or food in Denver, Colorado. Since then I have had reports that possibly one of his sons is ranching in Wyoming, but I do not know if this information is authentic.—G. W. Monahan, 10320 Grevillae Avenue, Inglewood, California 90304

Toombs

I am trying to locate my granddaughter. She was born in 1958 in Springfield, Missouri to Donald D. Toombs and Vickie Gillett. At that time Mr. Toombs was stationed at Fort Leonard Wood. Later Mrs. Toombs got a divorce and remarried.

I do need to get in touch with Tressa Toombs, age approximately thirteen. I have news for her concerning her father that she should know.—June A. Toombs, Box 10, Tahuya, Washington 98588

Stanton-Stoddard

I would like to hear from anyone who may have known my grandfathers. Charles T. Stanton was believed to have been from Michigan. He had four sons, John, Claude, Allan and Forrest, and two daughters. He died in April, 1939.

My other grandfather, Alpha Stoddard, was from Iowa, I think. He had three sons, Rueben, Hank and Bill, and four stepdaughters, Vye, Margaret, Angie and Edna. He died in Iowa in 1916. —Mrs. George Luther, Big Horn, Montana 59010

McCammond

I am searching for information concerning my great-grandfather's family. Jacob McCammond was born October 18, 1847 in Grosse Island, Canada. He grew up around Peoria, Illinois where he married the first time about 1866. I have no knowledge of his first wife, but he had five girls by her—Minnie, Mattie, Etta, Eva, and May.

His second wife was Sarah Shelton, born July 1, 1850 in Illinois. Of this marriage was born Maud, Jessie and Frank in Illinois; and Roy, Sidney and Wiley, born in Edwards County, Kansas after 1885. It is believed that all his children came to Kansas with him in 1885.

My grandfather Sidney died February 26, 1919 and all the above information came from the family Bible now in the possession of Wiley McCammond, living in Las Animas, Colorado. A Cecil McCammond who lived in the Dallas-Fort Worth, Texas area in 1968 is believed to have additional information.—SSG Loyal A. McCammond, 510-40-0326, AUTOSEVOCOM CO., APO San Francisco, California 96309

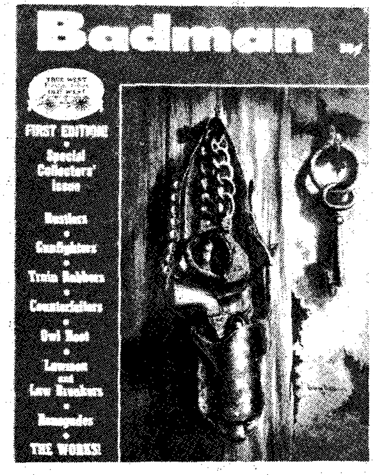
Fulfur

My great-aunt, Stacy Stringer Fulfur, and her husband, Sebe, moved to Oklahoma, most likely near Tuttle, in the early 1900s from Bosque County, Texas. They had two or three children at this time. I would appreciate hearing from anyone with information on this lady.—Roy E. Gibson, 4517 Coffee Road, Fort Worth, Texas 76118

Garner-Thain

I would like to correspond with descendants and relatives of Fouchee and Mary Knott Garner. They were married February 9, 1817 in Virginia, and moved later to Tennessee and then to Missouri. Neri and Rachel Matticks (nee Ste-

(Continued on page 54)



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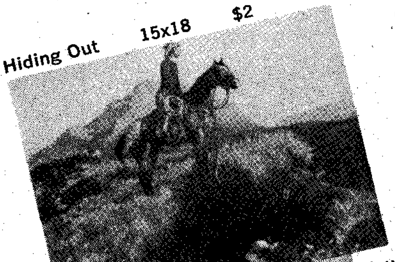

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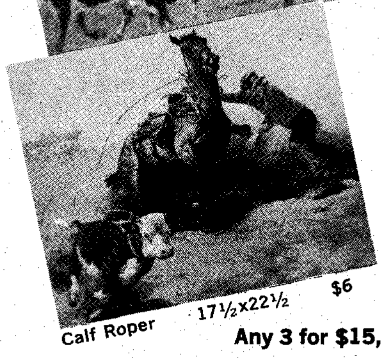

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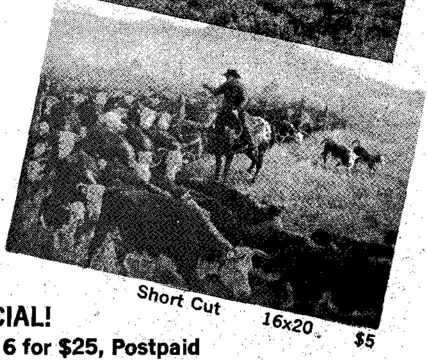

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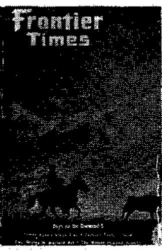
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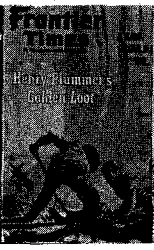
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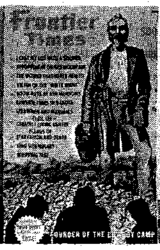
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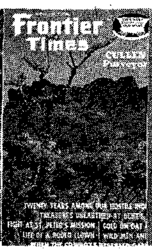
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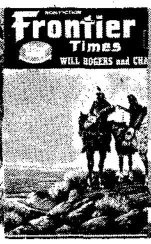
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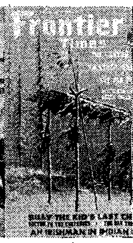
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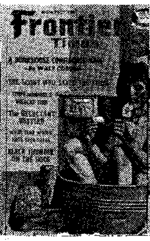
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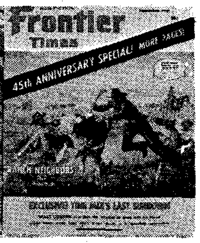
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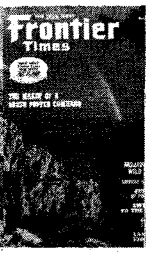
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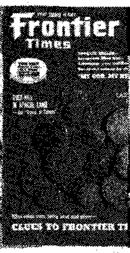
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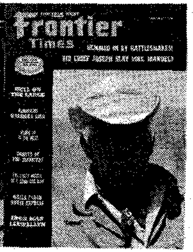
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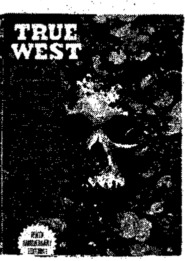

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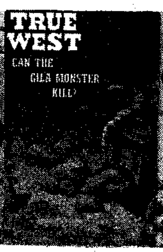
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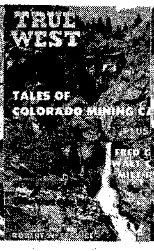
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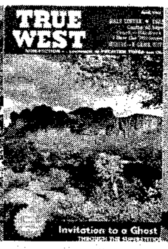
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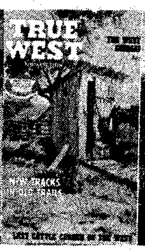
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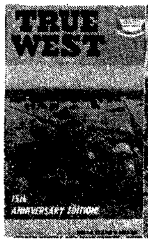
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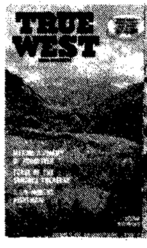

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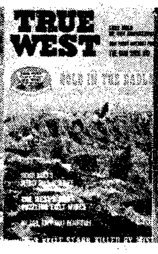

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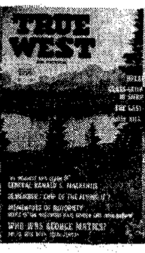
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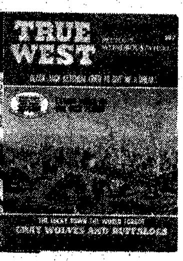
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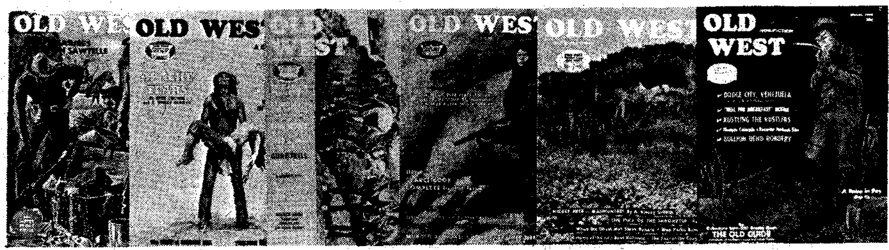

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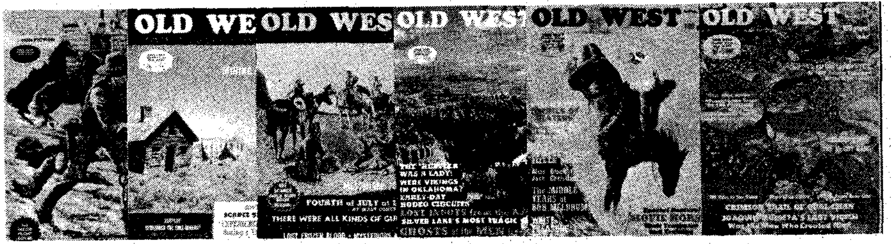

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"Boston Cowards" of Fort Hay

(Continued from page 20)

heavily loaded with food, equipment for cooking it, and most important, guns and ammunition. Four men attended the mules. Some distance behind came Captain O'Neill and thirty more men.

The trail was narrow, only wide enough for animals in single file, and they were hurrying along when they overtook a pack train. There were about twenty heavily laden mules in that train on their way to Hay's. Lieutenant Armstrong, who was in charge of the vanguard, asked them to move aside so the soldiers could pass, and the muleteers got the idea there was danger on that road. They decided to get to Hay's with or ahead of the soldiers. So instead of moving into the timber while the volunteers passed, they started yelling and whipping the mules down the trail.

Soon both parties were all mixed together and Lieutenant Armstrong couldn't get any orders obeyed. To add to the hopeless confusion, they overtook still another pack train going to Hay's. This one wouldn't yield the path either and got inextricably mixed with the soldiers. It was the first traffic jam on the Deer Creek Trail.

When Captain O'Neill caught up with them, he couldn't get through or around the surging, sweating men and animals. There seemed no way out of the chaos. Everyone was angry and yelling and the animals were bewildered and rearing. Packs were askew, supplies were being lost. Only one thing was certain. Everyone was heading for Hay's stockade.

They were scrambling along and only had about a half-mile to cover to safety when the Rogues attacked. Indians were on both sides of the trail and behind every tree. The animals panicked, along with some of the men. There was no place to go except forward, down the narrow trail to Fort Hay. Captain O'Neill gave orders for his men to cut their mules loose and let them go, but even the loose mules kept running towards Hay's. Some of the men wouldn't let their mules go because they had tobacco or firewater packed on them. And the Indians kept shooting.

WHEN the path widened into the clearing at Hay's, most of the pack animals took off in all directions and the men made straight for the stockade. The gates swung open and all who could, rode inside. The others dismounted and had to leave their horses to the Indians while they darted for cover. Hay's place had never been built for this many animals behind its fences.

The Rogues were now in possession of more ammunition and food than they had ever owned. This gave them courage to try to capture Fort Hay. No one knows who directed the battle that day. Certainly it was not Tyee John. His stentorian voice was well known by the soldiers. When he barked an order everyone heard.

Inside the tiny fort, surrounded by yelling Indians, there were over sixty soldiers, the Hay family, three of the muleteers, and the men who had been attacked with Willie that morning. There seemed to be no end to the people entering Fort Hay that day. They could scarcely move. There was little food and ammunition, and no hope of sending for help to Fort Vannoy, twenty miles away.

And the Indians were increasing in number. It appeared that they were from several family tribes. They could be seen hiding behind stone fences, stumps, and brush piles. Twice during the afternoon they rushed the fort and each time the desperate men inside repelled them. But the whites couldn't see any hope of escape unless they could get help from outside. They carefully made preparations. As soon as it was dark, someone would try to ride out of there. The two best horses were saddled.

When the gates were opened, two volunteers went out, one a few yards behind the other, and the men of the stockade poured out behind them to cover them to the edge of the clearing. It really didn't take those horses long to disappear into the night-shrouded timber. There was hope inside that both had got away safely.

But then the men in the clearing could not get back into the fort! Indians seemed to sprout like dark mushrooms all over the ground. So in the darkness, with nothing but the light from the guns, the whites fought a desperate battle. One by one the men eased back into the palisade and the Indians settled down to an occasional shot, which was answered by the men inside by shooting at the light from their fire.

At times there was more taunting than shooting. The whites would say, "We have lots of tobacco and whiskey! Why don't you come and get it?"

To which the Indians would reply, "Boston Cowards! Why do you hide in there from us? We have your mules and horses!"

As the night wore on, things became so quiet that those inside the fort suspected treachery. Watching closely they could see Indians, one by one, moving slowly toward the barn and stable. That was too close. They could rush the fort from there and set it on fire. They had to be stopped.

Stealthily the whites went out in the dark to flush the Indians out of the buildings. It was frightening to try to fight this way. The Indians were much better at stealth than the whites. But finally the attackers were hemmed inside the buildings and the whites fired through cracks point blank. Several Indians fell, but not a white man was wounded. This gave those besieged inside the fort more courage. As the Indians faded into the timber, the men outside came back into the fort triumphantly.

FOR A TIME there was no fighting and the men realized they were hungry. With the help of her daughter, Elizabeth made coffee and fried bacon, beefsteak and venison. It was said of that night that rather than being a hindrance, "Mammy" (Elizabeth) encouraged the men and kept up their spirits. One later said, "Had it not been for 'Mammy Hay' our courage would have slipped out at the heels of our boots."

But once they were finished eating, and with nothing to do but wait, most became very discouraged again. They didn't know whether they had contacted the outside world at all. Maybe they were going to sit here until every Indian in Oregon Territory surrounded them. They knew they would be massacred if they tried to charge out of the fort after daylight. They would be in the open while the Indians were concealed in the timber. So they sat and sat and waited. Not a shot was fired after one o'clock.

When dawn finally came, they were astonished. Not an Indian was out there. They had put out their fires, picked up their dead and wounded, and disappeared into the forest. It was almost as if they'd never been there. The people inside the fort were nearly as puzzled as they were relieved.

Alex Caldwell, one of the volunteers from Eight Dollar Mountain, had been wounded as he came into the fort the day before. Early in the morning he died; but except for a few scratches and a mighty big scare, the other people inside Fort Hay were unhurt.

Still they wondered. Did the Indians know the messengers had got through and were going to bring help? How could they know that? Did they plan to ambush the soldiers who came to help, if they came? Did Tyee John come and order them to go somewhere else where he had bigger plans for them? The people at the fort didn't know. But they did know on that crisp cool morning that they were safe for the time being. Their dreadful night was behind them.

The fort was made headquarters for six companies after that, but no more fighting took place there. A few months later the Indians were subdued and taken to the Siletz and Grande Ronde Reservation and their lovely valleys were left forever to the hated white men.

With danger past, many more men traveled the trail that passed Hay's. Elizabeth made her house comfortable. She now had twelve rooms, and bustled about in a white cap and apron feeding her lodgers.

The story of gold in Josephine County spread, and miners came in great hungry packs. William Hay kept supplies for the miners in his home. An old record of 1856 shows that he had a license to dispense liquor. Gamblers and saloonkeepers came to the area—and "fancies," as the saloon girls were called. Mining camps sprang up all around. Josephine became a county that year and William B. Hay served on its first grand jury.

Then in 1858 a wagon road was built from Crescent City to Jacksonville, a mining town in adjoining Jackson County. Called the Peacock Road, it came over the unbelievably rough Siskiyou Mountains, climbing, twisting, plunging —agonizingly and interminably. Once through the mountains the bruised and frightened travelers stopped at Hay's ranch to recuperate. In 1859, Oregon

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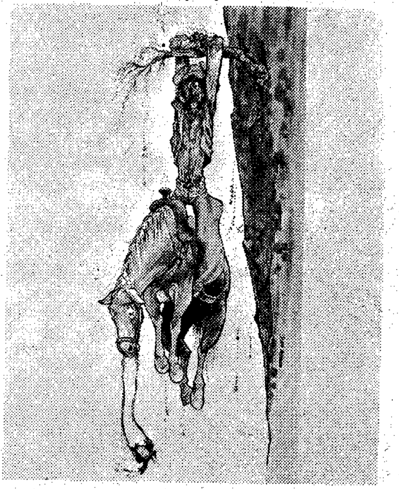

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became the 33rd state and wagons rolled through the mountains bringing supplies from San Francisco and miners from China. William Hay built a blacksmith shop at his home and he and Willie repaired wagons and shod horses.

THEN one by one his children married or moved away. The big old house with its multiple businesses became too much for the elder Hay and he "bargained, sold, aliened, remissed, released, conveyed and granted" his donation land claim.

In 1875 Henry Thornton bought the house and the 320 acres of land on which it stood and it was then known as "The Thornton Place." Thornton remodeled the house and added a picket fence to keep pack mules out of the orchard. He probably added the balcony. The balcony almost, but not quite, gave the house elegance. It never quite achieved that. During Thornton's ownership the house served as a stop-over for stagecoaches on the run from the new town of Grant's Pass to Crescent City, California. The Thornton Place was popular with miners and adventurers and no one was turned away. If there were not enough beds, travelers slept on the floor or in the barn. The feverish mining activity had cooled somewhat and conditions were more stable. Toward the end of the decade he lived there, most overnighters were farmers and merchants.

Then in 1885 Henry Thornton sold the house and in a few years it caught the spirit of the "Gay '90s." The Anderson family who bought it made a ballroom on the second floor and there are one or two people still living who attended the dances at Anderson Stage Station in those days. On Saturday night, people from all over Clover Valley came to dance. As soon as they had finished their milking and feeding in the evening, they came. At midnight, a supper was served—ham, chicken, beef, potato salad, pies and cakes. The meal gave the dancers strength to continue their vigorous pastime. When gray light enabled them to see, they climbed into wagons and buggies and drove home in the rosy dawn to do their morning chores.

Weekdays, too, were gay and happy times at Anderson Station. Nightly stages rolled up, and people and horses were fed and bedded down. News was swapped about the doings from Grant's Pass to Washington, D. C. Mrs. Sophie Anderson, who went there as a fifteen-year old bride, recalled that meals were very good and cost twenty-five cents. Overnight lodging was seventy-five cents.

The time came, however, when trains and cars replaced wagons and stages. People whizzed by so fast they scarcely saw the old house. The owners cared for their fruit trees, cultivated crops, fattened their cattle. The balcony began to sag and gave the house a dispirited air. Repairs were not always made and soon the only thing left which still looked vigorous was the venerable pine where the Hays had first camped.

Afterward the place was bought by Schmitt Brothers Logging, and was the Schmitt family home. After Joe Schmitt died, fields often stood idle, barns became dilapidated and renters occupied a part of the house.

In comparison with other parts of the world, the old house was a youngster, but it was older than the state and county in which it stood. And before it burned that night, it had sheltered many of the interesting, uncouth and proud nonconformers who molded the unique history of Southern Oregon.

There is another house on the place now and across the road is a faded historical marker, almost covered with weeds. The sign reads simply "Anderson Station." And recently a new historical marker has been added which gives a short history of Fort Hay.

Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 49)

phen) Garner married April 26, 1842 in Missouri and moved to Kansas.

Posey and Mahala Melane Matticks married in Virginia or Indiana (were in Indiana in 1846).

David and Isabella Watts Turner Harness married February 4, 1846 and lived in Missouri.

Any Thains from Scotland, Canada, North Dakota or elsewhere?—Mrs. Donald Benscoter, 3829 - 17th Street C., Lewiston, Idaho 83501

Mendenhall

I would like to hear from anyone knowing of my great-great-grandfather's families. He lived near Freeport, Illinois and had three sons and one daughter. One son was my great-grandfather Philip Wesley Mendenhall, who moved to Red Bluff, California in 1888 and remained here until his death.

The ones I'm interested in are William A. Mendenhall, who later lived and died in Jonesburg, Missouri September 19, 1908; and his son, John D., who married Joan Montgomery and was last heard of in Ridgeway, Missouri in 1911.

Tom J. Mendenhall married and moved to Alva, Oklahoma, Woods County, and was last heard of in 1918. He had one son, Earl, who was last heard of working in the woods in Trego, Montana in 1918, and two daughters. Olive (Mendenhall) Abbound lived in Aline, Oklahoma in 1918. She had two sons, John and Tom Abbound; one daughter, Lenore Abbound and in 1924, a granddaughter named Yvonne Arnnell Abbound. Martha (Mendenhall) Chappel was last heard of in 1924, living in Dacoma, Oklahoma. Elizabeth (Mendenhall) Creager died in Ridgeway, Missouri about 1910. She did not have any children.—Bill A. Mendenhall, Route 1, Box 1245, Red Bluff, California 96080

Palmer

Ira Louis Palmer was born January 1, 1881 in Sullivan, Indiana. He came to Royalton, Illinois with his brother, George Palmer, around 1909 to work in the coal mines. The mines closed so he left with some men to go to Fort Smith, Arkansas to locate work in the mines in that area. They ran out of money so he wrote his father to send them some

(Continued on page 72)

Revenge by Fire

(Continued from page 37)

all trimmed along the band with tin tobacco tags."

MEANWHILE in North Yakima information was coming from a different source. Wallace Hughs came to the sheriff's office and proclaimed that he knew both the murdered man and the one for whom Sheriff Lesh was looking. "Knew 'em in Ellensburg where I was logging this summer," he said. "One of them was a tall, good-looking sort of smart aleck. Drank and gambled all the time. Don't know why they were partners for Bill Sterling was a good guy and saved his money."

When asked if he could identify the clothes Sterling wore, Hughs said, "Sure! I was with Bill when he bought the new outfit to wear back to Walla Walla."

It was an agonizing journey for Sarah Sterling. Each weary mile she told herself, "It can't be Will! He never had an enemy in his life."

The sheriff, always terse, could only show Sarah the mutilated body and hope that her sturdy spirit was somehow equal to the horror. The woman screamed and half-fainted. "It's not Will!" she sobbed. "It's not! It's not!"

"A man from Ellensburg swore these clothes were the ones your husband was wearing," the sheriff told her. "Other men swear they saw your husband and Timmerman drinking and arguing more than half the night in a saloon here."

"I don't believe it!" Mrs. Sterling cried. "Will never wasted money drinking! The very last letter he wrote said that he'd saved his money all summer and was coming home with a real good grubstake!"

But after listening to the evidence the sheriff had compiled, Mrs. Sterling finally admitted, "Yes, I guess it has to be Will. He wouldn't stay away from home like this without a good reason." Her tone implied, however, that she was not entirely convinced.

Soon there was a new aspect to the case. Sheriff Lesh discovered that the murder had been committed in the adjoining county of Klickitat. He issued a "John Doe" warrant and sent it at once to Colonel Eugene B. Wise of that county. "Here's a real job for you, Colonel," Lesh announced. "Timmerman's likely to hell and gone by this time! He'd have plenty of money with Sterling's grubstake!"

Sheriff Wise was an ex-Union army officer and he took the assignment with grim determination. It was established that Timmerman had headed south after crossing the Columbia River. Several people remembered the man's gaudy hat and his obvious German nationality. There also was a report of dark stains seen inside one of the wagon beds.

The Klickitat sheriff established his headquarters on the south bank of the Columbia at a small town known by the apt name of Alkali. (This town was later dignified by the name of Arlington.) With the aid of Sheriff Don Blakely of Gilliam County, Wise continued his search.

Time dragged but interest in the crime never waned and already there were people who doubted that Timmerman had murdered his friend, Bill Sterling.

Then a stage driver from the rough plateau south of Alkali brought the news for which Sheriff Wise had been hoping. A man of Timmerman's description had been seen in a saloon no more than fifty miles southeast of where he had crossed the river. The sheriff was glad of the lead, but was dubious, too. Surely a guilty man would have put a greater distance between himself and the scene of the crime. Thank the Lord it wasn't his business to judge!

News that Timmerman had been located shook the little town. Men begged to be deputized, and the manhunt began in earnest. Seldom following the road, the posse headed straight for Pilot Rock, Oregon. In spite of the chilly November weather, the horses were soon crusted with sweat.

"I'm looking for Henry Timmerman," Sheriff Wise announced in a crisp, clear voice as he entered the quiet saloon at Pilot Rock. He was in no mood for subtlety.

The bartender took his time answering. "I don't know nothing about him. He comes and he goes."

A man, leaning against the bar, volunteered, "He left just a while ago."

The sheriff wheeled. "Say what you know and be quick about it! I'm in a hurry!"

"So was Timmerman," the fellow chuckled. "He made a beeline for the stable and went galloping down the road toward Heppner like the devil was after him. Didn't take time for a saddle. He won't get far on that work horse."

The sheriff agreed tersely and asked, "Does he still have the wagons?"

This time the bartender replied, "No, he sold the canvas-covered one and the team the first week he was here. Had to pay off a gambling debt."

"Still running true to form," Wise muttered, and told the posse as he rejoined them, "I guess Timmerman has plenty of friends. He knew we were coming!"

FRESH HORSES were made available at the livery stable. And when one of the posse suggested a short-cut by way of Big Butter Creek Canyon, the sheriff quickly agreed. This route should place them well ahead of the fleeing Timmerman.

The short November day had faded to a pale yellow light as the men reached the canyon. A frosty breeze rattled the dead willow leaves and the men fastened their coats and readied their weapons. Under the sheriff's directions they took cover, leaving their horses at some distance with a guard.

The posse was scarcely in position before the unmistakable sound of a horseman reached them. Sheriff Wise slid his rifle barrel across the top of the rock that sheltered him. As the man and horse loomed in the shadows, the sheriff shouted an order to halt.

Timmerman realized his predicament at once and made no move for the two

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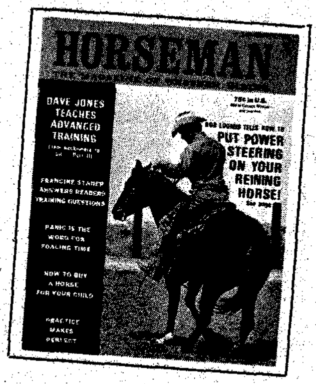
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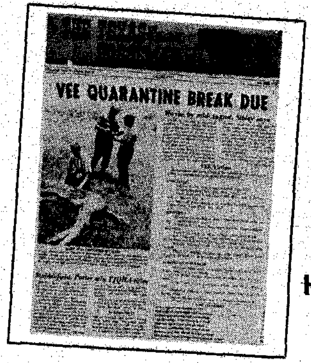

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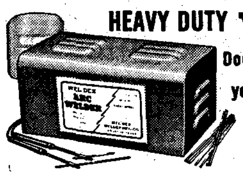

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loaded pistols that swung at his belt. Following the sheriff's order, he slid from his horse and stood quietly in the middle of the road, his hands lifted high. Then his bravado came to the rescue. He grinned insolently at the men who ringed him. "Quite a party you have, Sheriff. Didn't know I was so popular." Timmerman's voice here and there still retained the thickness of Old-Country German. The white sombrero with its twinkling assortment of tobacco tags added to the tone of mockery.

Wise was inwardly boiling. Somehow he had expected the alleged killer to be a cringing coward. The man's foolhardy flight would bear this out. But now the sheriff's instinct warned him he was facing an unusual and very complex individual, one who retained an amazing effrontery in the face of personal crisis.

Timmerman broke his haughty silence only once during the search. With his strangely colored eyes blazing, he declared, "That wallet you're going through used to belong to my partner. We traded last summer."

Timmerman was lodged in jail in Alkali, where he was formally charged with the murder of William Sterling. The suspect's eyes, which were neither blue nor brown but an oddly disturbing mixture, seemed to bore into the sheriff as he stated, "You'll never prove it. I'm innocent."

It was soon apparent that Timmerman had friends in Alkali. They hired a lawyer to prevent the man's removal across the Columbia River to Washington Territory. However, the action failed and most of the people were relieved when the prisoner was taken from their flimsy jail to Goldendale, Washington, county seat of Klickitat.

Timmerman was still pleading innocent when Justice of the Peace John Keats set his trial for October 26, 1887, in territorial circuit court. People talked at length about the murder and some offered to provide the rope and find a suitable tree. If Timmerman had confessed to murdering his friend in a fit of anger—or even greed—there might have been pity for him. But the man's arrogance outraged the citizenry. To avoid a lynching, Sheriff Wise and a well-armed posse took Timmerman to a more substantial jail in North Yakima.

AFTER LONG months of waiting, Timmerman was returned to Goldendale for trial. The attorney for the prosecution was Hiram Dustin, who had established quite a reputation for his shrewdness as a circuit-riding lawyer. His assistant was a young attorney, Oregon Dunbar, who later became well-known as a member of the Supreme Court at Olympia. Mr. D. P. Ballard of Vancouver, Washington was attorney for the defense.

Twenty witnesses for the prosecution unhesitatingly supplied detail after detail until there was a strong chain of circumstantial evidence against Timmerman. Wallace Hughs recounted what he had told Sheriff Lesh, as did the sheepherder and the two cowboys who had discovered the corpse. A host of people from North Yakima testified that Timmerman and Sterling had drunk together at Yakima saloons and had argued bitterly before leaving. The ferryman pointed out Timmerman as the man he had described with two wagons.

At last Sarah Sterling was called to testify. Nervously she identified various cooking utensils found in the wagon as belonging to her household. She said the quilts were ones she had made. But when the crucial moment arrived and she had to swear that the body she had viewed in North Yakima was her husband's, everyone in the courtroom sensed her indecision.

Timmerman was self-possessed and betrayed no concern beyond the scornful glint in his eyes.

Ballard never once let the jury forget the woman's inability to identify her husband. "The prosecution has failed to produce a *corpus delicti!*" he thundered, and requested the murder charge against Timmerman be dismissed. There were people who agreed with him, but the circumstantial evidence loomed too large and Ballard's request was denied.

As the trial drew to a close and as if sensing his ultimate fate, Timmerman for the first time offered to tell his story. Ballard quickly vetoed the offer, knowing that Hiram Dustin would trick his client into damaging admissions. So Timmerman was persuaded to depend on the technicality of the *corpus delicti* to to save his life.

The jury spent only a short time deliberating. Timmerman was found guilty of first-degree murder, and was sentenced to be hanged on December 15, 1887.

Ballard, however, wasn't through fighting. He appealed to the territorial Supreme Court on a writ of error and the sentence was stayed. But Henry Timmerman's star had set. Early in 1888 the lower court's decision was upheld. Timmerman was resentenced in Spokane, and this time Judge George Turner set the date for April 6, 1888.

After Timmerman's return to the Goldendale jail, surmise and imagination ran wild. "An innocent man is being railroaded to the gallows," was a popular opinion. Each day produced a new batch of stories. Many declared the reportedly dead man, Bill Sterling, was alive and well. Public opinion became more and more vocal, and finally Dustin and his assistant, Oregon Dunbar, visited Timmerman and offered to reopen the case. "We are eager to clear this thing up," Dustin told the convicted man.

Just as Ballard had feared, Timmerman did a poor job in his own defense. His rambling story about a couple of gunmen attempting to rob him and Sterling that evening in Horse Heaven Hills had a phony sound. He related that Sterling had shot one of the men and, fearing trouble, had ridden away on the dead man's horse.

"What happened to the second gunman?" Oregon Dunbar asked. "He's the witness you need." Timmerman's answer was vague and unconvincing.

The minute the two attorneys left the jail they were surrounded by people demanding to know if Timmerman had at last told the truth. Hiram Dustin grinned, "That fellow wouldn't know the truth if it came riding down the road to meet him. If Sterling left the country as Timmerman says, he must have been in one hell of a hurry to leave his boots and pocketbook behind!" But Hiram Dustin's opinion didn't convince everyone.

TIMMERMAN had made some loyal friends during the long months of his incarceration, and when they discovered he was still a citizen of Germany, the determined group wrote that government in his behalf. It was the last straw of hope!

The days ticked off and finally in March Timmerman's cool silence broke. Leveling his finger at the approaching sheriff, he shouted in a voice that could be heard on the street outside. "If you hang me you're hanging an innocent man! And you're going to suffer. You won't believe me now, but you will! You will when I don't stay in the grave!"

The sheriff felt his flesh prickle. The man's going insane, he thought. There was no chance to keep Timmerman's pronouncements secret; he repeated them to everyone who came near his cell. It was March when he made his last and most vehement prediction. "In three months," he said, "In three months Goldendale will burn to the ground!" No one really believed him, of course, but his prophecies produced an uneasy feeling. People who urged his hanging were more eager than ever to get it over with. On the other hand, those who believed him to be innocent were more firmly convinced by his eerie tirades.

Then, at last, his defenders who had sought intervention from the German government were rewarded. A note arrived stating that there were grave doubts as to Timmerman's guilt, and very soon there would be new evidence to prove it. Commute Timmerman's sentence to life imprisonment, requested the German government.

The request was politely but firmly denied, though pressure for clemency continued until the last minute. Arrangements were made to relay any word from the governor from the telegraph station at Grants, Oregon.

Sheriff Wise had been succeeded by William Van Vactor. To the latter and his deputy, Thomas B. Stapleton, came the grim task of the execution. A local livery stable provided a light wagon for the trip to the gallows which was perhaps a mile from town.

Once more wearing his decorated sombrero, Timmerman jumped aboard and with a bravado calculated to impress the onlookers, seated himself on the lid of his coffin. Someone had given him a cigar which he puffed with obvious enjoyment. Then the wagon started its little journey toward the hill, a crowd of curious followers trailing at the rear.

The horses quickened their pace and the crowd behind was forced to do likewise. Among them, Timmerman noticed a short, rotund barber who had shaved him many times during his stay in jail. The fat man was trotting and almost

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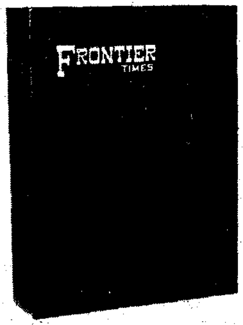

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winded in his efforts to keep up. Timmerman's lips curled with their customary scorn. "Hurry up, Shorty," he yelled, "you'll miss the fun!"

As the wagon stopped beside the scaffold, Timmerman stood up and calmly surveyed the crowd. His height and broad, square shoulders made him a commanding figure. People held their breaths and waited. Was he going to speak? Would he confess at last? He perhaps read their thoughts, for without a word he took the cigar from his mouth and with deliberate insolence flung it into their midst.

There was a scramble for this last souvenir. People shoved and pushed for the scrap of tobacco. Cold amusement lit the man's eyes as he turned to the officers. Together they mounted the steps to the gallows.

Deputy Stapleton had a liking for this unusual and certainly nervy man. Once more he pleaded, "Your time has come, Henry. There's no reprieve. Don't you think you'd better confess?"

Timmerman smiled fleetingly at the officer. "Tom, all I can tell you—if you ever get caught in such a scrape, don't let 'em take you alive."

The crowd stood silent, unmoving. The wind keened among the gray trees in the cemetery. Suddenly there was a sharp sound. A child whimpered and hid her face against her mother's skirts as if realizing for the first time what had happened.

THAT SHOULD have been the conclusion of the story but the controversy continued and with it a discussion of Timmerman's threats. Hiram Dustin and Sheriff Van Vactor positively forbade mention of the case in their presence and this too led to quite a bit of surmise and speculation. No one would admit being superstitious, but if the attorney and sheriff feared Timmerman's curse it was something to think about, something to remember when you looked toward the cemetery on the hill.

July came and harvest was at hand. One Sunday, almost exactly three months after Timmerman's execution, a man came running down Main Street. "Fire! Fire!" he screamed as loud as he could. Doors flew open. People ran outside. A thick, black plume of smoke was rising from the big livery stable, and the roar of flames increased by the second. Quickly the fire spread from one building to another. The volunteer fire-fighters were hampered by excited people who thronged the streets. Very soon, heat, flames and smoke engulfed the town as luridly as Timmerman's prophecy ever dared to describe. Main Street became a charred, smoldering ruin. Only three buildings remained—a wagon shop, a blacksmith shop, and a small livery stable.

Some of the more timid souls said sadly, "We're getting paid for hanging an innocent man." However, evidence proved the fire had been caused by green wheat hay, stacked into the livery barn before it was cured properly.

Like most frontier towns, Goldendale rebuilt better than before, and for the next two years it prospered. Then something strange happened again, but not quite in the manner his friends had expected. Timmerman didn't come swaggering down Main Street, his white sombrero at its rakish angle, the tin tobacco tags glinting in the sunlight. Yet, true to his prediction, Timmerman left his grave. His body was discovered under some brush by the creek that bordered the town. The two lads who made the gruesome find dropped their fishing poles and came running home. They were badly frightened and almost incoherent. "We saw something awful down there!" one of them gasped and waved his arms wildly toward the creek.

Once more excitement was rampant in Goldendale. People felt sure the body was Timmerman's, even before the sexton reported the man's grave was empty. A hurried trip was made to the creek and the bones were promptly returned to their resting place.

Later, two well-liquored rowdies were accused of the trick. It is reasonable to believe they were the culprits. The prank —if it could be called one—gave Goldendale citizens a bad case of nerves for a while. And the controversy over Timmerman's guilt was again a hot topic of conversation. However, one thing is certain—guilty or not, Timmerman's prophecies came true.

"Unusual spring—
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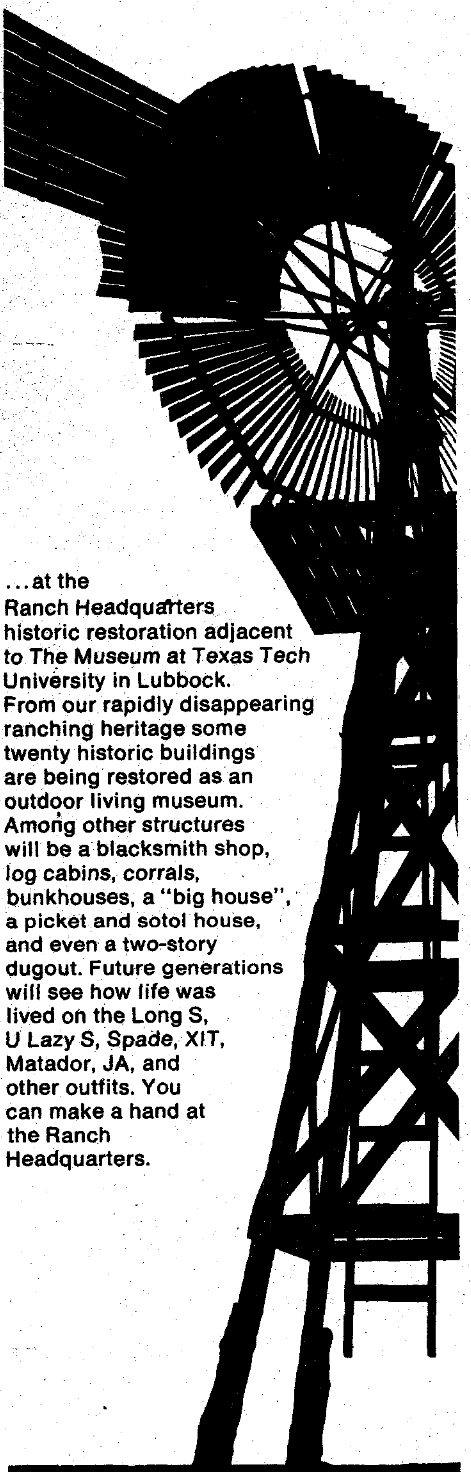
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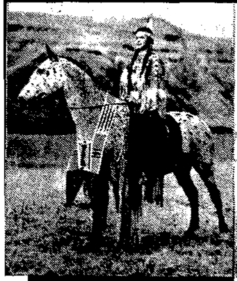
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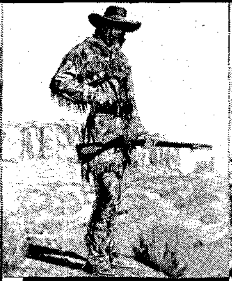
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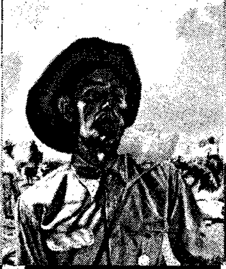
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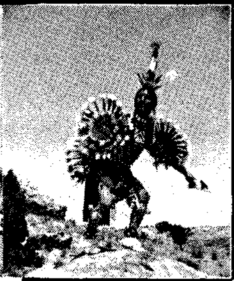
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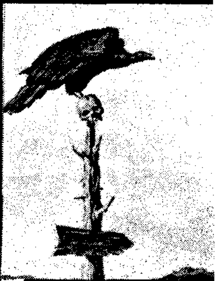
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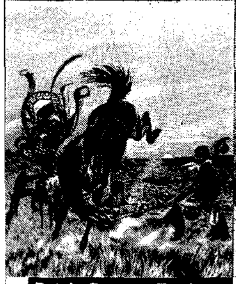
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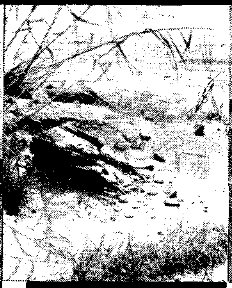
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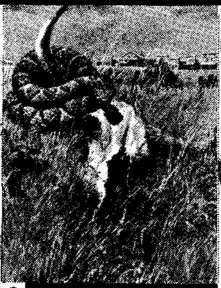
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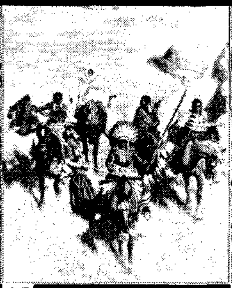
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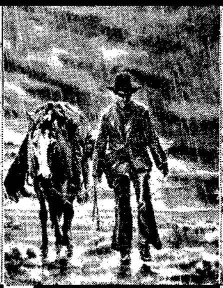
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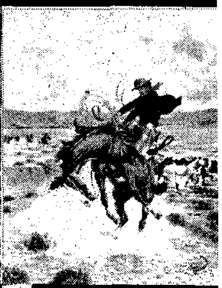
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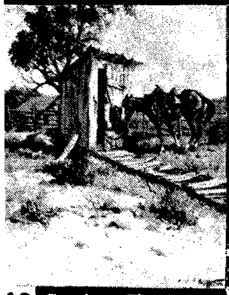
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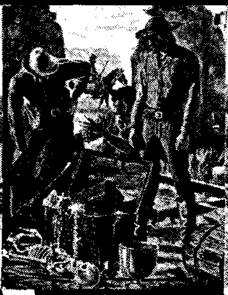
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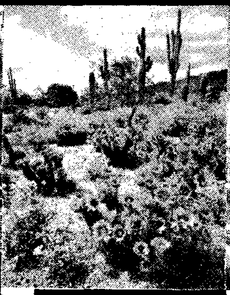
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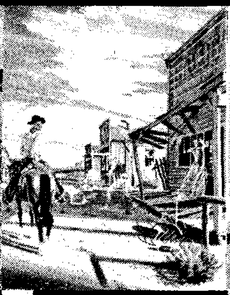
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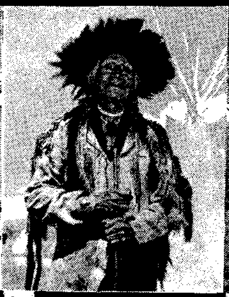
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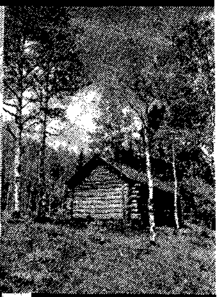
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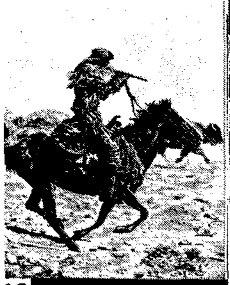
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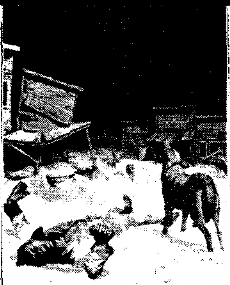
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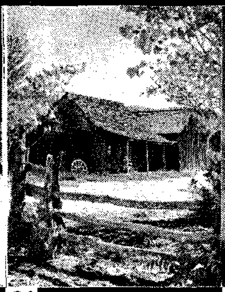
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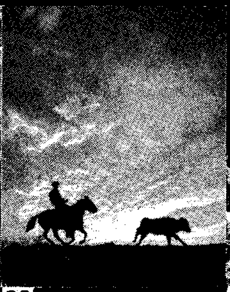
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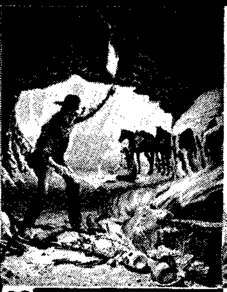
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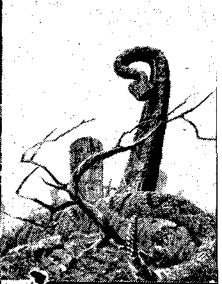
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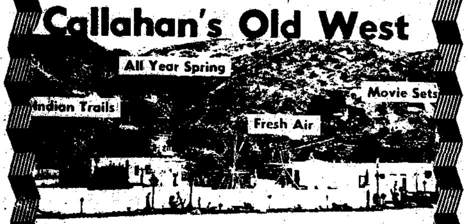

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Frontier Post

(Continued from page 40)

He came and stayed until 1944. I remember well his qualities as a colt-breaker, much in demand by the neighbors. Nothing caused him any concern, but when a colt being broken to harness had raised just so much fuss (usually snubbed to King's collar ring) the old master would reach over and bite brutally into the colt's shoulder or neck, and that usually straightened things out.

King had one fear, however—snakes. I have seen him go into a frenzy when even a small garden type variety was detected. These and bull snakes were all we had in that part of the country. Dad said it was an inborn fear of rattlers.

King was born a Western horse and carried the Bar X Bar (—X—) or Bar X (—X) brand. I went into the Marine Corps early in the '40s and when home on my first leave after returning stateside in 1944, old King was gone. Can anyone tell me where in the West might old King have come from?—C. L. "Gus" Norlin, 323 N. Chestnut Street, Monticello, Iowa 52310

"Dom Bill"

An American known as "Dom Bill" lived for a time here in Brazil about fifty years ago. He left and entrusted his saddle, an American-made Western, to a rancher who still is keeping it for him. He will not let anyone use it and has refused to sell it on many occasions.

There is material here for a human interest story if anyone has information about this person.—William J. Rawlins, Caixa Postal, 373, Goiania—Gois 74,000—Brazil

Wants Old Song

I don't see how we are going to get by without Walt Coburn, but I guess we will have to. I've read him ever since the good old pulp fiction days and he was tops with me.

I wonder if anyone could give me (or sell) a copy of a song or poem (I can't remember which it was) about a cowboy named Lon Seely, I believe was the name, who was a bulldogger with the 101 Ranch show and was found dead by the track when the show was getting ready to pull out of some town. It seemed he had been gone somewhere and had just returned to start out with the show again. The words went something like this:

Hi! Bill! Hello Si! Say Milt!
(No doubt Milt Hinkle)
Ain't that Tom Mix a-goin' by?

It seemed he was found lying with his gun but didn't say whether he had a shootout with someone or had shot himself. It was in a pulp magazine in the twenties when I read it and it has been stuck in my craw ever since. I'd like to have it to keep in my collection of old songs, books, magazines, etc. I have heart trouble and can't work anymore and I spent a few years punching cows and have done about everything to "gyp" my bosses out of enough to live on.

I also would like the old songs "That Goldarned Wheel," "Cowboy's Christmas Ball," "Way High Up in the Mogollons," "Along the Santa Fe Trail" and "The Fate of the Fleagle Gang." I hope you will publish all of Walt Coburn's stories he left behind.—Carl A. Osborn, P. O. Box 507, Rifle, Colorado 81650

Bridle Bits, Spurs, and Guns

I am writing this letter to talk a little on the use of bridle bits. I have had a lot more experience with the horse than I have with the typewriter. I am sixty years old and have been on horseback about all that time. With the help of liniments and heat pads I still work as a rider.

Now I want to speak of these bits. Recently I was looking at a cowboy catalog and they had just 65 different bits for different horses. It seems like, from my experience, that every time you change horses, the foreman, who is usually a very young man, tells you to use this or that kind of bit on your change horse. Why this is I will never know.

Years ago we always got along with one bit. Now it seems a working cowboy has to own a sack of bits to keep the foreman satisfied.

I hired out to an outfit some years back and when I rode in, this foreman came up just at that time. I had on my private horse a Garcia spade bit, and he tells me right quick that "I don't ever want to see you use that bit on any of these horses." I asked him what was wrong with it? I had used this bit for years and can say I never hurt a mouth on any horse. Well, to keep my job I used his bits and, as I say, changed bits for every horse. I tried to explain after a few weeks to this boss that it makes no difference what the hell kind of a bit you use, as it's not the bit but the hand and arm of the rider that is using the reins. You can use a rubber-wrapped snaffle bit, and if you are a heavy-handed rider and jerk a colt you can do damage to any mouth, colt or old horse, and that goes the same for a rawhide bosal, for it will eat up the jaws on any colt.

Yes, I agree that a spade bit is a dangerous-looking thing, but with common sense it's a great bit on any horse if used right. That goes the same way with spurs—if you don't use them right, whether they are sharp or dull, they can be a weapon. So I think that a bit, spurs, and a gun are alike in a lot of ways. A pistol is a harmless thing; it's the man back of it that makes a killer out of it.

And when you see a rider jerking his horse and pulling on his reins, regardless of what bit he is using, he is hurting the horse—and that goes the same for spurs. I see these dudes with spurs on and they know nothing of what they are doing, but you sure can soon end up with a ring-tailed horse. When their horse gets tired they never think of changing horses—they just spur a little harder.—Don Dell, Route 1, Box 214, Powell, Wyoming 82435

A Boxcar, A Siding, A Water Tank

(Continued from page 25)

five-piece orchestra furnished loud, rollicking music for the ones who wanted to dance. Off the right wall and rear wall a number of small rooms facing the dance floor had curtains that could be pulled across so no one could see what was going on. These little rooms were where the girls entertained their men friends. Many miners lost their stakes in those little rooms.

We had a great evening watching the gambling and dancing, and listening to the music and all that was going on. We didn't get back to our hotel room until after midnight and when we woke up the sun was shining. We washed and cleaned up the best we could, as we had no extra clothing. But our clothes were fairly warm and, after all we had gone through, did not look too bad. We checked our resources and found we had $7.60.

THE DAY BEFORE, when we had talked to some of the miners, we had learned that on the other side of the ridge, about three miles away, was the mining town of Victor and that some of the mines were operating at full capacity. They also told us that the Independent was the richest gold mine in Colorado.

We walked over the ridge to the Independent Mine and went to the shaft where they were bringing cars up from the lower levels. A dozen or more cars were on the track, loaded with ore. That ore was so rich you could see pieces of gold all over it. Guards armed with rifles were standing around and we were told that all the men working in the mine had to pass through change rooms going on and off shifts to prevent high-grading. In spite of all the activity in the mines and ore mills, however, we were unable to get a job.

A toll road went from Victor to Canon City, twenty-four miles away. Canon City, a division point on the main line of the Denver and Rio Grande, was mostly a railroad town. People in the surrounding country raised a lot of apples, potatoes and vegetables, cattle and sheep.

The railroad company had a car stop in Canon City where they built and repaired cars and employed three or four hundred men. We thought we might be able to find some work there. About two p.m. we left Victor and started walking down the old mountain wagon road. This was the road that the freighters, long-line teams with six or eight head of horses or mules, used to haul supplies of all kinds from the railroad station at Canon City to Victor and Cripple Creek. It was also used as a stage route.

That toll road had quite a history. It was rough and crooked, as it followed a rugged mountain stream most of the way. About five p.m. we came to a bridge with a chain across it about waist high. The chain was fastened to the railing on each side and had a large padlock on it. On the other side, about 200 feet from the bridge, was a fair-sized log house. As we stood there looking, a man came out of the house and started walking toward us. He came up to the bridge and asked us where we had come from and where we were going.

We told him we had walked from Cripple Creek and Victor, that we had been unable to find work, and now we were going to try in Canon City. When we asked about the chain across the bridge, he said he had charge of the road and that anyone using it had to pay. I suppose we looked pretty crestfallen for he said, "Forget about the toll. I can see you young fellows are honest. I know they're having trouble at the mines, and this time of the year it is hard to get work."

The man invited us to his house and introduced us to his daughter. Boy, were our eyes opened! She was strikingly beautiful. Bill and I thought she was the prettiest girl we had ever seen. She was about eighteen or nineteen years old.

The man's wife had died several years before, and he and his daughter lived there alone. She prepared supper for the four of us and we were invited to spend the night. He said it was fifteen miles to Canon City and too late in the day to start out. We were so glad we didn't know what to say. Their log house looked like it had been there for a long time. The living room was quite large, and had only a few windows facing the road and river. In the back of the room was a big rock fireplace. On the walls were several mounted trophies, and a number of animal skins were on the floor. There were a lot of comfortable chairs to sit in.

The main attraction for Bill and me though, was that lovely girl flitting around, setting the table and getting supper ready. Bill and I had a hard time keeping from looking at her. She prepared a real good meal for us, the first good home cooked food we had had for a long time. After supper we sat around the fireplace and the man told us about the country. We were right in the heart of the Rocky Mountains. He had been there for many years, and we believed he was older than he looked.

The next morning we thanked them for all they had done for us and told them how much we appreciated their hospitality. We started walking down the toll road, and last we saw of them, they were standing on the porch waving goodbye. Bill and I thought we would like to go back there some day.

THERE WAS not much traffic on the road—a few freight teams, some light spring wagons, and a few people on horseback. We got into Canon City about one p.m.. It was a nice day. For ten cents we got a big bag of apples. Apples were cheap.

There was no job waiting for us at the railroad car shops; we were told they were not hiring anyone.

In walking around town that evening, we saw a group of Salvation Army people on a corner. They were playing their musical instruments, singing and ringing their bells, and asking for donations. We listened to them for a little while and then asked the leader if he knew of any

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place where we could go to get a place to sleep. We told him we were broke and unable to find work. He said to wait until they were through and he would show us where to go.

He took us to his own home, gave us something to eat, a good bed to sleep in, and a good breakfast the next morning. Since that time I have always felt kindly towards the Salvation Army and we make a donation to them every year.

There was a steam generating plant producing electricity for Canon City, and coal was used for fuel. We went to the power plant and talked to the man in charge. He said he had two carloads of coal sitting on the siding alongside the coal bunkers. He wanted them unloaded. There were forty tons in each car and he said he would give us ten cents per ton to unload those two cars. The coal was broken up so it was easy to handle with a scoop shovel.

Bill and I got busy, worked like demons, and had the two cars unloaded by four that afternoon. He gave us $4.00 each. The next morning we talked things over and decided it was no use staying there any longer. We had breakfast, bought another bag of apples and went to the railroad yards to see if we could get on a train headed west. Luck was with us. A freight was getting ready to pull out.

Several cattle cars were loaded with coke and we found one we could get into. A lot of old paper was lying near the track so we took a bunch of it with us. About four feet separated the top of the coke and the roof of the car. That coke was sure rough. We bruised our hands trying to get it anywhere near smooth enough to lie on, but with the paper we had, we managed to be reasonably comfortable.

By evening we were at Salida. Trains stopped there just long enough to get another locomotive in front of the one that had pulled the train that far, and a third locomotive was put on the rear. The heavy grade from there to Leadville took a lot of power. The train got to Leadville about one a.m.

Leadville was a fair-sized mining town. It was said that at one time 10,000 people lived there. The mines were rich in silver, lead and zinc. It was very cold that night—around zero—and that cattle car we were in, with the air blowing through, made it a hard proposition to keep warm. We jumped up and down and beat our arms.

From there on the train dropped down through the Royal Gorge following the Colorado River and at the lower elevation the cold diminished a little. We pulled into Glenwood Springs at seven o'clock in the morning. We sure were glad to stop, but at four that afternoon, when a freight came along headed west, we found an empty box car and climbed in. Early the next morning we got to Grand Junction. Again we were nearly broke, and again apples were cheap so we bought some. We tried everywhere to get a job, but at that time of year there was very little going on.

Colorado Springs, Colorado

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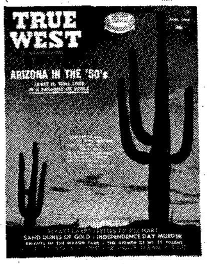
Our printer forgot to say WHOA



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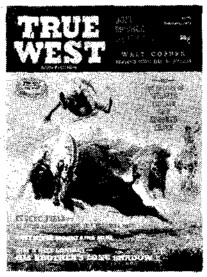

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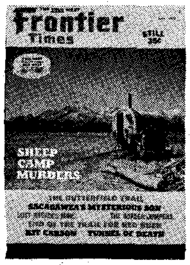

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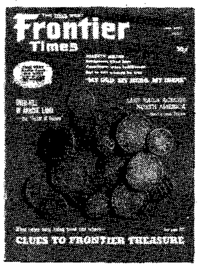

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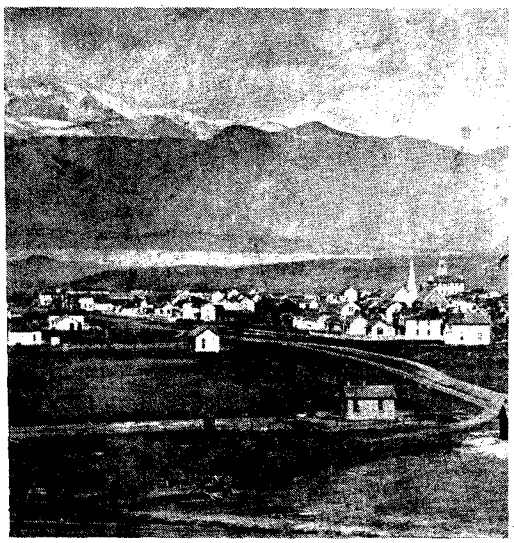
The day had been warm but as night came on it began to get cold. We saw a livery stable, so we went there and asked the owner if we could sleep in the hayloft. At first he said no, but after we told him our hard luck story and promised to be careful, mentioning that neither one of us smoked, he gave us permission. That nice loose hay made a soft bed. We had a good night's sleep and felt fine the next morning.

We had been told a passenger train would be coming through about ten a.m. We loitered along the tracks west of the depot. When the train stopped for a few minutes, we climbed onto the blind baggage. Soon the train crossed the state line into Utah, a desert-like country. About mid-afternoon the train stopped at a railroad water tank. All there was there was a small telegraph office and two houses where the section men lived. While the engine was taking on water, we were told to get off the train and stay off.

Bill and I looked around to get our bearings. I had fifteen cents in my pocket and I do not believe Bill had any more. We saw some smoke rising from a large pile of old ties near the track about 200 yards west of the depot. We concluded that it must be a jungle camp. We went over there and, sure enough, it was a real hobo place. The ties had been piled up six or seven feet high in a circle about twelve or fourteen feet in diameter and part of it had a roof. Other ties were placed around to sit or lie on. With a small fire going, it made a place to get out of the wind and storms.

WHEN Bill and I got there we found five men sitting around. They had a



soon after its founding.

lot of old newspapers and magazines to read, quite a few tin cans, and a couple of old buckets to get water in. They also had a half-sack of potatoes, some rutabagas and a can of coffee. We sat down and talked with them.

They told us a passenger train would be coming through about ten that night. The men boiled a lot of potatoes and rutabagas and we all wished we could have some bread. The only place we could hope to get any was from the section houses. We pulled straws and one of the men we had just met and I were the unlucky ones and got the short straws.

At that time of the day the section men were all out working. The only ones at the section houses were the women and children. They were either Italians or Mexicans and could not speak English very well. After talking to them a little, they understood what we wanted and gave us a very large round loaf of bread and a piece of bacon. The bacon was added to the potatoes and rutabagas; the bread was dark but good. All of us enjoyed that meal.

The five men in the tie-house did not seem in any hurry to move on, but Bill and I were anxious to be on our way. That evening about the time the train was due to come through, Bill and I went to a point about 150 yards west of the water tank and lay in the ditch near the tracks. Bill was on the south side and I was on the north side. The wind was blowing from the south.

The train came in, stopped for water, and then started on. As it came by I tried to get on the blind baggage, but just at that minute the steam exhausting from the engine made such a fog I couldn't see, so I had to stay off. Bill, on the south side of the track with the wind in his favor, got on. That was the last time I ever saw Bill. He was sure a fine fellow, a good pal.

I had started back toward the jungle camp when I heard a train whistle. I could hardly believe it but there came the second section of that passenger train. This time I got on the south side of the track and when the train pulled out I had no trouble getting on. Sometime that night, however, it stopped at a water tank near a small stream and while the train was stopped, the trainman ran me off. I went down under the bridge near the stream and found a place where other bums stayed and made myself as comfortable as I could and went to sleep.

When I woke up, the sun was shining. I climbed up on the tracks and looked around. There was nothing but a siding and the water tank, so I started walking down the railroad tracks. It was mostly semi-desert country and pretty lonely. About noon I came to where a bunch of section men were having their lunch. When I stopped and asked them how far it was to the next town, they said there was a small place about seven miles away, where they lived. One of them asked me if I was hungry. I said I was. "Kid," he said, "you can have all the food we have left." Believe me, that was plenty and I had all I could eat.

I thanked them for the eats and went on to the place they had told me about. There was a depot, about a dozen houses, two long sidings, some cattle yards and loading chutes. When the freight came along that afternoon, it slowed up some but didn't stop. Nevertheless I was determined to get on it. It was moving at probably twenty or twenty-five miles per hour. I ran alongside it as fast as I could manage and get on it, but lost my hat in doing so.

I stayed on that train until we got to Helper, a division point with a round house and also a sand house (where they dried the sand used on the rails when they were wet or slippery). It was the middle of the night when I got there and the warm house was a welcome place. The next morning I went up on the tracks and when a fast passenger came along I got on the blind baggage. That train stopped only twice between there and Salt Lake City.

I HAD BEEN TOLD that the cops in Salt Lake watched all trains and were tough on hobos. As we slowed down, approaching the depot, I leaped from between the cars and hit the ground running—and right there, not far from where I landed, stood two cops. One look was all I needed. I kept running and ducked under a long loading platform. Several wagons and horses were near the platform. I went between the wagons, across the street, and up the alley. After I had gone only a short distance toward the main part of town, I met an old lady with a shawl over her head and shoulders. She stopped me and asked if I could give her a dime. "Lady," I said, "if I had a dime I would go and get something to eat. I haven't had anything for two days." She said, "God bless you. The Lord will be good to you." I was broke and must have been a sight to look at, hatless and dirty from riding that train.

Uptown one of the first places I saw was a pawn shop. I thought of an old silver-cased Elgin watch I had in my bundle and went in to see this loan shark. The watch was not running but it had been a good one at one time. He looked it over, examined the works, and

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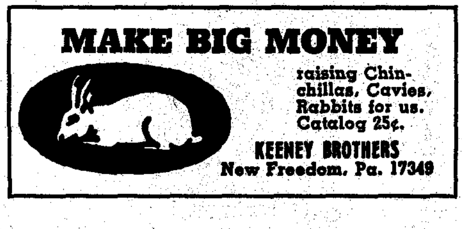

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said he could lend me $3.00. I took the offer—those three silver dollars really looked big.

At a second-hand store I bought a cap for twenty-five cents and then I went to a barber shop, got a bath and shave, brushed my clothes as well as I could, and then got something to eat. You could get a good meal for a quarter and a room in a hotel for the same.

The next morning I saw a newspaper ad for men to work on an aerial tramway being built from a mine to the railroad. In answer to that ad, I went to the office of the Continental Copper Mining Company in Salt Lake City and was hired. I went by train to Provo and on a stage from there to camp, which was about 8,000′ elevation. The mine was rich in copper, with some silver and gold, at an elevation of a little over 10,000′ in the Wasatch Range. The aerial tramway they were building consisted of towers every 300′-400′ or 500′, depending on the terrain. The towers were from 150′-300′ high.

The camp was good and provided all the food that anyone could ask for. There were tents for the men to sleep in. The custom was that every man carry his own bedroll. I didn't have one, but the camp had lots of mattresses so I used two of them to lie on and used one to cover up with. I was warm and comfortable, even though the nights at that elevation were cold.

The tower I worked on was 175′ high, built of heavy timber. The first 100′ was built about 30′ square straight up; from there it tapered to 8′ square at the top. That carried the out-riggers from which the heavy cables were hanging. It was very dangerous work up there in the air—one false step and a man would either be killed or crippled for life.

They were paying $6.00 per day and board, the highest wages anyone had ever heard of. I was young and active and got along well. We worked every day, Sundays and all.

I had worked six days when I started having nosebleed. I did all I could to stop it, but the bleeding would stop for awhile and then start again. The foreman said, "The altitude is too high for you. You'll have to get out of here." He paid me off and I went with one of the freight wagons going down to the railroad. My nose stopped bleeding as soon as I got down to a lower elevation.

I went back to Salt Lake City to the hotel where I had been before, cleaned up, and stayed there for a few days to get straightened out. I bought myself some new clothes, including a good warm coat. At the hotel I met a young man about my age (I was twenty-one by then). They called him the Colorado Kid. I never did know his real name. He and I became quite friendly. We went around together to the gambling places and dance halls. He didn't have much money but he liked to gamble. Sometimes he was lucky; at other times he lost. It was an up and down deal.

I HEARD the Denver and Rio Grande was hiring young men and breaking them in as locomotive firemen, so I went to the roundhouse and saw the superintendent. After talking to him a little, he said, "You'll do. We sure need firemen." He gave me a note and told me to go to the doctor for a physical examination. It was the most rigid examination I had ever had. He gave me a letter and told me to go back to the superintendent.

He looked the letter over and said, "Fine. Where are you living?" I told him I was living at the hotel and he wrote down the address. "You'd better go back to the hotel and get some sleep," he said, "because we want you to go out tonight. We'll call you."

I went back to the hotel but I didn't get much sleep. The call boy came at nine p.m. and told me to be at the roundhouse in an hour, ready to go to work. I was going to be a railroad fireman. It sounded great. I could see myself sitting up there in that cab looking at the scenery going by, but I was due for a rude awakening.

After the roundhouse foreman had given me some instructions about how to fire an engine and keep the steam up, I got on. The engineer was an old-timer, had been an engineer for years. He said to the foreman, "Do you think this kid can keep steam up? You know it's a heavy grade and long haul from here to Helper."

This was a pusher engine and we were hooked onto the tail end of a long freight train. We got underway and I started shoveling coal. It was fairly easy at first but as soon as we hit the heavy grade and started climbing, that engine was really working. I would shovel coal like a demon into the fire box, take the long-handle rake and rake the coals over a couple of times and it would be nearly all gone. The engineer would look at the steam gauge and then at me. He didn't act too friendly. I had my shirt off and worked like I had never worked before.

We were supposed to have 175 pounds of steam and it was nip and tuck to keep it up there. I will never know how many tons of coal I shoveled that night. The tender was nearly empty when we got to Helper at about seven a.m. (Helper was the place I had slept in the sand-drying house a couple of weeks before.) We went to a hotel that took care of railroad men and had breakfast. Then I went up and took a shower which, believe me, I really needed, then went to bed.

Late that afternoon the call boy woke

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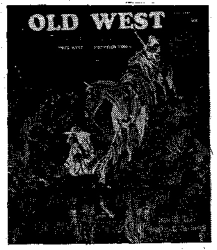

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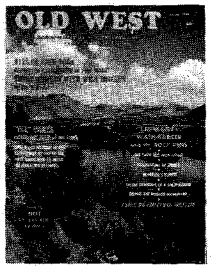

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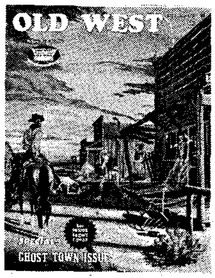

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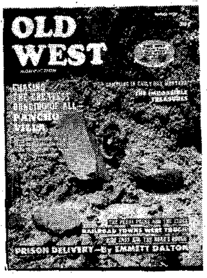

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me up and said to be ready in an hour to go to work. When I got to the roundhouse the engineer was there and we were ready to go. We were hooked onto a long freight but it was all downhill and keeping the steam up was easy. The next morning we were back in Salt Lake City.

When we got to the roundhouse I asked the foreman if I could get paid for the trip I had made. I told him I was broke and needed something to live on. He gave me a slip of paper and I went up to the office and received $8.00. That one trip was all the railroading I ever wanted. I never went back.

THE COLORADO KID was still in town. He said, "I want to get out of here. These gambling joints are keeping me broke." He told me a new railroad (known as the Salt Lake and San Pedro Railroad) was being built from Salt Lake City down through Nevada to Daggett, California. Men were needed to build the grades, and the Kid said, "Let's go down there."

We went to the office where they were doing the hiring and they said, "Sure, we will give you a job. We have a train leaving early tomorrow morning."

We bummed around town that evening. After watching a crap game for awhile, the Kid said, "I only have about a dollar. I might as well be broke." He started to play, making small bets. He would win and lose; after an hour he was just about even. Then he started to win a little and played until he had twenty dollars. I didn't join in because I didn't know how to play crap games the way they played. I knew a little about poker but I knew I wouldn't have a chance playing with the tinhorns at those tables.

We went to the hotel and got ready to go to bed. The Colorado Kid felt happy and started to sing. He had a fair voice. His favorite song was "Where the Silvery Colorado River Wends Its Way."

The S.L. and S.P. train which was to take us to where we were going to work, was a mixed train. One coach was half-baggage and half-passenger; there was one ordinary passenger coach; several boxcars, loaded with all kinds of supplies; and a lot of flat cars carrying ties and steel rails. A lot of people were on that train. Most of the men, like we, were going to work for the railroad, but there were also miners and prospectors, gamblers, saloon operators, and a few women.

In Nevada's desert country, late that afternoon, we arrived at a place called Caliente—a God-forsaken place if I ever saw one. This was as far as the train went; from there on there was only work trains. Caliente consisted of a railroad water tank, a telegraph office, and about a dozen tents (rag dumps). These dumps were just rough wood frames with canvas over them, but some were quite large. Except a few being used by the railroad, they were saloons and gambling places. There were no hotels or any place a man could stay.

It was almost dark when we arrived there. This was in January 1905, and when the sun goes down on the desert it gets cold. The Kid and I looked around and finally went to one of the largest tent houses—roughly about 40′ x 60′. The place was full of people, mostly men. On our left was a rough bar 25′ or 30′ long, and three men were waiting on customers. On our right was a roulette table and a crap table. Near the center partition wall was an opening leading into the other half of the "building." In there was a kitchen, lunch counter, and tables for people who wanted to sit to eat and drink. The place was crowded, mostly railroad construction workers, railroad men, miners, cattlemen, and gamblers and dealers. Most were dressed in rough clothes and a lot of them had beards. They all looked like they needed a bath.

THE KID and I went to the lunch counter and were lucky enough to find a couple of vacant stools. We got a good meal that night. After that there was nothing to do but stand or sit around and watch the gambling and the people.

There was a piano, and a man playing loud barroom music. A few of the men who had plenty to drink were trying to dance on the rough floor. But the main attraction was gambling. At the faro table a lookout was sitting on a chair on a raised platform where he could look over the heads of the men playing. He had a loaded six-shooter on the arm of the chair near his right hand, and he watched every move that was made. About eleven p.m. some of the men started unrolling blankets on the floor and went to bed; others stretched out on the benches. By midnight men were lying everywhere except near the bar, lunch counter, or the gambling tables.

The Kid and I looked around and the only place we could find to lie down, where we would not be walked on, was under the roulette table. We had no blankets, just a small bundle of things we carried along with us. We crawled under the table, used our little bundles for a pillow, and tried to get some sleep. By one a.m. things had quieted down some; most of the gambling had quit, but there were still a few men at the bar. A little after two, we were roused by a lot of loud talk and then shooting.

Black Diamond, the man who owned the place, was shot in the jaw, the bullet coming out the back of his neck. Another man was hit in the right shoulder. Everyone got up and there was very little sleep the rest of the night.

At about six a.m. we had breakfast and then walked down to the work train. This train was mostly flat cars loaded with ties, steel rails, and railroad equipment. One hundred or more men were on that train, going to diffferent construction camps. In an hour and a half or so, the train got to the end of track. From there on, we had to walk.

The construction camps were about five miles apart. We could get something to eat at any of the camps we came to. The camp where the Kid and I were to work was ten miles or so south of Las Vegas. We walked all day and got to Las Vegas a little before dark.

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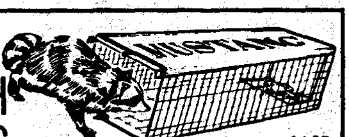

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There was a large construction camp there, including a lot of railroad engineers. These engineers were surveying where the railroad, railroad yards, depot, etc. were going to be; also they were laying out the town. You could buy choice corner lots for $100. A large spring with good cold water bubbled up in that dry desert and formed a small stream which ran through the edge of where the town was to be. A mile or so below the town was the Las Vegas cattle ranch (known as the Vegas ranch).

That night the Kid and I slept in a hay barn at the Vegas ranch. The next morning we were up with the sun, had breakfast at the camp, and started walking. Five of us were going to the same camp. We walked along where they were building the railroad grade and arrived where we were going to work a little before noon.

We reported to the foreman and showed him the hiring slip they had given us in Salt Lake. He looked us over and asked what we could do. My pal said he knew how to handle horses. The man said, "Fine. I need a man to help the hostler." He looked at me and said, "I need a good plow shaker. You look strong and active; I think you can do it."

THERE WERE a hundred or more horses and mules in camp. Most of the work was done by Fresno scraper with four mules or horses hitched to each one. The plow, all iron and heavy, was used to loosen the dirt so the Fresno could pick it up. They had eight good-sized mules to pull it. The mule driver was a tall, athletic young Mexican, who certainly knew how to handle those mules. Shaking the plow was not an easy job. Most of the ground we were breaking had a lot of rock in it and with all the power pulling it, half of the time I was bouncing up in the air.

The first few days were pretty rough, but I stayed with it and got so I liked it. It was one of the best paying jobs in camp—$2.50 per day. Meals cost seventy-five cents per day. Water for the camp was hauled from Good Springs about ten miles away. Camp was all tents; the cook house and dining tent had a rough wood frame with a floor. The others had no floors but the ground was dry as it seldom rained.

We were furnished a cot but had to have our own bedding. The Kid and I had none. He slept in a tent near the corral with the hostler, who was a big, rough, husky looking man from Missouri. He and the Kid took care of the horses and mules, repaired the harnesses, etc. I slept in a small tent. I got a lot of empty gunny sacks, sewed them together, and made myself some blankets. They were quite satisfactory. A candle made enough light that I could lie in bed and read. Most of the teamsters were young, strong Mexicans or half-breeds. Nearly all of them carried a double-edged dagger and on Sunday when they were not working they practiced throwing at a target fifty feet away. They were almost as accurate with those daggers as some men are with a rifle.

There was one quite old man who was the camp roustabout. He was an alcoholic, and I recall one Sunday that a bunch of us were playing poker in the hostler's tent using bales of hay for a table. Old George, as he was called, was sitting watching the game when a couple of men who had been to Good Springs came in and set a bottle of whiskey on the makeshift table and said, "Have a drink on us, boys. They opened the bottle and started passing it around. Old George stood up and started reaching for that bottle with both hands, so nervous he was trembling. "Give me a drink," he said.

The big Missourian hostler answered,

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—Joseph Conrad

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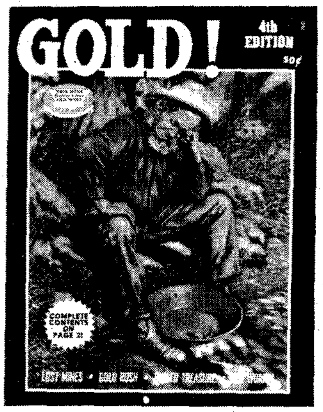

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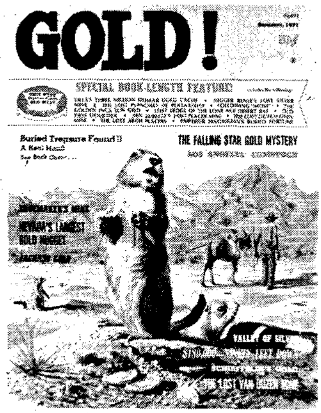

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"Sit down. You'll get a drink when your turn comes." When Old George's turn came he grabbed the bottle with both hands and started to drink like he had never had a drink before. The hostler jerked the bottle away from him and said, "You damn hog! Let someone else have some."

In about two months the section of the railroad grade we were working on was completed, and we were laid off. The Colorado Kid and I thought we would go to Los Angeles. We, along with most of the men, walked to Good Springs. There was a construction camp there and a lot of rag dumps, saloons, gambling and a restaurant. This was the end of the railroad coming up from the south. From there we could go by work train to Daggett, California. I went into one of the saloons. The bar and backbar were made out of rough 1 x 12 boards. Old George followed and went right to the bar, laid his money down and said, "Give me a bottle." Old George started drinking as if he were dying of thirst. Sometime later the Kid and I went to the restaurant and got something to eat. When we left, there lying on the ground was Old George. He had a half-gallon jug of whiskey that he was hanging onto and was so drunk he didn't know anything. I shook him to try to rouse him and he mumbled, "They won't get my money this time. I have it hid in my shoe." Of all the alcoholics I have ever seen, he was the worst.

THE NEXT MORNING we got on a train and late that afternoon arrived in Daggett. It was Sunday and nearly everything was closed. We found a little store and got some crackers and cheese. Daggett was only a short way from Barstow, a division point on the Santa Fe Railroad. We thought maybe we could beat our way to Los Angeles from there, so we walked over and arrived about dark.

At the railroad yard there were five or six sidings with a lot of cars on them. One freight train was getting ready to pull out. We had quite a time dodging the cops and keeping away from the railroad men, but when the train moved out we were in a boxcar and didn't think the railroad men had seen us.

At daybreak the train stopped at a water tank to take on water. We couldn't figure out how anybody knew we were on that train, but they hunted us up and ran us off. There was nothing there except a small depot, telegraph office and a couple of section houses—just a place on the wide open desert, sagebrush, Joshua trees, yuccas and cactus. The hot desert sun was just coming up; the air was very clear and the sky azure blue. We looked around, and a short distance back of the depot in a little ravine we saw smoke rising. We concluded this must be the jungle camp, so we walked over there. When we got close we saw a man sitting near a small fire, warming up something in a gallon can. His back was toward us and he didn't seem to hear us as we approached.

We began talking to him but he didn't answer or make a move. Finally we began to wonder what was the matter. The Kid said, "If you don't want to talk to us, you don't have to." Then the man started making signs with his hands; we knew he was deaf and dumb. He got a small pamphlet out of his pocket and started writing. He said he had been bumming for a long time; he liked the desert and was not in a hurry. We communicated back and forth. We told him we wanted to go to Los Angeles; he said he wanted to go to Victorville as he had friends there.

The can he had on the fire had coffee in it. He also had a loaf of bread and a little bacon. All we had was some cheese and crackers that we had bought in Daggett. After we had been with him for a while he was quite friendly. He told us a freight train would be going west late that afternoon, that he knew the railroad men on that train, and we could all go together.

It was early spring and the sun on that desert was sure hot. We lay around all day, slept some, exchanged notes, and the Colorado Kid sang a few songs. (Even though the deaf and dumb man could not hear, he seemed to enjoy the Kid's singing.) He told us he could play a piano and that when we got to Victorville he would play for us.

That evening a little before sunset the freight train came in and stopped for water. We got into an empty box car and left the doors wide open because of the heat. I recall we stood in the doors and looked at the desert scenery as the train moved along. The next morning we were at Victorville.

Our new friend said, "Come with me. I know a lady who will give us a good breakfast." He led us to a nice looking house and knocked on the door. A lady opened the door, shook hands with him, hugged him, and invited us in. We judged she was about fifty or fifty-five years old, and evidently lived alone. She was very pleasant and seemed to be glad to see this man. They talked with their hands. There was no doubt he had been there many times before.

The Kid and I were told we were welcome. She prepared a good breakfast, with a joyful conversation going all the while. After breakfast we went into the living room where there was a piano. After a little while, the deaf and dumb man sat at the piano and filled the room with music. He was quite gifted. The Colorado Kid sang.

The lady told us she liked to have the man come there; she enjoyed his playing very much. She also enjoyed the Kid's singing and asked us to stay for lunch, but the Kid and I decided we should go on. We left the deaf and dumb man there and went to the depot. The Kid and I had some money that we had earned in Nevada, so we decided to buy tickets and ride the passenger into L. A. The passenger didn't come through there until late that evening.

The train started climbing the long grade to get over Cajon Pass. After an hour or so it stopped and soon the passengers were asking why. We were told there was a wreck up ahead. People began getting off and walking up to see

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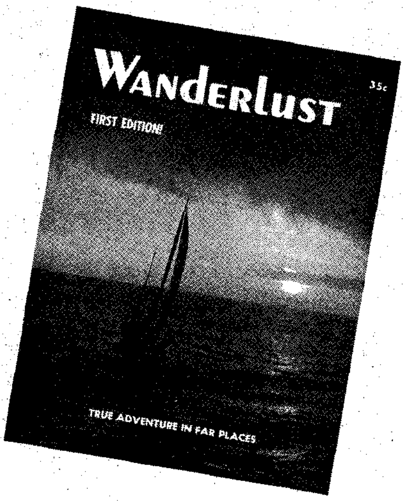

It's exactly what the subtitle denotes—"True Adventure in Far Places."

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the wreck. The Kid and I got out and went with the crowd, though it was so dark we could hardly see. The only light was from the engine's headlight. Many box cars were lying on the sides of the track, some badly broken up. The ground was covered with nice big navel oranges and everybody was picking them up. We ate all we could and carried all we could back to our coach. It was several hours before they could get the tracks cleared so we could go on.

In Los Angeles the Kid and I went to the Nattic House, a working man's hotel, where rooms were twenty-five cents per night or $1.50 per week. Meals were also twenty-five cents. Everything was cheap. Warner's Restaurant charged ten cents for bacon or ham and eggs, with bread, butter and coffee. A piece of pie or cake was five cents extra. Peterman's Restaurant charged fifteen cents per meal; pie and cake five cents extra. A shave was ten cents; haircut, fifteen cents.

The Kid and I tried to get a job but couldn't find one. Work was scarce and there were lots of idle men. Los Angeles was a small city with less than 100,000 population. After a week the Colorado Kid decided to go back to Colorado and home. He was a good boy and very pleasant company. I enjoyed every day I was with him. When he got on a train and left that was the last time I ever saw him.

So there I was—five months after leaving St. Louis, Missouri—on the West Coast at last. It had been a long road with many adventures—a trip I will never forget.

Western Book Roundup

(Continued from page 21)

EXPLORING THE PAST

The First American: A Story of North American Archaeology (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $9.95) by C. W. Ceram is the latest book on archaeology by the former German journalist, Kurt W. Marek. The author moved to the United States in 1954 after winning international attention for his *Gods, Graves and Scholars* which was published in 1949. *The First American* presents more of an overview or resume of North American archaeology as already published by a multitude of writers than an in-depth or definitive study. The bibliography broken down by major subjects will be especially valuable to students or laymen interested in archaeology, with particular reference to the origin and development of the American Indians. While the book covers a seemingly endless array of detail, none is covered in depth and may raise more questions than answers on many points. The five subbooks sweep from pre-Columbian exploration through the Conquistadoras, the scientists, explanations of strata and shards, tree-ring dating, reading ruins, the Hohokam, the story of maize, the riddle of mounds, the great beasts, Folsom and other early men. The author's sequence isn't always logical and his bias shows on many controversial theories, yet he writes in an interesting manner which whets the appetite for even more information than he presents. The book has sixty drawings by Hannelore Marek and forty-three photographs in color and black and white. The index will add to the value of the book as a reference to specific subjects.

PRESIDENT WALKER

The Republic of Lower California, 1853-1854 (Dawson's Book Shop, $8.00) is another (Number 6) fine little volume in the Baja California Travel Series. It was edited by Arthur Woodward who depended on the official papers of the "Republic" and contemporary reports for much of his material. William Walker was the moving force and the first and only President of this short-lived Republic—first known as the Republic of Lower California and later, by edict of Walker on January 21, 1854, as the Republic of Sonora. A bit of little known history in an edition of 600 copies printed by Grant Dahlstrom at The Castle Press—complete with folding map. A gem.

REMINGTON AND THE ADIRONDACKS

Cranberry Lake from Wilderness to Adirondack Park (Syracuse University Press for The Adirondack Museum, $13.75) was edited by Albert Fowler. In case some of you purists are fixing to ask when the Adirondacks got moved west of The River—they didn't. But a strapping young fellow, name of Frederic Remington, did a lot of growing up in them hills and he moved back and forth across The River many times. This book is an important addition to our knowledge of one of our truly great Western artists. In it you meet Remington's friends and mentors—the guides and woodsmen who taught him outdoor lore. Cranberry Lake later became a favorite vacation spot for an older, married Remington who came both to relax and to work on certain types of illustrating assignments. The chapter "Bill Rasbeck's Diary" was introduced and edited by Atwood Manley, the Remington scholar of Canton. Bill's brother Has (Harrison) was Remington's favorite guide and companion. There are five illustrations by Remington in this book and two photos of him—in fact the illustrations, and they are numerous, throughout the text definitely enhance the volume. In addition to the Remington collectors those interested in Wilderness areas, hunting and, particularly, fishing will find this book most informative. Strongly recommended.

GHOST TOWNS

Ghost towns have long been a favorite playground for history buffs and treasure hunters. A new ghost town book, *Lonesome Walls* (Exposition Press, $7.50) by Tom Barkdull will also appeal to those interested in clever writing. In lively style the author holds his reader's interest with details about the rise and fall of seventeen abandoned western towns. One of the most fetching reveals the story of noisy, sinful Goldfield, Nevada. The text is generously illustrated with photographs of dead and dying towns.

Sir St. George Gore

(Continued from page 33)

you and find him worth more than you asked. This $200 will make the cost nearer his true value."

At Fort Union Gore decided to build a couple of flatboats for transporting his possessions to Fort Berthold. Major Culbertson offered to build the boats but, when the work was completed, the factor attempted to charge an exorbitant price. Gore declared that neither Culbertson nor the American Fur Company would realize so much as one American penny at his expense. He immediately distributed a great many valuable articles to vagabonds, then burned the remainder in front of Major Culbertson's quarters. After the fires had cooled, Gore had his men carefully rake the ashes for the iron-work and flung it all into the river rather than let a single thing of value fall into Major Culbertson's hands.

With the breaking up of the ice in the spring the Gore expedition came to an end. The Irish nobleman boarded a steamboat at Fort Berthold and returned to St. Louis, the first lap of his return home. Stories concerning his elaborate caravan were retold for many years by mountain men, hunters and trappers. All agreed that the hunting expedition was the "gol-derndest thing" ever to invade the Rockies. A few—recipients of his largesse—remembered him fondly. But many others recalled rotting carcasses and the hostility of Indians aroused by the inordinate slaughter of food animals. It is this latter picture of Sir St. George Gore that the West most vividly remembers today.

ORPHAN "SETTLERS" IN NEBRASKA

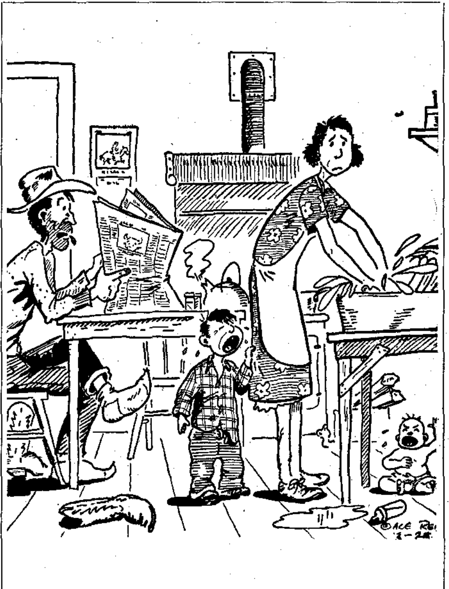
IN THE FIRST half century of the existence of Nebraska as a state, a number of closely knit ethnic groups or those merely sharing a common background came here to claim land or to find employment in its industries. One of the strangest and most poignant of these, and perhaps the smallest distinct group, were homeless children of the East, many of whom came to Nebraska on the Burlington Railroad's "orphan trains," or more accurately "orphan cars."

Their total number is not known, though it is believed no more than several hundred came to Nebraska, and their arrival was distributed over several decades. According to Oswin Keifer of Bostwick, Nuckolls County, in a letter in 1960 to Val Kuska, retired Burlington executive of Lincoln, "These cars came out in the spring, about Easter time, for several years, probably from 1896 to 1906." There is considerable evidence other groups came out much earlier and some later, even into the 1920s. The children's ages ranged from toddlers of two or three to young teen-agers who could assume some work responsibility, especially in agricultural communities, where most of them were placed.

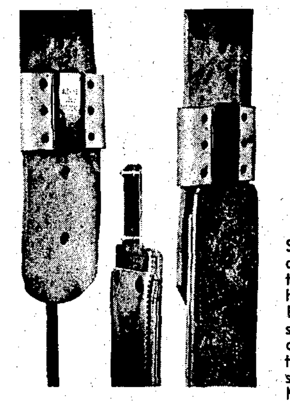
These youngsters were in the main Easterners and many had been wards of institutions in New York City, including the Children's Aid Society, the Protestant Episcopal Orphan Home, and the Catholic Foundling Hospital, before being sent to Nebraska and other western states. At least one Nebraskan, a Methodist minister, the Rev. J. W. Swan, acted as agent in arranging for adoption of the orphans in Nebraska. The Erie Railroad between New York and Chicago and the Burlington to Nebraska provided free transportation for them. Some prior arrangements were possible in assigning certain children to specific parents, but frequently trembling waifs were somewhat heartlessly paraded before prospective parents on the opera house stage or the depot platform, though not infrequently firm family ties began under these circumstances.

In 1962 at Grand Island a reunion was arranged for the "orphans," then heads of families themselves, by Mrs. Howard V. Kingdon. Over fifty persons attended, some from other Midwestern states. One of the better known orphans, Harry Karl, a wealthy shoe manufacturer and husband of Debbie Reynolds of the movies, was unable to attend.

The Nebraska State Historical Society has in its archives some material on the orphan trains, placed there by Mr. Kuska, as well as a few other clippings and personal reminiscences, but it is interested in obtaining more. Families who have connections with the orphan-adoption movements are invited to correspond with Marvin F. Kivett, Society director, sending reminiscences, pictures, or tips on where to obtain additional information. Material will be copied and returned to the sender, if he so chooses.—*(Courtesy Nebraska State Historical Society, Lincoln)*



"What do you mean, you think the magic has gone out of our marriage?"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Trails Grown Dim

(Continued from page 54)

money to come home on. The other men returned and said that Ira had decided to stay there and possibly go on to Oklahoma. Some think he may have been killed for his money, but he may have gone on West to seek his fortune. Possibly he located work in mines out in the West, but he was not heard from again. If anyone knows where he might have settled, please contact me. All letters will be answered as I am interested in knowing if he might still be living or at least where he lived after he left Illinois.—Mrs. Frances Palmer, Box 98B1A, R. R. 1, Steeleville, Illinois 62288

Smith

My father, W. E. (Ed) Smith, was born either at Vincennes or Terre Haute, Indiana around 1860. His father, he said, died two weeks before he was born and his mother two weeks after. He was raised by an aunt whose name I do not know. He had some brothers and I think one was named Tom. I don't know whether he had any sisters. After an argument with one of his brothers, he noticed a freight train pulling through town, which he boarded and left the state, never returning. He first went to Oklahoma and worked on the Frisco Railroad, I think in the Cherokee Nation. Later he came to Arkansas on a freight train, getting off at Corning, Arkansas. From there he went to Walnut Ridge, where he worked in a saw mill for a while. He later bought a saw mill of his own and it was there he married my mother. For some unknown reason, he never corresponded with any of his relatives back in Indiana. Father was a rather large man, weighing possibly 180 pounds or so. He had the appearance of being of Swedish extraction. He left Indiana about 1878.

Would like to hear from anyone who might shed a little light on my father's family.—J. Wm. Smith, Route 1, Box 4, Walnut Ridge, Arkansas 72476

Gast

Would like to hear from a relative of Eric Gast or George Gast who were last heard from in 1931 in Washington, California and who may have been from Wilmington, California and who were associated with the Llano Del Rio Company of Nevada.—James D. Wood, Route 1, Box 73, Leesville, Louisiana 71446

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Wright

I am trying to locate my half-sister. Her maiden name was Lois Virginia Wright, and she was born in or near Clarksville, Tennessee about 1910. She came to Montana in the early 1920s and went to a Catholic school, St. Vincent Academy. She entered St. Peter's Hospital in Helena, Montana for nurses training after finishing school—or while still attending. The family last heard from her in 1928 when my younger brother Dexter was born. At the time, the family was ranching near Wolf Creek, Montana. I believe she may have returned to Tennessee.—D. Buckley Wright, 3635 South Shaver, Apt. 1319, Pasadena, Texas 77504

Knox-Butcher-Hamilton-Leatherman James

Am seeking information on my great-grandparents, Joseph Benjamin Knox and Alice Butcher. I know nothing of them before they moved to Joy, Illinois. My grandfather, Wilburn B. Knox, was born there March 12, 1887. All that is known about Joseph is that he was a laborer.

My great-great-grandfather, Silbert Hamilton, came originally from Syracuse or Schenectady, New York. Joel Hamilton, my great-grandfather, was born in one of those two places July 6, 1869. It is believed the family later moved to Great Bend, Kansas. Silbert is buried there but the exact location is unknown. Silbert's wife's name was Emma. Would like to know birth and death dates and burial site.

My great-grandparents, Joel and Martha Delilah Leatherman Hamilton, died at Kiowa, Kansas and are buried at Bethel Cemetery in Oklahoma.

My great-great-grandparents, Fredrick and Mary Jane Leatherman, whose origin is unknown, were in Sidney, Iowa in 1871. My grandmother Martha Delilah Leatherman was born in Sidney February 6, 1871. Both Fredrick and Mary Jane are buried at Crescent City, Oklahoma. Where they lived at the time of their death, or after Martha's birth, is not known.

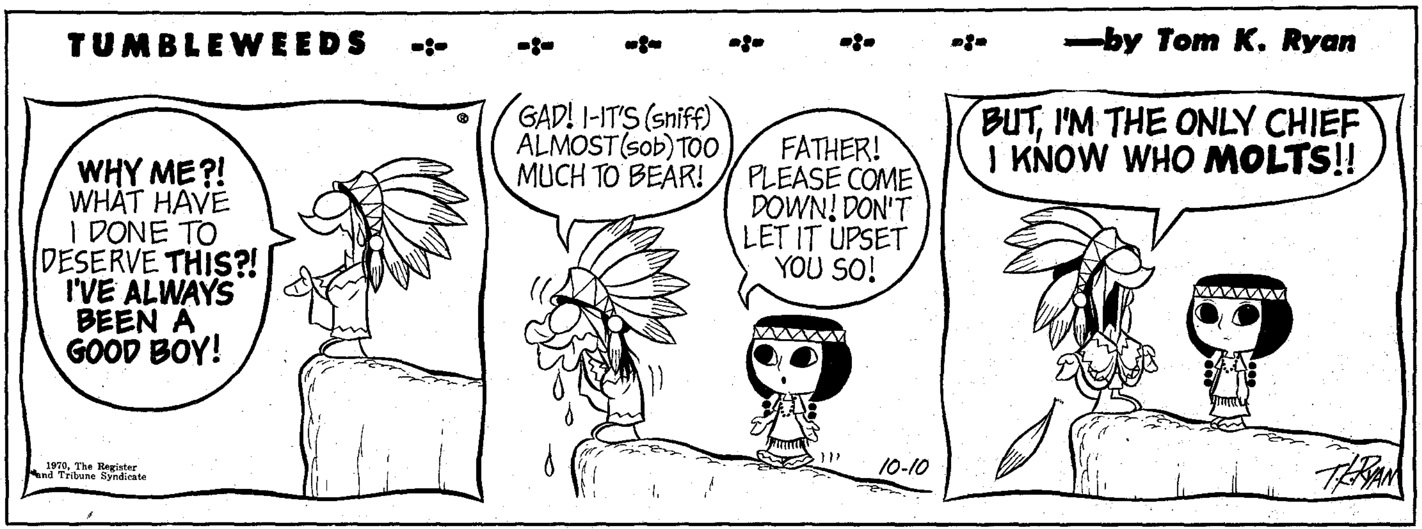
I will be grateful for any information on the above people.—Mrs. Franklin Sheeley, 2121 Exchange Street, Keokuk, Iowa 52632

Mountain Meadows Survivors

Please, any person who can give me information on the lives of those children who survived the Mountain Meadows Massacre, please write.—Kenneth L. McDermott, c/o M. McDermott, 328 Regis Avenue, Ventura, California 93003

Meredith-Ingle

Would like to contact descendants of, or anyone who knows of, Ralph Meredith, who was the son of Jesse Meredith and Ellen Ingle Meredith and a brother to Samuel. Samuel went west to homestead in 1911. Ralph was known to be in Chicago at that time and as late as 1923. Ralph would have been born about 1874, probably at Akron, Indiana.—V. Meredith Cartier, 216 S. 4th, Sandpoint, Idaho 83864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FATHER! PLEASE COME DOWN! DON'T LET IT UPSET YOU SO!
BUT, I'M THE ONLY CHIEF I KNOW WHO MOLTS!!
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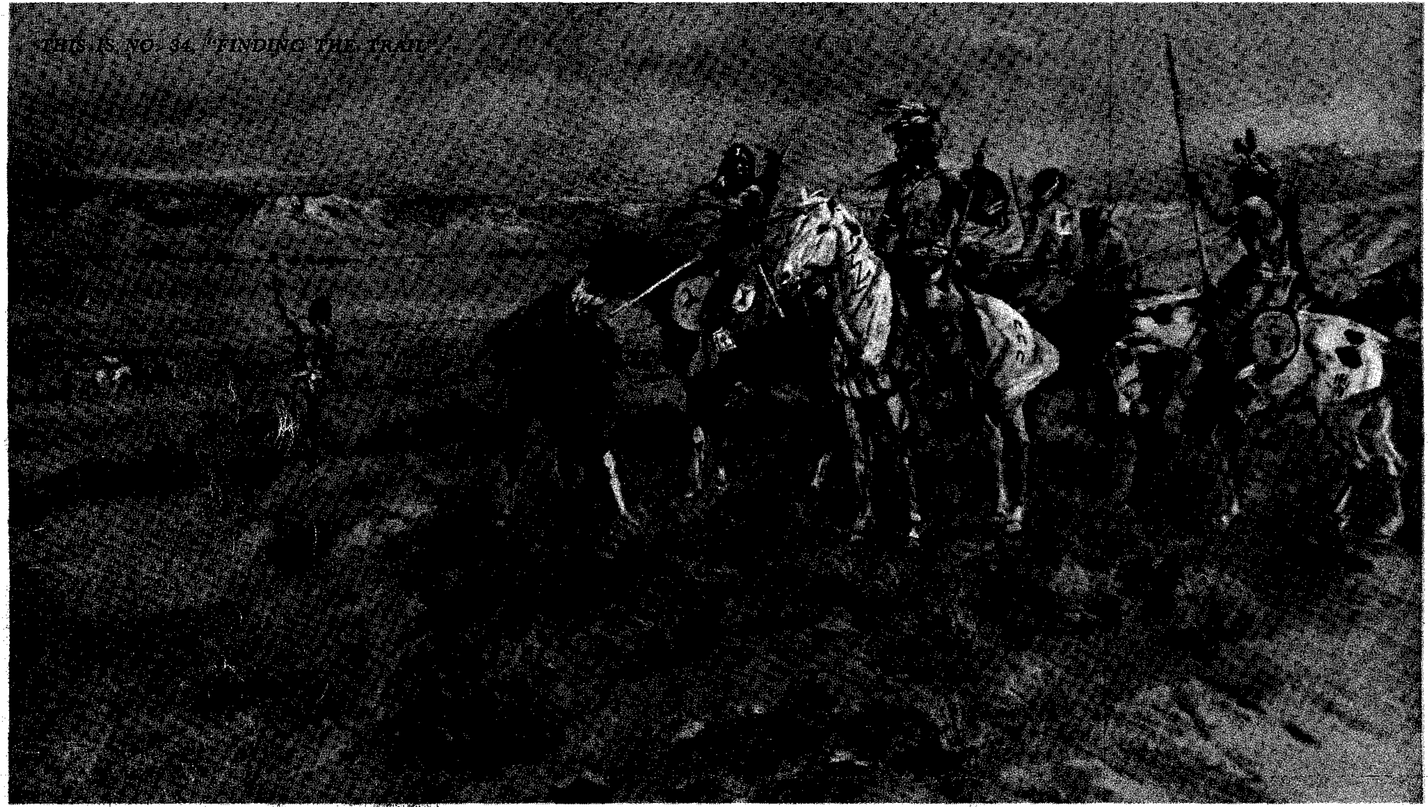

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